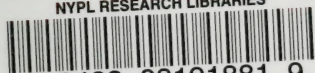


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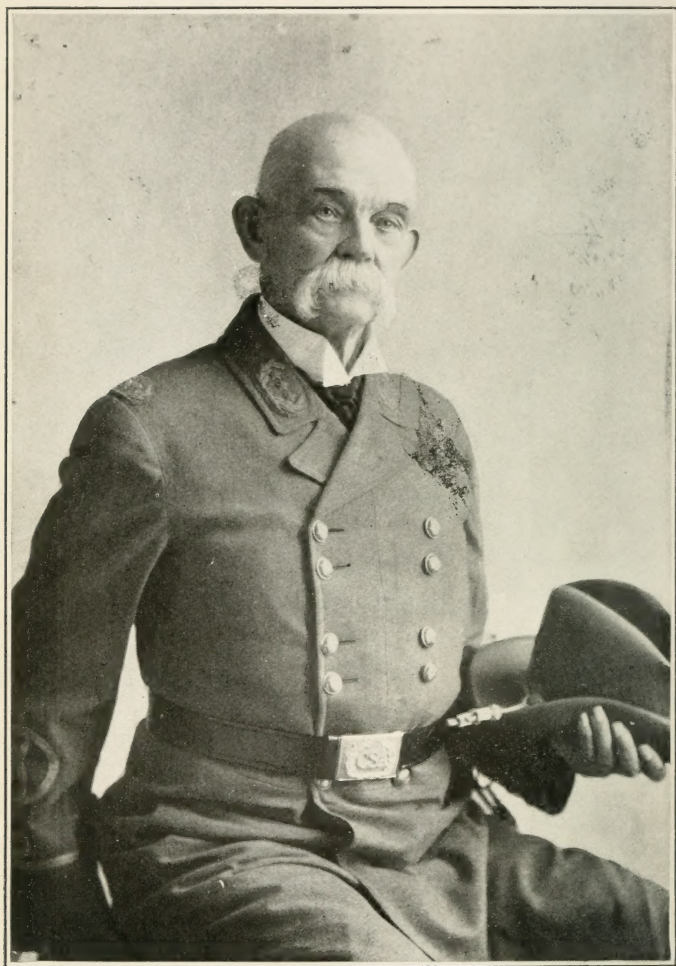
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CAPTAIN THOMAS F. BERRY.

FOUR YEARS

WITH

MORGAN AND FORREST

BY

COL. THOMAS F. BERRY



The Harlow-Ratliff Company
Oklahoma City, Okla.
1914



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THE BADGE OF THE SEVEN CONFEDERATE KNIGHTS.

This oath-bound order, the badge of which is shown on the title page, originated in Rock Island Prison in 1863 as the result of the efforts of seven patriotic Confederate soldiers confined there, who were actuated by high ideals of duty, fidelity and patriotism to the Southland, for the purpose of stopping the tide of desertions then taking place in the prison, the deserters taking the Yankee oath of allegiance and joining the Federal army for the frontier service. This beautiful badge of the Seven Knights of the Confederacy is a star with seven points, seven links and seven letters. The first letters of the seven words of our motto are emblematic of the seven cardinal virtues, taught by our order, and also are emblematic of the seven grades of officers in military organizations. The letters are the initials of the Latin motto, "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori" ("Sweet and fitting it is to die for the fatherland"). I was chairman of the originators of the order and its first commander. Its membership from first to last included about 3000 men.

T. F. B.

INTRODUCTION

A man's book is the visible sign of the spirit that is within him. Again, it is his brain-child, over which he often yearns in love or pity, for thoughts expressed become living things, to live forever in the blame or praises of men, or slain in the arena of public opinion. Truth should make a man's book triumphant.

I desire to say here that the contents of this volume were not dictated by malice, by captious criticism or by vindictiveness, but solely to entertain and amuse, and to instruct and inform the rising generation of the true history of our struggle in the beautiful Southland, as we saw it, and as it was evolved under our personal observations and experiences during that terrific and bloody struggle, known as the Civil War.

It is my purpose, also, to rescue as far as possible, the good names and fame of my comrades and, especially, of one who was dear to me by reason of his many noble qualities of mind and heart, as well as by ties of blood, my brother, Captain Samuel O. Berry, who was known to many as "One-Arm" Berry. It is my wish to correct if possible, some of the many false ideas and misconceptions about my brother.

Those who have studied the abuses of our institutions know that human affairs, like many diseases, have their acute and chronic developments, their climaxes and their extreme delirium.

These records are taken from a diary kept during my service in the Confederate Army, under Generals Morgan and Bedford Forrest, and are, therefore, simply my personal experiences and recollections. I have confined my narrative largely to my brother's career, to his final fate as a Federal prisoner after the war, and

to myself. I have described my thirteen thrilling escapes from the Yankees—seven times from prison walls, and six times on my way to prison; also, in a brief manner, my service in Mexico with General Joe Shelby, my short service there under the French General Dupin, the contre guerrilla commander, and under Prince Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, adding a short romance and an account of two duels while there.

There will be found an account of a certain interview between General Sheldon, the honorable secretary of war for the Confederacy, and Captain Charles Quantrell; of the causes that led to the various organizations of guerillas in the various border states, and also of the Home Guards. The career of my brother, Captain Berry, appears in the record of his service in the army, and as a recruiting officer, and in the story of his surrender and parole, his re-arrest, trial and sentence to death, and his commutation of sentence by the president to ten years' solitary confinement in a prison at Albany, New York.

All these incidents are simple facts of personal experiences during my service in the Confederate Army. There may be persons, perhaps, who will doubt some of these statements. Nevertheless, the facts remain. In writing these reminiscences it was not my purpose to engender strife or to wound any person's feelings, but solely to enlighten my fellow men upon one of the many phases of our civil struggle, and to explain some of the elements that were floated to the surface by this upheaval—phenomena largely due to our institutions and their abuses. I harbor no belligerent feelings toward individuals. The occurrences of this period were inherent and fundamental, and bound to appear, sooner or later, as we should know if we have studied the pri-

many facts and the diverse interests and purposes of the early peoples who settled this continent. There were few things in common between them, then or now.

I am a grandson of a Revolutionary soldier and was taught by him to believe that the States were free, independent and sovereign, within themselves. That our forefathers fought to establish this, and did so establish this condition, and that all the early representative statesmen and commentators and writers so regarded this question, in this light. There are many people who have a false conception or idea of the Federal Union. There seem to be very few people who understand this matter clearly, as shown by the assertion in many so-called histories, which contain the statement that the Southern soldiers fought to destroy the Union; this statement bears upon its face its own falsity. In the first place there was no Union until it was established by mutual consent and concession after the states had won their independence, as sovereign and independent states. There is no Union, nor can there be any, if it must be held together either by wrangling or fighting. The principle, or question, of secession was understood and agreed upon by all the States when they entered the compact of federation.

The Southern soldiers fought only to preserve, to retain their sovereign rights under this solemn obligation. When the Federal government sent troops to invade, to coerce, the South, this was a ruthless violation of the sovereign rights of the States. In years previous to this time several of the Northern states advocated secession on a number of occasions, especially during the war of 1812; also, when Texas was asking admission into the Federal Union. To thinking men, it is a well known, an established fact of history, that

the Southern states were loyal to the Union as long as its terms were faithfully observed or lived up to; therefore, no blood was shed to save the Union. The establishment of it was by peaceful means by a mutual agreement. The South fought to preserve what their fathers sought to establish. Therefore, the claim that we fought to destroy the Union is hypocritical, and manifestly malicious, trumped-up charges of histories. Many of these so-called histories are the result of ignorant prejudice to discredit and blacken the character of both the living and the dead all over the southland, and to champion a few jealous, envious, corrupt and misguided politicians who sought to destroy the people and to plunder their country. These degenerate sons of hypocritical, bigoted and fanatical men, whom the Civil, or I might say, "Uncivil" War, floated to the surface, and who directed its progress, stand without a parallel in history for brutality and vindictiveness. There was nothing too brutal or beastly or cruel for them to do, to stagger or stop them.

All honest thinking men now know and admit the Southern states were justified in their action from both principle and authority and also by precept and precedent. Yet, we are stigmatized as rebels to satisfy ignorant fanaticism. If it be treason to fight and repel by force a horde of conscienceless plunderers of one's home and country. I glory in the name. The grandest and best and greatest of our country were so called by their silly enemies. By the noblest, these are called patriots, and such they are, to my mind.

The purest, the most sacred obligation of human affairs in any generation is to strive to transmit to posterity the grand idea of civil liberty, unimpaired. And it was for these ideals and principles that the southland

shed the best blood of the world. We of the elder generation of Southern men are made sore and sensitive by the everlasting, long-continued slanders and wilful, often malicious, misrepresentations of so-called histories, written by ignorant fanatics, many of whom love a negro better than his own race, or at least pretend to do so. Such men as Ben Wade and Thaddeus Stephens and old John Brown, and all their fanatical brood, are a disgrace to any age or country. It is a well known and understood proposition of the two schools of politics of the North and the South, of Hamilton and Jefferson, of Patrick Henry and the Tory leaders, of the early days of the Confederation. These differences were inherent, fundamental and sprang from personal and racial differences. There was not and could not be any permanent and mutual sympathy or understanding between these divers racial elements—the fanatical, bigoted Puritan and the Roundhead, and the conservative, liberty-loving Cavalier stock. These diverse elements were certain finally to clash; as well might we try to mix two acids, or water and the fixed oils; it simply can't be done.

Patrick Henry, the grand old man, foresaw this, and warned his compatriots of the dangers involved.

The genesis of the various treaties made between these States was similar to the genesis of treaties made between other nations whose desire was to protect themselves against invasion. This alliance was intended also to regulate their relations with one another and did not make these States a single nation. It was upon this proposition the Southern states were to fight the greatest and the bloodiest war of all history, a fight to the death, to maintain their sovereignty, that it might be preserved to our posterity.

From my standpoint, there was no rebellion, nor was there a civil war, between 1861 and 1865, but there was a war between two sections of the American States. This war was waged between the American sovereignties. This silly twaddle about rebellion and rebel is the veriest rot; those who talk thus show their ignorance of the fundamental history of their own country. Patrick Henry, this grand old patriot, stood firmly and fearlessly against the doctrine of centralization, the Federalism of Hamilton, whose efforts were all towards the centralization of power in the Federal Government. This is now an accomplished fact, as predicted by the immortal Henry, and this fair land is now ruled by a mongrel breed of despots. It is no wonder that enlightened and awakened public conscience all over this country and the outside world has repudiated the so-called histories, and school text-books. They desire and demand the truth and nothing but the unvarnished, the whole truth. All honest people hate liars, especially those who wilfully and maliciously utter them, and thus mislead the young and unsuspecting.

To those who by reason of ignorance or wilful prejudice may regard these lines as harsh or severe, I answer that I know whereof I speak from personal experience.

I ask the indulgence of the boys who wore the Gray, to whom I affectionately dedicate this book, in vindication of the truth of history.

THOMAS F. BERRY, M. D.,
Adjutant Chickasaw Brigade and Surgeon-General,
O. D., U. C. V.
Pauls Valley, Oklahoma.
June 22, 1914.

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Four Years with Morgan and Forrest

I

ANCESTRY AND CHILDHOOD

My ancestry—I visit South America—Join Lexington Rifles—Accompany my father through the Mexican war—Return to Lexington and rejoin the Rifles.

I have often thought since the late civil struggle that I would at some future time give my personal experience in the four years' contest and the impressions which it made upon me.

It may be of importance to my children and my friends to know something of my family history. My great-great-grandfather was a soldier under Marlborough and was in all the battles in the Netherlands and the Levant under the Iron Duke. He was born in France, of Scotch-Irish parents, and was a protestant in faith. In 1702 he immigrated to this country with his family of six sons and three daughters. Settling first in or near Williamsburg, Virginia, he afterward moved to Westmoreland County. My grandfather was born in 1724, at this place. On the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, he joined the army under Washington, and gallantly bore arms until peace was declared. By promotion he rose through the various grades to be a captain. He married a Miss McGraw, daughter of a distinguished Revolutionary soldier. After peace was ratified, he and soldier friends moved on the tide of immigration to Kentucky.

My Grandfather Berry settled with the first of the pioneers in the virgin territory of what is now Wood-

ford County. Grandfather McGraw settled in Boyle County. At that time all these lands were known as the County or Province of Kentucky, and belonged to the Territory of Virginia. They obtained their patents and grants from the State of Virginia.

My ancestors, both paternal and maternal, were in the numerous and bloody battles fought with the Indians during these early days. Grandfather Berry was seriously wounded at the battle of French Lick Springs. He was saved from the savage tomahawk and scalping knife by the heroic devotion of a comrade.

Grandfather Berry was the father of nine children, six sons and three daughters. The sons were: James, Louis, Younger, John, Samuel Oscar, and Gardner. My father, Samuel Oscar, was the youngest of the boys. There were two sisters younger than he. My aunts, Susan, Mary and Martha, all died before I was born.

My father, Samuel Oscar Berry, was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, in 1760, and died in Lexington, Kentucky, in 1869. He married Miss Elizabeth McGraw of Boyle County, daughter of Major John McGraw, a Revolutionary soldier, who was widely known for his courage, benevolence, and charity. Six children were born to them, namely: Samuel O., William W., Susan, Minnie, Thos. F., and Alex Berry, four boys and two girls. Sister Minnie died in early infancy. All these children were born in Woodford County.

My mother died in 1835, leaving five small children. My father was disconsolate over his loss. He received a letter saying that his brother, William Berry, had been seriously wounded in battle at San Antonio, and that on the same day Col. John Milam, his brother-in-law, had been killed. Father moved Uncle William Berry to New Orleans and left him there in the care of

surgeons. He was soon restored to health. My father returned to Texas and took part in several skirmishes and battles in the early troubles of that territory.

Before leaving home for Texas he placed all his children with his brothers and sisters. I was placed with my grandfather, John McGraw, of Boyle County. Brothers Sam and William were placed with Uncle Jim and Uncle Younger; my sister, Susan, was placed with Uncle Louis Berry. Father left his business affairs in the hands of his brother, Younger. Father was in several battles with General Sam Houston and was present at the battle of San Jacinto, when the Texans gave Santa Anna and the Mexican army such a drubbing that they have never forgotten it to this good day. This ended the struggle for Texas independence.

Father returned home a much changed man. He married a second time, and settled at Versailles, moving afterwards to Lexington. He resumed his business and tried to reassemble his children, but Brother Sam and Brother William had now about reached manhood and were making their own way. Sister Susan was the only one of the children that he could induce to return to him. I was content to remain with Grandfather. Father took up his residence at Versailles, Woodford County, remained there for two years and then removed to Lexington. At this time I entered the home of my uncle, John McGraw, a professor of geology and was with him for two years. We took a trip to South America, visiting Peru, Bolivia, Columbia, Paraguay, Brazil, Yucatan, Mexico and Guatamala. We were absent two years and eight months, studying the geology, fauna and flora of these countries. We brought back many beautiful and valuable specimens. On our return from this trip, we went to live in Lexington, where Uncle

John was professor of geology in Transylvania University.

At the beginning of the Civil War I joined Captain John H. Morgan's company, the famous Lexington Rifles, Company A, First regiment, Kentucky State Guards. Captain Morgan served in the Mexican War as a lieutenant under Captain Perry Beard in Colonel Humphrey Marshall's regiment. I was living in Lexington when war was declared between Mexico and the United States, in 1846. Volunteers were called for, and my father joined Captain Beard's company. They were ordered to New Orleans, and started for that place in February, 1847.

I had formed a strong attachment for a boy much older than myself, who had joined Captain Scarce's company of the same regiment. I was in great distress, and felt that I could not lose my boy friend, so he concocted a scheme to smuggle me aboard the boat and keep me hid from the officers, and especially from my father. We sailed from New Orleans to Corpus Christi. The vessel remained there only one day, and was ordered to Point Isabel, on Brazos Island, where the American army was concentrating. We were disembarked at night. I was kept out of sight until all the boats had sailed away for more troops and supplies.

The surprise of my father may be imagined when I emerged and showed myself to him. His first impulse was to whip me soundly. My chum, James A. Campbell, had kept me closely concealed and supplied with food. All the soldiers begged my father not to punish me. I was 14 years old, and well developed.

I was not disturbed on the march and rode on the supply wagon or behind some of the soldiers.

At the first battle, Palo Alto, Texas, the advance

guard of the army encountered the Mexican cavalry. After a spirited skirmish, the two armies met about 2 o'clock and sharp fighting ensued. The Americans steadily advanced without a check and drove the Mexican army, under General Ampudia and General Arista, from the field, following them closely for several miles in the direction of Brownsville, on the Rio Grande river. I picked up on the battle field several grape and canister shot made of copper; also, fragment of copper shells of different sizes. These missiles produced a wound of a serious nature, poisoning the flesh and making a wound difficult to heal. Many wounds made by these never heal. The Mexicans, having retreated to Resaca de la Palma, some miles south, again took position, on the south side of the lagoon.

General Taylor buried the dead and cared for the wounded, numbering respectively 192 and 63. He pushed flanking columns against the enemy in his new position, attacking furiously. After about two hours' fighting the Mexicans were driven in confusion from the field. These two battles cost the enemy in killed, wounded and captured more than 1,300 men. The Mexican general now rapidly retreated across the Rio Grande river, some miles above Brownsville, and sent a detachment to attack Fort Brown, which was soon driven off. There was but little fighting after these two battles, though there was spirited skirmishing with the enemy's cavalry during the intervening months.

General Taylor now made all necessary plans to invade Mexico. Crossing the Rio Grande, he advanced leisurely upon Monterey. His forces approached this city from three directions, surrounded it, and drove the Mexicans into the city. The Mexicans used the houses for covering breastworks, fighting from the tops

of houses and windows. The American soldiers tunneled through the walks to reach them, and gradually drove them towards the center of the city, or public plaza. After two days' hard fighting the Mexicans were forced to surrender. After a brief rest, the American Army marched toward Buena Vista, Vera Cruz, Molino del Rey and Chapultepec.

From the latter place I was sent home with my chum, Campbell, who was wounded. We stayed some time at Vera Cruz, in the hospital, where there were quit a number of sick and wounded. We were away from home twenty-six months. I was in six battles, and thought it was great fun. Returning to Lexington, we settled down to the humdrum of civil life. I now felt myself quite a man. I rejoined Captain Morgan's Lexington Rifles, and went to school. The State Guards of Kentucky, composed of four regiments—three of infantry and one of cavalry, with two batteries—met annually for military instruction and drill. We were drilled constantly, almost nightly, during the winter of 1860-1861.

I saw little of my father or my family, though at this period I was with them at home. We were all fully aware at this time of the certainty of a civil war between the North and the South over the slavery question, as there had been much hot, belligerent discussion in Congress on this subject long before this period. All felt sure that we should be called upon to defend our guaranteed rights under the Constitution; that events were rapidly hastening to this end was patent to us all.

In 1858 my Brother Samuel left home, having graduated at Lexington from the State normal school. He was called to accept a position as teacher in a country

school in Mercer County, where he proved himself worthy and competent. He joined the Christian church and won the esteem, confidence and love of his neighbors and acquaintances. He was regarded as a sincere, conscientious member of his church. I state this fact to show that he was trying to live a Christian life, until the intolerant bigotry of a fanatical or abolition party drove the people of Kentucky and the South to take the only means left to honorable men to protect themselves; namely, the appeal to the sword. My second brother, William, was in the South with a drove of mules, where he helped his employer during the fall and winter of 1860-1861.

II

THE BEGINNING OF THE STRUGGLE

The crisis of 1861—Federal arms are shipped into Lexington—We determine to seize them—We leave for the south with Morgan—Mustered into the Confederate service—Morgan and his methods—Defense of Morgan and his comrades.

In the spring of 1861 the crisis was rapidly shaping itself. Mr. Abraham Lincoln was elected by the abolitionists; the time was rapidly approaching for him to take his seat as president. There were many remarkable events transpiring throughout the country; many Southern states were taking steps to secede from the Federal Union. I shall never forget the whirl of excitement and feverish anxiety of the older citizens during this period. All seemed to agree that war was inevitable. I distinctly remember that Captain Morgan went South during the Spring of 1860 and was gone until late in the summer months, returning about the end of August. While he was absent from Lexington there occurred an event that stirred the citizens to the highest pitch of excitement.

The state had declared through her representatives that she would not take part either for or against the North or the South; that neither would be permitted to invade her soil, and she would repel with force such invasion. This was seemingly accepted by both the North and the South, both would respect Kentucky's position. But what was the surprise, nay, the indignation of the

state, to be ruthlessly undeceived. During all these months the Union elements in this state were organizing for self protection, ostensibly; but really to be prepared for the event that occurred at this time at Lexington.

They had formed a camp of instruction at Camp "Dick" Robinson and were organizing companies and regiments. One bright morning the citizens of Lexington were aroused from their slumbers by the sound of Federal bugles at their very doors. These soldiers, all Kentuckians, had come to Lexington to receive arms shipped by Federal authorities into the state, thereby violating the pledge to respect the neutrality of the state. Colonel Bramlett had come to the city with a regiment of loyal citizens to see that the loyal state of Kentucky should remain in the Union, and also to disarm the Lexington Rifles, Capt. John Morgan's company, who were disgracing this state and the United States by their disloyalty.

What was to be done? The soldier boys did not want to be disarmed in this way. They discussed this in groups and squads. Our captain was away; had not returned from the South. We called on our officers, First Lieutenant Robert W. Wooley, Second Lieutenant Reice, and others, with a number of the most prominent citizens of Lexington. Our determination was not to surrender the State Guard arms to Bramlett's mountain renegades. We even discussed the feasibility of capturing the arms, five thousand in number, at the Lexington depot. There were mustered in the company's armory ninety-seven men ready for this hazardous enterprise. Our company was a hundred and four strong but we were persuaded from this course by such men

as the Hon, J. C. Breckinridge, Jas. B. Beck, Chas. Wickliffe and others.

By this time we were all marked for arrest. It was determined to seize the armory and arms. The time had arrived to act with promptness and vigor. I and ten other young men were summoned to Colonel Bramlett's headquarters, to explain our connection with the demonstration at the armory. That same evening I received a note from Capt. Morgan on very important business. I called on him and found several young men already there. It was determined to load the guns, already in boxes, into wagons immediately and take them south, to join our fortunes with the people of the South. We then and there took an oath to stand by our arms till death. We hurriedly left with Morgan and began our preparations; by 11 o'clock p. m. were on our road south, with one hundred minie rifles.

We took the pike to Versailles, crossed the Kentucky river to Lawrenceburg, thence by country roads to the Chaplain Hills to a camp nearly midway between Bloomfield and Bardstown, which we named Camp Charity. We were accompanied by Capt. Morgan for about five miles from Lexington where he left us, saying that he would join us in two or three days, which he did. At Camp Charity we stayed seven days. When we broke camp we found there were over seven hundred recruits in line, with several ammunition and supply wagons. There were about seventy dismounted men. We threw out scouts, videttes in front and on each flank with a rear guard, so as not to be surprised by any enemy.

There was at Bardstown at this time a regiment of Federal troops stationed there to watch Morgan. Our column moved about 3 o'clock p. m. We bade farewell

to home and friends. I never saw my sister or step-mother again. I was about 27 years old, strong and vigorous. This first march was the hardest and most trying of all the early trials I experienced as a soldier. We marched continuously all night, starting at about 3 o'clock, p. m. We stopped a short time to feed the horses and then resumed the march. While crossing the Cumberland Mountains this night we encountered forest fires which we mistook for the enemy's camp-fires. We were halted and formed in line of battle; videttes were sent forward to see if the enemy was in our front. I shall never forget the impression this produced on me. There was no enemy, and we marched forward without noise. At daybreak we struck the turnpike. About this time there was considerable excitement, as several shots had been heard at the front of the column. We were ordered to quicken our pace. Our advance had encountered some Home Guards, whom they charged with promptness and dispersed.

Oh, the tingling excitement of anticipated battle which set me on tiptoe! We marched on in silent thoughtful array, little dreaming of the tremendous struggle before us, nor of the immense import of the struggle then in its incipency. Our destination was Woodsonville, where the Confederate advance forces were camped, under the command of Col. Roger Hanson, Second Kentucky Volunteers. This point was reached late in the evening, after a march of one hundred and seven miles, in twenty-six hours; not a bad showing for raw recruits. We were mustered into the Confederate service for three years. Many of the young men joined other commands.

At this place we organized Company A, of the old squadron afterwards so famous in the annals of warfare. We remained here recruiting and doing camp

duty, picketing, scouting through this section until near the end of December. There was no election of officers until our company was full; that is, until we had eighty men. Of course, Captain Morgan was looked to as commander. When we were mounted we elected our officers, which were as follows: John H. Morgan, captain; Basil W. Duke, first lieutenant; Jas W. West, second lieutenant; Jas H. Smith, third lieutenant; the non-commissioned officers were appointed, also the quarter-master sergeant during this formative period. We were almost constantly scouting. Cavalry drill also was a part of the daily routine of camp life at this time.

In my account of this formative period of our command of Morgan and his men; his service and individualism; the peculiar and heroic mould of the young and daring spirits who were flocking to his standard—I shall endeavor to state the bare facts as they occurred.

This command formed by Capt. Morgan was created out of the sons of the best families of Kentucky and Tennessee, and was the nucleus of his command, the old squadron, the first regiment. It was constantly increasing in numbers from this time forward, it was easy to foresee that this command was destined to be an important factor in the bloody drama of war. There were many daring spirits here who were anxious to attain distinction and fame on the field of glory. They were eager to establish their true character in the field of actual service, and to show they could serve bravely and faithfully to the end of the great struggle.

Gen Morgan's career throughout the whole war was so remarkable and often so surprising that the public accustomed to the contradictory newspaper accounts of his exploits received them with incredulity. His movements were so rapid, so crowded with excit-

ing incidents, that they attracted widespread attention and elicited comments from both sides; all of which kept the public in constant whirl of excitement. It was Morgan and his command that first originated this system of warfare. His methods were celerity of movement; concentration on the enemy's weak points; hard, telling and unexpected blows at remote places. Early in his career, with a comparatively small command, he first demonstrated to his astonished enemies, friends and the world in general, this new thing in actual war.

Gen Morgan's command was composed principally of Kentuckians like himself. They were all uninfluenced by public opinion in the State in which they resided; they surrendered fortune, home, friends, all that was dear, to assist the people of the South in desperate and vital struggle for freedom which their action provoked and to whom they were bound by blood and convictions. They felt that the South had an imperative claim upon their services. These men pledged their all in this cause and identified their names with every phase of the contest until the bitter end. Such devotion of such men to such services can never be forgotten. It is impossible that the memory of these can ever fade from minds of men in the beautiful land for which they fought, bled and died. The traditions which will indicate where they struck their foes will also preserve their memories in undying affection and honor. The men of this generation which knew them can forget them only when they forget the fate from which they strove to save them. Their memory belongs to the history of the race and cannot die.

So general and intense was the interest which Morgan excited among the young men of the State that he

obtained from every county in the State, recruits who ran every risk to join him. When another leader could not enlist a man, the whole state was represented in his command. Many Kentuckians who had enlisted in the regiment from other States procured transfers to his command, and it frequently happened that men, the bulk of whose regiments were in prison, or who had become irregularly detached by some of the many incidents of which the volunteer, weary of the monotony of camp life, is prompt to take advantage, would attach themselves to Morgan.

Morgan and his men were bitterly assailed during his life and since the war for certain acts for which neither he nor his men were in any wise responsible. A correct representation of a certain series of events sometimes leads to a proper understanding of many more. If the veil which prejudice and deliberate misrepresentation and falsification have thrown over some features of the contest be lifted, a truer appreciation may be had of others of greater moment and interest. I may add that no one has been more bitterly assailed than my brother, Samuel O. Berry while living, also after death; in like manner has Gen. Morgan been assailed even by his own people and from my standpoint very harshly and unjustly by persons knowing absolutely nothing of the facts and conditions. Let those who are disposed to judge hastily or harshly place themselves in like surroundings and conditions—let them stand in the place of those they so glibly condemn.

No man's memory should be more peculiarly subject to justification and vindication than that of Gen. Morgan or that of Samuel O. Berry, the latter known as "One-Armed" Berry by his friends. But there are

other and cogent reasons why this vindication and tribute should be rendered to them by one who, devoted to them while living, should in the interest of the truth of history rescue their fair names from infamy. The cruel treatment and ingratitude which embittered the last days of both these men renders their friends sensitive regarding the reputation they left behind them, and has made their memory all the dearer to the many who were true and constant in their love and esteem for them, and they feel that they should be justly defended. The fame which they deserved shall be accorded them, since the reward which they both strove for is theirs already, in the glory won in the tremendous and unequal struggle, in the affection of the people and the pride with which they speak the names of the dead and martyred heroes.

The Southern people possess treasures of which no conqueror can deprive them. There rests upon some one who was identified with this command the obligation of denying and disproving the frequent grave and false charges of crime and outrage which have been preferred against Gen. Morgan and his soldiers. So persistently have these accusations been made that at one time an avowal of allegiance to Morgan was thought even in Kentucky tantamount to a confession of highway robbery. At this day, doubtless the same opinion prevails in the North and yet when it is considered how this was produced it is surprising that it should last so long.

I do not pretend to defend or explain or deny any inexcusable excesses committed by any of the camp followers of the command. All armies have thieving buccanneers in their wake. Unfortunately for the good

reputation and honor of both armies there were many bad, infamous characters following the two armies for plunder only, but wherever these lawless acts were brought to the notice of Morgan or "One-Armed Berry" it would be difficult to prove that such practices of plundering and cruelty did not meet with prompt rebuke and punishment of the guilty ones from Morgan and his officers. Lawless acts were not characteristic of his command.

It has often been said that there was a total lack of discipline in this command. This absolutely is unfounded, as the character of the services performed proves. We were constantly in the enemy's country and were of necessity compelled to have discipline. I do not pretend to say we were as carefully drilled as regulars, but when we met the carefully disciplined enemy we were well drilled enough to take them to camp with us.

I am sure that this command of rough riders could not have been made a mere military machine. They were all high-born freemen and gentlemen, possessing that pride-element of true soldierly quality—personal self-respect. They were intelligent, courageous and had a quick apprehension of the duties to be performed; too proud to desert or leave a comrade in danger or distress. They were ever ready to meet all emergencies. Such men do not require the rigid discipline of regulars to make them soldiers. These men possessed all the highest qualities of true men and they had a just cause to fight for. Morgan had very decided military qualities—really he was a talented leader, the very man above all men for such a daring band.

I have heard it said that he was simply a partisan leader of a small command. It is not difficult to dis-

abuse the minds of military men or even intelligent men of any class, of this false impression. It will only be necessary to review his campaigns and give the reasons for his movements and the attendant facts, and it will be seen that he had in an eminent degree many of the highest and most necessary qualities of a general; whatever may be said of this man, this merit must be accorded him. To him belonged the credit of having discovered uses for cavalry or rather mounted infantry to which that arm was never applied before. While other cavalry officers were all adhering to the traditions of former wars and the systems of the schools, however inapplicable to the demands of their day and the nature of the struggle, he originated and perfected not only a system of tactics, a method of fighting and handling men in the presence of the enemy, but also strategy as effective as it was novel.

Totally ignorant of the art of war, as learned from the books and in the academies, and imitator in nothing, self-taught in all that he knew, his success was not more marked than his genius. The creator and originator of his own little army, with a force that at no time reached over four thousand, he killed and wounded nearly as many of the enemy and captured more than fifteen thousand in one engagement at the battle of Harts-ville, Tenn. The author of the far-reaching raid, so different from the mere cavalry dash, he accomplished with his handful of men results which otherwise would have required armies and the costly preparations of regular and extensive campaigns. When the means at his disposal are considered, the results he effected will then be understood. Generally his connection with the operations of the main army and the strategic importance

of even his seemingly rashest and most purposeless raids, in their bearing upon the grand campaign of the west, were not understood. To rank with the best of the many active and excellent cavalry officers of the west; to have had confessedly no equal among them except in Gen. Bedford Forrest, argues Morgan to have possessed no mean or common ability.

III

KENTUCKY'S POSITION DURING THE WAR

I have often marvelled at the position assumed by Kentucky at the inception of the struggle. Her conduct at this time and throughout the civil strife excited surprise of both sections. Both alike doubted her good faith and both complained of her actions. All such sentiments as she then promulgated were scoffed at by the North, and the South was bitterly disappointed. But all these were soon forgotten by the latter and have become intensified into bitter, and undisguised animosity upon the part of a large portion of the population of the former. The reason is patent. It is the same which during the war influenced the Confederates to hope for large assistance from Kentucky, and caused the Federals on the other hand to regard even the loudest, most zealous profession of loyalty as secessionists in disguise, or, at best, unionists only to save their property in slaves. It is the instinctive feeling that the people of Kentucky, on account of kindred blood, common interests and identity of ideas in all that relates to political rights, and the objects of political institutions, may be supposed likely to sympathize with the people of the South, but a variety of causes and influences combined to prevent Kentucky from taking a decided stand with either of the combatants, and produced the vacillations and inconsistency which so notably characterized her councils and para-

lyzed her efforts in their direction and, it may be added, so seriously affected her fair fame.

Her geographical position, presenting a frontier accessible for several hundred miles to an assailant coming from either the north or south, caused her people great apprehension, especially as it was thought to be an absolute certainty that her territory, if she took part with the South, would be made a battleground and subjected to the disasters, horrors and devastation of war. The political education of the Kentuckians also disposed them to enter upon such a contest with extreme reluctance and hesitation. The state was chiefly settled by immigration from Virginia, and so her population partook of the characteristics of these people, and was imbued with the feelings which so strongly prevailed in the mother commonwealth. It was from this same source that the first generation of Kentucky statesmen derived those opinions which became the political creed of the Southern people and which were promulgated in the celebrated resolutions of '98, giving shape and consistency to the doctrine of States Rights, and popular expression to the general government under the federal constitution, so earnestly insisted upon by the master minds of Virginia.

The earlier population of Kentucky was peculiarly inclined to adopt and cherish such opinions by the promptings of the nature which seems common to all men descended from the stock of the Old Dominion—a craving for the largest individual independence, and a disposition to maintain in full measure every personal right, a sentiment which has always made the people of the southern and western states so jealous of outside influence with their local affairs. It was natural, animated by such a spirit, that they should push their pref-

erence for self-government even to extremes and that they should esteem their most valued franchises safe only when under their own entire custody and control; that they should prefer that their peculiar institutions should be submitted only to domestic regulations and that the personal liberty which they prized above all their possessions should be restrained only by laws enacted by legislators chosen from among themselves, and executed by magistrates equally identified with themselves, and appreciative of their instincts. The Southern people were strongly attached to their state government, and were not inclined to regard as beneficial, nor even exactly legitimate any interference with them upon the part of the general government; they desired to see the powers of the latter exercised only for the common defense and welfare.

This decided and almost universal sentiment was first shaken, and the minds of the people began to undergo a change, about the time of, and doubtless in consequence of, the detection of the Burr conspiracy. Burr had been identified with the party which advocated the extreme States Rights doctrine, and his principal confederates were men of the same political complexion. The uselessness of Burr's scheme, even if successful, and the small prospect of any benefit to any one, unless to the leading adventurers, had disposed all the more sober-minded to regard his plans with distrust. The people, whom it had been a part of the plan to flatter with hopes of the most brilliant advantages, immediately conceived for it the most intense aversion. The odium into which Burr and his associates became involved in some measure attached to the political school to which he belonged, and men's minds began at this time to be unsettled upon the very political ten-

ets in the validity of which they had previously so implicitly believed. The able Federalist leaders in the state pursued and improved the advantage thus offered them for the first time in the history of Kentucky.

About this time Mr. Madison attempted to explain away the marrow and substance of the famous resolutions of '98, but the effect was injuriously against the States Rights party everywhere, and contributed at a still later day to weaken that party in Kentucky. But the vital change of the political faith of Kentucky was wrought by Henry Clay. The spell which the great magician cast over his people was like the glamour of medieval enchantment. It bound them in hopeless but delighted acquiescence to the will of the master. The undoubted patriotism of Mr. Clay and the spotless integrity of his public course so aided the effect of his haughty will and superb genius, that his influence amounted to fascination. Although he himself in early life was an advocate of the principles of the Jeffersonian democracy, he was gradually, but thoroughly, weaned from his first opinions and became a convert to the dogmas of the school of politics which he had once so ably combatted. The author of the American system, the tariff, the advocate of the United State's bank, the champion of the New England manufacturing and commercial interests, with protective tariff bounties, and monopolies, could have little sympathy with States Rights. Mr. Clay fairly and emphatically announced his political faith. He declared paramount allegiance to the whole union; a subordinate one to his own state. He taught his generation to love the Union and at the same time he was sowing the seed of disunion. He sincerely believed that in the union of the states resided the

surest guarantees of the safety, honor and prosperity of each.

In 1851 John C. Breckenridge was elected to Congress from Mr. Clay's district. From this period Mr. Clay's influence waned. One of his warmest personal friends was defeated in this race. Under the leadership of Breckenridge, the Democratic party rallied, and rapidly gained ground. Again, in 1856, Kentucky cast her vote for Buchanan and Breckenridge by 7,000 strong. Breckenridge's influence became predominant and was felt in every election. The troubles in Kansas, the agitation in Congress over the slavery question and rendered the Democratic element in Kentucky more determined and the more strongly inclined to take a southern view of all the debated questions. The John Brown affair exasperated every slave-holding community, and led to the organization of the Kentucky State Guards, created because of the strong belief that similar raids would be made in Kentucky. These attacks were expected to come from the North.

This belief was confirmed and intensified by the language of the northern press and pulpit, and by the commendation and the encouragement of such enterprises as the Harper's Ferry raid.

On the 17th day of February, 1861, Governor Magoffin called the State Legislature in extra session. At this time seven states had seceded from the Union and had formed the Confederate government. It was time the people of Kentucky should know what they were going to do. The governor addressed them in a message advising them to call a convention. This the legislature declined to do, but suggested the propriety of assembling a national convention to revise and correct the federal constitution, and recommended the "Peace

Conference" which was subsequently held at Washington City.

In certain resolutions adopted by this legislature relating to resolutions passed by the states of Maine, New York, Massachusetts and other northern states, is the following: "The governor of the state of Kentucky is hereby requested to inform the executives of said states that it is the opinion of this General Assembly that whenever the authorities of these states shall send armed forces to the South for the purposes indicated in said resolutions, the people of Kentucky uniting with their brethren in the South, will as one man resist such invasion of the soil of the South at all hazards and to the last extremity." Rather strong language for Union men and a loyal legislature to use. Many of these members, Union men, held commissions at this time in the armed forces sent to invade the South. It was proven by subsequent events that these men were insincere. They were playing for time.

This same legislature, on the 11th of February resolved that "we protest against the use of force or coercion by the general government against the seceded states, as unwarranted and imprudent and tending to the destruction of our common country."

A Union convention of the state was held at Louisville on the 8th of January. Certain amendments to the federal constitution were recommended, and it was resolved "that if the present disorganization of the present Union is not arrested that the states agreeing to the amendment of the federal constitution shall form a separate confederacy with power to admit new states under our glorious constitution thus amended." It was resolved also that it was "expedient to call a convention of the border free and slave states, and that we deplore

the existence of a union to be held together by the sword."

This of itself proves the insincerity of the union men, and almost takes breath away from honest men, even to read it. Theirs sounded like strong secession resolutions. "If this disorganization of this union is not stopped;" the loyal union men would also help it along. The reader is left to draw his own conclusions.

On April 16th Governor Magoffin received a call for troops from Kentucky from the President. His reply was as follows: "Your dispatch is received. In answer, I say emphatically that Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister states.—B. Magoffin, Governor of the state of Kentucky." The state had declared its neutrality by resolutions some months before.

In the early months of summer, Gen. S. B. Buckner, commander of the Kentucky State Guards, held an interview with Gen. George B. McClelland, who commanded a department embracing territory contiguous to Kentucky, if, indeed the latter was not included in his commission. Gen. Buckner received, as he supposed, a guarantee that the neutrality of Kentucky would be observed or respected by the military authorities of the United States. He communicated the result of his interview to Governor Magoffin, and immediately it became a matter of official as well as popular belief, that Kentucky was safe for all time to come. But the dream was very short lived. Soon after this the federal government began recruiting in Kentucky; camps were organized, and citizens arrested, etc. At first this produced high excitement and distrust, and in some instances, resistance. This invasion had its counterpart in the occupancy of Columbus, Kentucky, by the Con-

federates, under General Leonidas Polk. Thus was the neutrality of the state ignored by first one side, then by both.

About all the Southern states by this time had joined their fortunes to the Confederacy, except Kentucky and Missouri. It was at about this time that Colonel Bramlett issued orders for the arrest of many members of the Lexington Rifles. There was intense excitement throughout the state. Many Southern sympathizers had left and joined the army in the South; many were leaving under serious difficulty. I have told of the attempted seizure of the state guard's guns at Lexington; the hard march to Camp Charity; our tiresome and laborious tramps to Green River, where we met the advance of Sidney Johnston's army, commanded by the redoubtable Colonel Hanson, that magnificent soldier who gave his life for the South, the first commander of the splendid Second Kentucky Regiment, which was considered one of the finest regiments in the Confederate armies, both as to drill and also in fighting qualities. This reputation was a just tribute spontaneously given after many bloody and severe contests on field of battle and drill camps, and Hanson was the guiding genius in all.

IV

IN CAMP WITH MORGAN

My first scout—We move to Bowling Green, Glasgow Junction and Schob's Tavern—Meet the Home Guards—Adventure of Jeff Sisson in securing meat from Schob—I resent an insult.

Arrived in camp the serious business of soldier-life began in sober earnest. Camp duties were familiar to most of Morgan's old company, as they had followed him from home to try the realities of soldiering upon the field of glory. I shall never forget my first scout on the 2nd day of September, 1861. Morgan, having some forty or fifty men in his company at this time, determined to try conclusions with the enemy. The monotony of camp and picket duty, devoid of all excitement, did not suit him or his men. Calling for twenty volunteers, he declared the fact then, that cavalry can be employed to far better advantage if kept well out upon the front and flank of the enemy, than if kept performing picket duty for the army; that cavalry should be the eyes and ears of an army. This fact was so completely demonstrated by him that comment is unnecessary.

At this call for volunteers the whole company stepped forward; he chose thirty men. He merely stated to them that he wished to gain some information of the enemy, who was now camped near Nolin Bridge, some twenty-one miles up the railroad. We made our

way to near the enemy's outpost, sometimes going near their camps, to learn from our friends what transpired. These excursions occurred three or four times weekly. Sometimes we would have exciting times on reaching the enemy's lines, as some of these countrymen were in the pay of the Federals, or were in sympathy with them and would report our approach and would start at break-neck speed, pursued by our foremost riders. They soon found that we were mounted on fleet horses, and when pressed too closely they would leave their horses and take to the brush; these abandoned horses we took possession of. They then adopted a less expensive mode of carrying information; they travelled on foot, having conch shells which they blew, others answering from hill to hill, and thus informed their friends of our approach far in advance.

We were compelled to change our plans. We would start from camp an hour or so before sundown, reaching the enemy's lines after dark. We would prowl around their camps all night. When day returned the scouting party would take a position on the line of retreat at a convenient distance, but safe from surprise from the enemy, to rest and refresh men and horses. We had some friends living near who piloted us around. Many were the secret conferences we had in the shade of the woods and with faithful informants. They would close their reports with emphatic "for the love of God." We would never breathe their names. We were thus unconsciously becoming familiar with danger. Once we were guided safely out of a dangerous situation by an intensely loyal man who thought he was assisting some friends who had lost their way in the dark. There were six of us with Morgan upon this occasion. After twenty-four or thirty-six hours' close

observation we knew if there was any unusual movement in the hostile lines.

After three or four weeks of this sort of service, relieved by frequent skirmishes with the enemy, about the last week in October we were called to horse by bugle note. Having mounted, we turned our horses' heads to the north. Proceeding some twelve miles from camp in the direction of Nolin Bridge, the advance of our column suddenly discovered a body of Federal infantry moving down the road towards us. Their bayonets glistening and just perceptible above a little rise three or four hundred yards off, notified the videttes of their vicinity. We immediately dismounted and posted ourselves in the thickets on both sides of the road, sending our horses to the rear under the charge of nine men. The Federals had not as yet discovered us. No plan of battle was adopted. Every man acted as his own commander. This being his first real battle with infantry and cavalry, Captain Morgan fired the first shot. The battle lasted about twenty-five minutes. The enemy retreated, and took shelter in a two-story log house, having lost thirteen men killed, and nine wounded. Our loss was three men wounded slightly. We were in no danger during this fight, as the enemy seemed to be shooting at the tops of the trees. During the battle one of the horse-holders informed us that the enemy was receiving reinforcements and was at that moment flanking us. This intelligence necessitated the withdrawal of our forces, and every man withdrew after his fashion and at his own time.

Services of this character kept us constantly occupied, and shortly after this we moved to Bowling Green, where we were sworn into the Confederate service, the company numbering eighty-five privates and four com-

missioned officers. After completing our organization, we received orders to repair to Glasgow Junction, scouting and picketing the various roads. From there we fell back to a place known as Schob's Tavern, midway between Glasgow Junction and Bowling Green, where we camped for some time. Scouting the country north to and beyond Green River, we made a raid into Butler County and to Morganfield.

While preparing to cross Green River on rafts, we were attacked by two companies of Home Guards, and compelled to cross the river under a galling fire. Several horses were killed and three or four men wounded. Lieutenant Van Sellers was seriously wounded. When we had landed and placed our wounded under shelter of the river bluff, we raised the rebel yell and charged the Home Guards with a whoop. In the excitement I found myself in the van or lead of these rough, enthusiastic riders, which made me the object of admiration, compliments and honors, for they placed me in command of the scouts in place of Lieutenant Van Sellers. He was sent back to camp under an escort while we pressed forward to Morganfield. We met and disposed of over 179 Home Guards and captured 12 prisoners, 70 horses, and 20 guns.

I was in high favor with my comrades and Captain Morgan. We, by this time, became a squadron or battalion of three companies: Companies A, B and C, with Captain Morgan in command of Company A, Captain Tom Allen, of Shelby County, of Company B, and Captain Jas. Bowles, afterward Colonel Bowles, of Company C. All had their full complement of men and officers.

While at Schob's Tavern we ran short of rations and our company devised a scheme to obtain from Mr.

Schob necessary supplies. A committee was appointed to wait upon him to solicit the poor, but necessary, privilege of buying supplies from him. He was a strong Union man. He was sorry, he informed our committee, that he could not and would not let them have what they wanted. He asked for a guard from Captain Morgan. The captain informed him that he did not need a guard at his house as no one could leave camp because there was a camp-guard round his soldiers. Schob had, Morgan reminded him, a large half-breed bloodhound in his yard to protect his property; therefore, it was not necessary for him to have a soldier on his place.

After several days' scheming by my company, we concocted a plan of procedure. I called for volunteers to carry out this plan. We then held a meeting to determine who should perform the various parts of the work necessary to be done in this undertaking. The dog must be disposed of or entertained while this work was being done. We must also have some one to crawl under the meat house and hand out the ham, shoulders and sides of bacon; there must be others to pry up the corner of the meat house; others to carry the meat away to a place of safety. All these details were settled by drawing straws.

We selected a tall, slender beech tree, cut it down close to the ground, then trimmed the limbs close to the body. This was cut off twenty-four feet long; then we cut a short block to place on the ground as a pry block. To Leek Arnett fell the duty of entertaining the dog with eight pounds of fresh meat; to Jeff Sisson, the dangerous duty of crawling into the meat house; the others were placed where there was the most need of them. All were assigned to places so that the scheme would be a howling success. The time was set.

It fell on a dark night. All was ready, everything arranged and emergencies provided for.

The meat house was about twenty feet in the rear of the residence, which was on the north side of the turnpike; a garden, a grape arbor and an orchard with sweet potato ridges were on the west and north sides. We are on the ground. All is now ready. Arnett is doing his duty by the blood-hound, entertaining him royally with fresh meat; we have pried up the corner of Schob's meat house. Jeff Sisson has entered the sacred and forbidden place and is handing out the hams, shoulders and sides of meat with lavish hands. Ten, twelve, fourteen, sixteen! "Boys, this is enough." "No," says some one; "let's have an even twenty." Twenty it shall be. S-sh! s-sh! h-st! What's that? The dog? Why, the dog, of course! He refuses longer to be entertained by the friendly stranger in soldier clothes. He will see what it all means. He scouts his domain, he finds something very strange and unusual going on under the very nose of his master. A low threatening growl, a fierce, snappish bark, a furious rush at these intruders of the master's sacred domain. What was done must needs be done quickly, and it was. The invaders fled in hot haste. Where was the meat? Gone. Where was Arnett? Gone, on very urgent business down the road. Where were all the other men? Gone, across the garden and woods with the precious store. Someone asks, "Boys, where is Jeff Sisson?"

It is remembered that at the first onslaught of the dog the men on the prize-prop leaped from their perch, the prop being thrown violently into the air from the immense weight upon it. The noise was like a cannon shot, when the corner fell into its former position and poor Jeff had been caught in the trap. Heavens, how

startled he was! "A scurvy trick, this, by my comrades. I shall await developments," said he, easy and low, and he did.

In the meantime the boys were not idle. They hid the meat securely in a hole dug in the ground, covered it with a brush heap in the woods, while Jeff was reflecting on the uncertainties of his position. The dog kept him informed of his presence. He charged round and round the meat house like mad. In a few minutes Sisson heard the voice of our friend Schob, hissing the dog on. A light was brought, the place examined and the prop found. The dog was still uneasy, alert, growling and barking, fiercely rushing around the meat house.

"Let us examine inside the meat house. Tige seems very uneasy. I believe there is someone in the house," says Mrs. Schob; "bring the light and also the key."

The key is placed, the lock flies back. At this time Sisson has placed himself close beside the door. When the light is thrust in, Schob says, "Who's there?" At this moment Sisson blows out the light, rushes past and over Schob, shoving him aside. In one desperate rush he leaps past the astonished family group, and at one bound he clears himself of all entanglements, leading the dog, who was hissed after him. Across the potato ridges, through tangled vines, on he rushes to liberty and anxiously awaiting friends. At the cross fence in this mad rush for liberty he loses his red artillery cap and one shoe. Sad mishap. He reaches the fence, tries hard to clear the top rail. Oh, the fates seem to be against him! He only gets one leg over. The rail breaks with his weight and he falls backward and the dog is upon him! He calls for help from his comrades. The dog is snarling in his face and seems

to want more fresh meat from Jeff. His comrades rush to his rescue and drive the dog away.

Next morning we had an unceremonious call at our camp from our neighbor. He calls upon Capt. Morgan. Makes his complaint. Our gallant captain told him that if he could find one single trace of the guilty parties, he would punish them till Schob said it was enough. The squadron was drawn out into line. A squad was detailed to go with Schob and search the tents; they started down the line with Schob in the lead, holding Sisson's red artillery cap and No. 10 shoe in his hands. He scrutinized each soldier closely but failed to find any one the shoe would fit. Sisson had found another shoe and cap. Schob finally went back to Sisson, placed the shoe before him and said, "If this shoe don't fit your foot and this cap is not yours, I don't know whose they are." But Captain Morgan decided that this was not sufficient evidence on which to punish a man. Forever afterward this was a source of gibe and jest. Sisson never heard the last of it during the entire service.

We remained here some weeks. During our stay we had established a rule that was ever after adhered to, and that was when any one felt themselves insulted or aggrieved they were not permitted to quarrel or to fight with weapons, but must settle the difference with their fists or acknowledge themselves a coward. A severe condition for the weak and physically small; but this had to stand. The officers made them form a ring round the belligerents, and they fought it out there and then to a finish. There were several of these private battles.

I took part in one. There were two of my school-mates in the same mess that left Lexington with me. They were chums and fast friends, always together.

They announced that a quarrel with one was with both and they would jointly resent any insult the other might receive. Since my recent distinction at the hands of my comrades, these two ambitious sons of Mars took special pains on every occasion to show their disgust, envy and dislike at the favors shown me. I took all their petty insinuations and slights until one day I was grievously and outrageously insulted.

My father was present at the time. This called for blood. My father looked on for a few moments. He then very quietly asked me if I was a coward. I said, "No, father, I am not, but I don't wish to destroy my chances for promotion. I want to fight these two envious imps, both at the same time. You know the rule established. I shall certainly demand satisfaction and have it at all hazard." A great hue and cry was raised about this time. "Form a ring! form a ring!" could be heard all over the camp. A great crowd gathered. I told my friend, Jack Wilson, from Woodward county, to challenge Ben Drake and Billy Spencer. They must either apologize publicly or fight.

While this was being arranged for, the officers came forward to know what the trouble was. My father was my spokesman in the case. He told them everything from beginning to end. Captain Morgan and Lieutenant Basil Duke decided that the provocation was great and of serious nature to a proud person. Yet there should not be any duelling. If this was once allowed there would be no end to the practice; therefore, we must settle our differences with Nature's weapons. They informed us of their decision in the matter, telling Drake and Spencer that they must either apologize or fight me at once; all must agree beforehand to accept the result as final, as there should be no quarreling.

For my part, I was ready and willing to accept any terms where there was a prospect of thrashing my tormentors once for all. We all stripped for the scrap. They wanted to try their skill, and at the same time humiliate me in the eyes and opinion of the command and shut off any remote chance of promotion or honors. I had learned something of the use of the gloves and felt confident that I could hold my own with either or both of them at the same time. It was arranged that they should fight me singly. They evidently did not relish this arrangement; seeing which I insisted that I would rather fight them both at the same time. Having agreed to this, both parties entered the ring. Captain Morgan asked me if I thus deliberately invited sure defeat by fighting both men at once. I said, "If they whip me, I will accept it like a man and a soldier; but they will know they have had a fight."

We faced each other without ceremony. The fight was brisk and furious. I attacked Spencer and pressed him closely. I knocked him silly in short order. The claret poured from his nose and mouth. He was carried from the ring helpless. I turned on Ben Drake, now thoroughly aroused. He had been the cause and aggressor, and was the better man of the two. I had some hard fighting to whip him; he was cautious and gave me some severe blows. I pushed the fight with the determination of one aggrieved. I finally got in a hard blow on his ear that settled the matter from that time forward. My status was recognized. I had no further trouble. I was always on hand for any and all enterprises. I had a good horse, and treated him kindly, even tenderly and he seemed to, and did, appreciate my attentions. He was always glad to see me coming.

We were now fast becoming inured to camp life.

I felt comparatively content. My father was with me. He had to leave home to avoid arrest as did thousands of southern sympathizers in the state, leaving everything behind. He was 99 years, 10 months and 20 days old at this time, and lived through the war, to the age of 108 years, 4 months. Winter was now upon us, with rain, snow and sleet.

V

REAL WARFARE

We are ordered to the front—Battle of Green River—Morgan harasses the enemy's pickets—Burning the Bacon Creek bridge—We raid the Federal stores at Lebanon.

We were again ordered to the front, reporting to General Hindman, who commanded a strong body of infantry and cavalry, about 3,500 men, upon the extreme front of our line. The headquarters were at Bell's Tavern, twenty-five miles from Bowling Green and thirteen miles from Woodsonville. The latter place was then occupied by the enemy, who had advanced to Green River, ten days after we had left there. While camped at Bell's Tavern there was a call for volunteers for a scout to the extreme front, as General Hindman had received information that a strong body of the enemy had crossed the river, and he desired to ascertain if this movement was preliminary to an advance of the enemy's entire army.

General Hindman moved forward with a large part of his army. He took us along to show him the country, as we had scouted over the ground frequently.

He sent forward two pieces of artillery and Colonel Terry's Texas Rangers, cavalry regiment, to reconnoiter and when about three miles from the river he discovered the enemy advancing, and supposing the latter to be stronger than his own forces he determined to engage at once. When first seen, the enemy was unaware of the whereabouts of General Hindman, who had screened the bulk of his force behind a large hill on the east side of the Bowling Green road, the summit of which

he occupied with skirmishers. His artillery was posted farther back, where it was partially concealed, and yet swept the road over which the enemy was advancing. Colonel Terry was instructed to skirmish in his front and draw him on till his flank should be exposed to the infantry masked behind the hill. It was the intention then to attack vigorously with all the infantry, a part of it in the enemy's rear and between him and the river, while Terry charged him on the flank. One part of Colonel Terry's regiment under his immediate command was on the right of the road at a considerable distance from any support. Another, commanded by one of his officers, was posted nearer the infantry. Hindman's plan was to bring his whole force rapidly into action, cut off and capture at least a part of the enemy's forces. This was frustrated by Terry's impatient order, who, after a very brief retreat before Willich's regiment of infantry, turned and charged furiously. The officer, seeing his colonel engaged, also charged, riding around the federals. Of the latter 18 or 19 were killed, 48 wounded, and 17 taken prisoners. Many were lassoed in the charge and dragged from their ranks. Colonel Terry was killed at the first volley. His death rendered his men almost frantic. The loss of Colonel Terry was a hard, sad blow. He was a brave, gallant and dashing officer of much promise, and his death was regretted by the entire army. We had 11 wounded and 5 killed in this engagement, which was the severest that we had witnessed. There were 46 of Morgan's men in the fight. They were complimented by General Hindman for gallant and meritorious conduct.

We were now real soldiers, having seen a real battle; we were actors in actual war. The whirl of the headlong charge, the hiss of flying bullets, the mad and

dashing cavalry charge, the exultant rebel yell, all made one forget the danger or rendered him indifferent to it. At first, I was somewhat uneasy and wished that I might find some honorable way out of it. Oh, the contemptible, corrupt, tricky politicians on both sides! I thought if honest men could only stand aside and let them fight it out how much better it would be for the whole country. But we were in for the war. The merry dance of death is in full swing, and woe to the hapless widows and forlorn orphans,—how piteous is their cry! the demon of hate, murder, bigoted intolerance, is abroad in this fair land and must be satiated, gorged, before it will be satisfied. How many innocent and bloody victims will he claim? God only knows.

The enemy withdrew hastily and recrossed the river. From this time forward the squadron was constantly close upon the outskirts of the enemy, sometimes in small scouting parties, at others, the entire squadron. We had no regular engagements except now and then some picket fights. The enemy seldom left camp, except in large bodies, and then only for short distances. Morgan was never idle and seemed never to tire when he could annoy the enemy, which was kept in continual ferment by his forays. He was attacking their pickets, scouting entirely around their camps at night, compelling them to turn out and form line of battle. At these times the long roll was beaten, the bugle-note sounded clear and distinct above the din. This was done to develop their position and strength.

The practice of firing on pickets, attacking them in camp, was at this time much condemned by Federal officers, but they could give no good reason for this condemnation. It is true that at first sight it does not appear to affect the final result, but it does help in a

general way to decide, by assisting to make a campaign successful. Every soldier killed or wounded or by any means weakened by constant attack, worries and discourages an adversary and thereby weakens his strength, and keeps him in doubt. If these are to be condemned, then for the same reason must sieges, pitched battles, and all strategem be condemned. There are certain rules of war whose observance humanity and the spirit of the age demands. Prisoners ought not be killed or maltreated, unless in retaliation; the terms of capitulation and surrender ought always to be faithfully fulfilled; war should not be made on non-combatants, but the soldier ought to be content to take his chance. It certainly is more soldierly to teach a picket to fight when he is attacked than to complain of it. And a picket who will allow himself to be surprised on his post ought to be shot; for he is supposed to be the eyes and ears of a sleeping army. At the time of which I write the Federal army at Green River bridge had no cavalry, or had a cavalry that was useless.

We now had an adventure that attracted much attention. It was the burning of the Bacon Creek bridge, a wooden structure across this creek, small it is true; but was necessary in the operation of the railroad. The Federal army lay in camp about three miles north. Their pickets were scarcely half a mile from the bridge. We believed it would be strongly guarded, as the Federals had burned this same structure before falling back to Bowling Green. We expected to encounter some force at the ford at Woodsonville, which, unfortunately, was not guarded. We dispersed a company of Home Guards, which, ignorant of our approach, had assembled in the town to carry off some Southern sympathizers. Marching rapidly on, we reached the bridge about mid-

night and to our surprise and satisfaction found it unguarded. Having entirely destroyed it, we fell back across the river.

On the 25th of January Captain Morgan, with five men, of whom I was one, left Bell's Tavern, crossed the river at an unguarded ferry, and on the following day we rode into Lebanon, some sixty miles from his camp. Several hundred Federal troops were camped near this place and a large amount of army stores were in two large buildings. Soldiers off and on duty were frequently passing through town. We captured these and made them set fire to these stores. We took 30 prisoners. Some of them we released, reserving their blue overcoats with which to disguise our men. By this means we were able to quietly pass through some dangerous situations, and bring back nine prisoners, a large flag and several other trophies. Two companies of cavalry pursued us but we eluded them, being familiar with the country. Next day we reached Glasgow with the United States flag flying in front of our column of "blue coats." We scared the citizens and some straggling Confederates horribly. They were almost demoralized at the sight of us, but were soon reassured. We turned over our prisoners. This was the first flag captured. It was a proud record for the gallant rangers, left of this period, but they paid dearly for it, and I fear that few remain of those who used to roam and fight so recklessly.

VI

WITH MORGAN ABOUT NASHVILLE

We leave Kentucky—At Nashville and Murfreesboro—Scouting about Nashville—Morgan's methods—We visit Nashville—In ambush at the asylum—An exchange of prisoners—We got a hot reception, but escape.

The time was now approaching when we should leave these scenes and the region with which we had become so familiar. With sad hearts we turned away when the signal was sounded. We had confidently hoped that we should be ordered to advance instead of retreat and it seemed to us like a march to our graves, and so it was to many poor fellows. We had hoped to be ordered to press forward that we might win victories that would give Kentucky to us forever. It was but natural that we should regret leaving the country in which we had passed pleasant months, and seen stirring service and where we had led free, active lives, spiced with danger. These are not the kind of reminiscences that the poetical and the romantic sigh over, but every man has a right to be sentimental after his own fashion, and we always felt this way about this Green River country, where we were baptised as soldiers.

In the latter part of January it became clearly evident that we must leave Kentucky. This was known to even the private soldiers. Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, chief commander of the Western armies, had been for months making his disposition to meet the threatened points of attack. The battle of Mill Springs on this right flank had been fought, with serious disaster to the Southern cause, near Summerset, Ky. In this

battle General Zollicoffer was killed. His death was itself an irreparable loss. The evacuation of Bowling Green on the 14th of February, 1862, took place. Many soldiers had been sent to reinforce Fort Donelson. A battle was raging there. The weather was bitterly cold. The troops suffered intensely on the retreat. All the bridges had been destroyed by our command on orders from General Johnston.

News received by us from Donelson on our retreat was favorable to our arms during the first few days of conflict. We were the rear-guard of the army. The late news from Donelson came like a thunder clap, telling of the surrender of several thousand men. This was indeed a disaster that none looked for, but after a few days the news was more reassuring. It was learned that Col. Bedford Forrest had refused to surrender and had cut his way out with his entire regiment and was then on his way to Nashville. He reached the city two days later. His command was recruited along the border of Tennessee and Kentucky. It was a mixed command. He afterward became famous as a dashing cavalry commander, and is yet regarded as one of the most remarkable of the many remarkable men the war developed. Our stay in Nashville was of short duration but it is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the confusion that existed for a week or two after the fall of Fort Donelson. Soldiers and citizens were almost in panic. Forrest was called on to clear the streets. There were large stores of ordnance and army supplies of every description, only a small amount of which was saved to the army; much of it was given to the citizens who carried it away.

The army halted at Murfreesboro, thirty miles south from Nashville; rested for a few days. Here it was

joined by the remnant of Zollicoffer's forces under General Crittenden. After recruiting, reorganizing and disciplining his army, General Johnston resumed his retreat, crossing the Tennessee River at Decatur, Alabama, to Courtland, Tusculumbia, Iuka and to Corinth, the goal of his march.

Every straggler had been driven out of Nashville. The evacuation was complete. Morgan's squadron was the last to leave, as we were required to remain in the rear of the army and pick up all who had evaded the rear guards of the infantry. Our scouts that were left behind witnessed the arrival of the Federals and their occupation of the city, but not without a parting salute by way of protest and to remind them that we still held the right of defense.

We fell back to Laverne, a small town about 16 miles from Nashville, where we remained three weeks, scouting and picketing the various roads, which radiated in every direction. It was from this central point that we carried terror and nightly disaster to the men of General Mitchell's army, now advanced to the insane asylum grounds. Our attacks were made from every direction. Many of his soldiers were captured in sight of their camps in daylight. When they placed their pickets for the night they said their prayers and crossed themselves. A chain of pickets was thrown out to better protect themselves from attack.

Our method of attack was simple enough. We would select, say, forty men; divide these into four or five unequal parts and give each its special number, then station them at points corresponding to their special number. After all had been so placed or assigned, we would send an attacking party down the pike about midnight and charge the Federals furiously at their out-

posts, driving them past the places of ambush, where they were given volley after volley. Many times their own men would fire on them, thinking Morgan was charging their camp. This often occurred twice nightly.

This section of country was admirably adapted to this mode of warfare, being densely covered with cedars, which hid the operations from view, if it became necessary to retreat. It was only a few yards to absolute safety, so dense was the forest of cedars.

We learned before retiring that General Mitchell's army had been reduced fifteen hundred during three weeks. Hearing of this, Morgan determined to try conclusions elsewhere. He selected fifteen picked men for a visit to Nashville. Avoiding the highroads we were conducted by a faithful guide through the woods to the Lebanon Pike, which struck the road about a mile from the city. This vicinity favored, rather than endangered, Morgan. He rode into the streets without attracting hostile attention. A patrol of twenty or thirty cavalry was making the rounds. After reconnoitering a short time he formed his plans.

He sent all but six of his men to a thicket a short distance away, to await his return. Keeping a sharp lookout with those whom he kept with him, he made them dismount and lead their horses along the river bank, until near the reservoir, about opposite a government steamboat that was anchored in the river. It was his wish to set this boat on fire and let her drift with the current into the midst of a number of other transports which lay a few hundred yards below and were then crowded with troops and provisions. Three of us volunteered to do the work. We found a canoe and paddled out and set her on fire in full view of the troops on the transports. We nearly fell into the hands

of the enemy. The canoe, being leaky and rickety, was almost unmanageable. After watching the hissing flames and the consternation of the soldiers on the fleet, with three cheers for John Morgan, Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy we rowed rapidly away to rejoin our comrades. Cavalry was sent in pursuit but failed to overtake us. We gained the Murfreesboro pike, where we encountered a body of cavalry which we drove pell mell into Nashville. Here we lost one man, killed—a fine soldier. We now fell back to Murfreesboro.

Only a few days after this Morgan determined to pay his old friend General Mitchell a visit at the asylum. He selected thirty men and penetrated by bridle paths through the woods to the immediate vicinity of Mitchell's headquarters. With his men stationed in the thicket along the road at various places, he arranged to catch everything that should come along. There was a great deal of passing to and from headquarters to the various camps of commanding officers. No one thought of danger—they went unsuspectingly into the trap prepared for them. In about an hour 84 men were taken and seven wagons captured and burned. The animals were used as mounts for prisoners. We also captured 45 loose horses, after sending the prisoners away under guard.

Morgan and two companions rode down to the forks of the road, where there was a sergeant with ten men. He placed himself between them and their guns and represented himself to be an officer of high rank and berated them for neglect of duty and finally marched them off, prisoners. They evidently thought they were being taken to headquarters, but they were soon disabused of this idea.

This constant boldness increased the alarm of the

Federal commander. General Mitchell determined to march against us with his entire force. At this time we had 97 prisoners. Morgan decided to effect, if possible, an exchange of prisoners. We had lost six men, captured in the various forays with the enemy. We started under a flag of truce. General Mitchell put his columns in motion for our extermination or capture. We met his advance not far from Laverne. There were surprises for both parties. They immediately formed in line of battle. They would not or could not or pretended not to believe Morgan sincere in his intentions, wherefore Colonel Woods rode forward and added his presence and statement to those of Morgan, backed by the 97 prisoners. Would he be convinced now that this move was not simply one of Morgan's ruses to escape him? Mitchell had all his brigade—infantry, artillery and cavalry—in full force on the ground. He finally acknowledged very reluctantly that he was again defeated by this wily chief of the gay, rough riders in gray from old Kentucky.

We had on this trip only enough men to safeguard the prisoners, many of whom, be it said, were fine fellows. There were formed at this time many mutual ties of friendship that have lasted until now. When all the preliminaries were agreed to we were escorted back to Mitchell's headquarters, where it was arranged that we should exchange our 97 prisoners for the six Confederate soldiers held by the Federals, subject to the ratification of each government. In the meantime the prisoners on both sides should be paroled, pending the action of the two governments. We now had a good dinner, and parted with mutual good wishes and handshakes on both sides.

Two days later Lieutenant Duke was dispatched

with twenty-eight men from Flat Rock, on the Shelbyville pike, to capture the enemy's pickets and foraging parties, who were seizing cattle and arresting private citizens. We were to press in as close to Nashville as possible and learn the position of the Federals. On arriving at these points we found that the enemy had withdrawn their picket base. They had evidently been informed of our approach. We moved three miles further down the pike in the direction of Nashville before coming upon the enemy, although a day before their pickets had been thick in this quarter. It was evident that some plan for our reception was on foot, which caused this change; therefore, unusual vigilance and caution became necessary. Here we had heard of and hoped to find some officers in a house behind the picket bases, where they would believe themselves secure, and capture them. But in this we were disappointed. None of the citizens had seen any one; they would tell us nothing, and seemed alarmed at our presence. Their evident desire to get rid of us showed plainly that they knew of the proximity of danger.

We rode down the road a short distance, turned to the right into the brush and, going a quarter of a mile into a dense thicket, halted and secreted men and horses. We were sure that we were within the lines and not far from General McCook's division in camp. It was now quite dark. Leaving five men to take care of our horses, and to remain there until our return, we started to find the enemy, Lieut. Basil Duke leading, all in single file, Indian fashion. We entered a wide meadow. While crossing this we heard a challenge of a picket: "Who goes there?" It came from their camp, not far away. I judged from the words that it was the officer of the day making his rounds. We reached

the Shelbyville pike. Our guide told us there was a public or county road crossing the pike a short distance away. We could now see dimly outlined the enemy's white tents a short distance ahead. Soon a negro came down the road towards us; we captured and questioned him. He answered very glibly. He had come out to be captured, with a made-up tale. His story seemed incredible. It simply aroused our already confirmed suspicion. He evinced no fear and seemed anxious to answer our questions and talk. We were surely between the enemy's picket lines and camp. We sent the negro to the horses, under guard. We were now not more than three hundred yards from a large camp. We were convinced that it was a part of a plan to capture any scouting party who might attempt to raid their picket base. We at least had found an enemy. He it was certain had laid a trap. There was little hope of accomplishing the object of the scout, but we could at least spring the trap, and there was a chance of surprising an ambush at close quarters. We were then a fair match for three or four times our number, as we were all armed with double-barrel shotguns, loaded with twenty-four buckshot in each barrel; also, a pair of pistols. Each was a proper weapon in such an affair.

We were ordered to keep open space between files in single file and all of us to keep together and not reload, but, after firing both barrels of our shotguns, then use the pistols and make our way back to the horses. Lieutenant Duke ordered us to follow him. We started in the direction of the enemy. We were instructed to hold our fire until challenged, then half was to fire, all kneeling, and all must fire low. We made little noise marching down the pike, each soldier seemed to

be afraid that he might tread on and break some eggs that might be lying around loose on the pike.

We were soon convinced by a chorus of coughing which at this moment broke on our ears as we neared them, that a pretty large crowd was before us. When we had almost reached the point where the road crosses, a sergeant and ten men at his back sprang up so near us that we could have touched them, by making another step; they ordered us to halt, in a low voice, evidently taking us for friends. Our answer was a shot. All fell into line at once. In an instant a line of fire from three directions greeted us—in our front, to our right, and from the direction we had come, all from the fence corners. We had passed them unseen in the darkness. The blaze of our guns met. Our men could be seen kneeling. The low firing did dreadful execution. The bulk of the enemy was stationed on the left or west side of the road, and must have been asleep until alarmed by the firing. They sprang up at the sudden uproar. They aimed at the blaze of the guns, endangering their own men more than our own. At every flash from our guns there followed agonizing groans, curses and the commands of officers; the mingled uproar was terrific, almost deafening. It was noticed at each flash that the wounded and dying were writhing in agony, and that the fire of the enemy was high, passing over our heads.

Our weapons emptied, ammunition expended, we sprang over the fence on the east side of the pike and ran at top speed for our horses. A chained picket which had been posted on the Shelbyville pike sprang forward and opened fire on us. Those we had left behind and bidden farewell redoubled this fire. All was confusion. When we regained our horses, we were nearly sur-

rounded. Parties had come down the road from the woods behind us and our retreat, by the way we had come, was blockaded. Our signal to call in laggards as we prepared to leave was answered from every direction by the enemy, but the friendly woods protected us, as it had many times before, and we escaped under its shelter. Strange as it may seem, not a man among us was killed; only one was slightly wounded, in the fleshy part of the left arm.

This same night a similar occurrence took place on the Franklin pike under the immediate command of Captain Morgan, though earlier in the evening, in which he captured some thirty wagons and two sutler's wagons. The latter were taken to camp, the others burned, and the horses and mules driven to camp to remount men whose horses were broken down by continuous hard service for months past. The Federals were puzzled and uncertain whether to believe him really ubiquitous, or the commander of two or three thousand men. In reality, Morgan at that time had only three companies, about 300 men all told.

VII

BATTLE OF SHILOH OR PITTSBURG LANDING

Morgan rejoins the army—Is attached to Breckenridge's division. Under Albert Sidney Johnston—Morgan commissioned as Colonel—Marching from Corinth to Pittsburg Landing—The battle—Death of General Johnston—Confusion in Northern army—We retreat to Corinth.

About the middle of March Captain Morgan received orders to rejoin the army as soon as practicable. But desiring to leave an impression upon our enemies of his ubiquity, after he had gone, which might be useful to his further plans, he called for twenty-five volunteers from each of his three companies. There was a great scramble by all for a place. He left Murfreesboro about mid-day, his objective point being Gallatin, Tenn., situated on the Louisville & Nashville railroad, about thirty miles from Nashville; at that time it was of no special military importance. There were numerous roads radiating from it. The distance to Murfreesboro was about sixty miles. Morgan wished to place himself where he could receive any news of importance that might be available.

Crossing the Cumberland River at Canney Branch ferry early next morning, we reached Gallatin about 9 o'clock and he found the town not garrisoned. There were four or five quartermasters' clerks which we captured. Morgan left fifty of his men behind at the river. We took charge of the telegraph office and the operator. Morgan also represented himself as a Union officer, desiring information from Nashville, as he was just from the interior of Kentucky. After obtaining the news, the conversation turned on Captain Morgan. The

"clerk of the lightning" said that he had not disturbed them yet--he had better not. He told the story of Morgan's coming to Mitchell's lines with a flag of truce which it seemed had raised great excitement, and declared that he ought to have been shot then and there. "The scoundrel," he said, brandishing his pistol, "had I been there he could never have left alive!" Before he could say more, a pistol was shoved into his face by Morgan, who said, "Give me your pistol, my good fellow; I am Morgan." The operator's consternation was extreme, and his apology, when he found his tongue, was polite. It was accepted and he was placed under guard.

We remained two days longer, captured four officers, an engine and loaded freight cars and two loaded wagons of government property. The cars and wagons were burned. Six transports loaded with troops from Monticello passed down the river toward Nashville. Our boys left behind on the river bank did not dare fire on the troops on these boats as it might endanger Captain Morgan, and those with him, nor did these troops know who the cavalry were on the bank. We now rejoined our men at the river and hastily returned with our prisoners to Murfreesboro, thence to Shelbyville, where we found our friends anxiously awaiting our return.

In our absence we had received orders to hasten our march through Fayetteville, thence to Huntsville. Our fame had preceded us. Along our line of march people flocked to see the rough riding Kentucky soldier-boys. Huntsville was the birth place of Captain Morgan and she received him like a mother. Her gates and doors were thrown wide open, not only to him, but to all his soldiers. We remained there four days. We were the recipients of unwearied kindness and attention

and unstinted supplies of food or "square meals," as the boys called them. Leaving our good friends behind, we continued our march to the Tennessee River, crossing it at Decatur, and reached Byrnsville, a few miles from Corinth, after five days' marching, having passed through Tuscumbia and Iuka.

It was now the third day of April. We found here the division of Gen. John C. Breckinridge, to which we were attached. The whole army was astir and concentrating to attack the enemy at Pittsburg Landing. This was a glorious sight to my eyes, these soldier boys in gray. Looking upon Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, I thought: What a glorious specimen of all that is great! The peerless man, the magnificent soldier! Look at him in his manly, vigorous and splendid physical development, symmetrical proportions, excelled by none, and equalled by few. He sits his splendid white charger with unequaled ease and grace. A born leader of soldiers. He greets all with kindness, unrestrained by formality. He inspects our command and compliments our chief and ourselves, and tells us he is proud to command such soldiers. He shows that he means what he says. He gives our captain a commission as colonel, to take effect at once, April 4, and also gives our colonel the assurance that after the coming battle he would be permitted to act independently and again follow his favorite service with a stronger force on a larger scale.

None of the many ardent and high strung young men went with so much zeal and high hopes and enthusiasm into that fight as did Colonel Morgan, for he saw beyond it a career of excitement, success and glory that might satisfy the most energetic and daring nature. Oh, little did we think then that the magnificent, superb Sidney Johnston would be slain, leading his victorious

army in its last grand assault against Grant's demoralized and broken columns on the very brink of the river. That he should so soon be slain on the very verge of a glorious triumph none of us thought, even remotely, would be his fate. But I forestall events.

Our commander-in-chief was in high spirits, he seemed to communicate his own energy and vitality to his army. After months of hard work he was now beginning to see tangible results, and for his army, he doubted not there would be glorious victory. He moved among his troops with a smiling face and a kind word for each soldier, who cheered him lustily wherever he appeared.

The infantry started from Corinth on the third of April with the artillery and cavalry following, all converging toward Pittsburg Landing, where General Grant's army lay, flushed with the victory at Donelson, wholly unconscious of the gathering host, insolent with triumph; and disturbed by no thought of danger.

General Johnston formed his plans for attack on the fifth, but owing to heavy rains on the third and fourth, the march from Corinth was slow. The artillery often stuck fast and the struggling horses failed to move the guns until the cannoneers applied themselves to the heavy mud-clogged wheels.

On the evening of the fifth, about 3 or 4 o'clock everything was at last concentrated upon the high ground near Shiloh Church, where General Johnston proposed to establish his line of battle. The disposition of his forces was at once commenced. It was said that owing to the lack of promptness on the part of some of the division officers, or the miscarriage of orders, a delay of one day was occasioned in the disposition of the forces. It is a well known fact that General Johnston

had made his arrangements for attack on the fifth, instead of the sixth. He was informed that General Buell was marching rapidly to reinforce General Grant, and he desired to crush Grant before Buell arrived. He knew the importance of this and was preparing to act accordingly. At a conference of all the officers this matter of delay was considered. It was the opinion of General Beauregard that the attack, having been so long delayed, ought to be abandoned and the army retired to Corinth. He said it was now extremely hazardous to attack. The army might be confused by the delay.

General Johnston listened to every argument with courtesy, but was unmoved. He resolved to fight them on the morrow. He believed the offensive, once assumed, ought to be maintained at all hazards. His army was in high spirits. They believed in their commander, and that he would lead them to sure victory. He trusted that vigor and audacity would enable them to win on the first day. His faith in his gallant soldiers was too strong for him to be shaken from his purpose.

The ground selected for the battle was between Owl and Lick creeks, which ran nearly parallel with each other, and emptied into the Tennessee River. The flanks of the two armies rested upon these two little streams, and the front of each was just the distance as their respective positions between the two creeks. The Confederate front was, therefore, a little more than three miles long. The distance between the creeks widens as they approach the river.

General Johnston's available effective strength was 35,000 men; that of the enemy, 45,000. The Confederates camped in order of attack. To General Hardee was assigned the first line, to General Bragg the second,

and to General Polk the third. General Hardee's line extended from one creek to the other, as his corps was fully deployed. To him was given the honor of beginning the battle. Thus disposed, the men slept on the field. Bragg's corps was formed similarly to Hardee's, and General Polk's corps was formed in columns of brigades, both at close supporting distance of each other. General Breckinridge's division, over 6,000 strong, constituted a reserve, and was close up to General Polk's corps. Morgan's squadron was formed with Breckinridge's command. Other bodies of cavalry were formed promiscuously along the lines of battle. All were to move simultaneously at or before early dawn, each in close supporting distance of the other.

At early dawn on Sunday morning Hardee, in advance, attacked the Federals in the first camp, and drove this line back upon the second, where they were now hastily forming. As he closed upon the second, a long line of steel and flame met him, staggering and for a while stopping his advance. But this gallant corps was too fresh to be held back by an enemy that had not yet recovered from the effects of its first surprise. For a while it writhed, closed its ranks, and gathering itself dashed irresistibly forward. The enemy was beaten back. These hardy western men, though raw and for the first time under fire, could not be forced to positive flight, and at this stage of the battle could not be routed. They had little discipline, but plenty of staunch courage. They turned for another stand, and the Confederates were upon them again. Once more they gave way before an impetuous charge of bayonet.

The ground was now covered with many a corpse in gray or blue. At half past seven the first line began to show signs of exhaustion. It was now time for Bragg's

superb corps to move to its relief. It did so in serried ranks. This was the first sign of slackening on the part of the Confederate advance and it seemed to add vigor to the enemy's resistance. But bravely as they fought, they never recovered from the stun of the first surprise. Their half day's battle was out of joint at the beginning and they never got it right that day. They were making desperate efforts to retrieve lost ground, when Bragg's tornado burst upon them. The shock was met gallantly, but in vain. Another bloody grapple, and another, was followed by retreat of the Federals; again our lines moved on; still another bloody grapple, in unbroken lines, and a wild yell would break forth from the gray lines. A mad, fierce charge, a horrible din, then another rapid forward move. It seemed like some tremendous machine with regular stroke.

We had now passed four large encampments. About half past ten o'clock General Polk's corps was ordered to advance and take part. One brigade was also sent to each flank by General Johnston. The battle was now renewed. The enemy had called into action all his available force. The battle was urged all along the line with greater vigor than at any time during the day. The enemy fought as if determined not to accept defeat, and their stern leader was not the man to relinquish hope, although his lines had been repeatedly broken, and the ground piled with his slain.

The corps of Hardee, Bragg and Polk were now abreast or mingled with each other. Each brigade commander was ordered, when disengaged or detached, to seek and engage the nearest enemy and to press the flank of every hostile force, which his neighbors could not move, and to press forward at all hazard. General Johnston was continuously at the front. He more than

once assumed command of brigades in person, and led them where they could fight with effect. Our success was not without very costly sacrifice and, the carnage was heavy upon both sides.

Morgan's squadron was moving along with General Breckinridge's reserve. We had passed over many dead and wounded men, both gray and blue. The sight was ghastly. I listened to the hideous noise, and thought how much larger was this engagement than the skirmishes on Green River, and at Nashville. We were now forcibly reminded that we were close upon the enemy, as the bullets whizzed past with rapidly increasing numbers. It was about this time that our advance was receiving its first serious charge, on our right. While our left was still advancing, the right and center were repulsed before a strong position which the enemy held in strong force. They were posted on an eminence in front of which were thickets and an intervening undulating depression. Plenty of artillery, strongly supported, crowned this eminence. Hardee's utmost efforts to carry it were foiled. So furiously played the batteries of the enemy that nothing could be seen of the enemy's position, save sheets of flame and clouds of smoke. At every advance, there was a shower of bullets. It was finally carried by the impetus given the line by the arrival of the reserve under General Breckinridge. He had moved forward on both sides so far that he had flanked the enemy's position, and the advance at this point was thus suspended. As the squadron approached, General Hardee sent an aide to know what cavalry it was. Upon learning that it was Morgan's, he expressed himself as much pleased. He would use us to take that battery.

Upon being informed of this compliment, so gratifying to our vanity, we bore ourselves with becoming

sobriety. We felt that our time had come. For the first time since my enlistment, I felt that I should much prefer that I was somewhere else; that I had not lost any battery, and that I did not want that one, especially while it was in such rapid eruption as it then was. As we formed for the charge, I heartily wished that I was some where else. We were told that the charge would be ordered immediately. We were not so sanguine of the result as General Hardee seemed to be. The general sat on his horse near Schoup's battery, replying as best it could to the vicious rain of grape-shot and shell that poured from the hill. He seemed wholly indifferent to the terrible firing and only anxious to capture those guns. We were ordered on the charge and were moving forward. Noticing a slackening of the enemy's lines, we saw, to our intense relief that he was rapidly retreating. At the same time our infantry regiments dashed forward and poured deadly volleys into the Federal ranks, which were in imminent danger of now being flanked, and captured. Twenty of their guns were abandoned. It was now evident that the enemy's plan was to mass his forces upon our left, to keep a way open for an escape passage down the river; the drift of battle showed that he was already being hemmed in on all sides and forced toward Pittsburg Landing.

General Hardee ordered Colonel Morgan to take his command to the extreme left of the line, and to charge the first enemy he saw. Reaching the left of the line, we met some of the Kentucky brigade charging across an open field. We entered this field at a sharp trot. Our left flank was exposed, and the enemy was in strong force, moving where one of their camps was situated. The Kentucky brigade charged upon them so

closely that it seemed as if bayonets must cross before the enemy gave way. The roar of musketry in this charge was so tremendous that it drowned the thunder of artillery. The Federals withdrew rapidly to the cover of the woods near by, followed closely by the victorious Confederates. The squadron and the Eighth Texas Rangers were close up. We lost several men in this charge. It was here we encountered Captain Byrne's battery, whose men were being picked off by some concealed sharp-shooters. We went forward at a headlong charge against some skirmishers, and captured and killed a number, causing their hasty retreat through the woods. We followed closely and suddenly came upon the infantry. This regiment, in scrambling through the woods, had lost its compact formation; fortunately for us, we were close upon them before they fired. They delivered one stunning volley, the blaze almost reaching our faces, and the roar rang in our ears like thunder. Next moment we rode through their ranks. Some of our men, in trying to cut down the enemy with sabers, made ridiculous failures, though doing real execution with their pistols and guns. We lost in the charge 7 killed and 13 wounded. The affair was soon over.

The Federal loss here was 27 killed, 69 wounded, and 117 prisoners. The Texans, as we prepared to charge, asked what we were going to do. "Go in," we answered. "Then we will go in, too," replied the Texans. They formed on our left, shouted, and charged into the woods with us. The enemy was now rapidly retreating to Pittsburg Landing. It was now that the most stubborn stand was made. His flanks had been driven in. The word was passed along the lines, "Let every order be forward!" In this stand Major-General Prentice and

3,700 of his division were captured, with 26 field pieces of artillery. His troops stood until the advancing Confederates closed in upon him. His escape became impossible.

Our advancing lines were now near the river and victory, absolutely complete and decisive, was just within its grasp. General Johnston had exposed himself from the commencement of the fight. He had been in the van, adding spirit to the charge, cheering the men and giving new energy to the batteries that had been checked. Once he had ridden along the rear of a brave Arkansas regiment, which had recoiled before a terrible fire. "Where now," he said, tapping some of the men encouragingly upon the shoulder, "are the Arkansas boys who boasted that they would fight with their bowie knives? You have a nobler weapon in your grasp; will you dare to use it?" He spoke to men who could not hear such words spoken in vain—they rushed forward and won the position. At another point General Strathem's magnificent brigade had faltered, seeing which General Johnston, hat in hand, with hand elevated, rode out in front of this brigade, and called out to them to follow their general to sure victory.

His dress, majestic presence, imposing gesture and large gray horse, made him a conspicuous mark. A ball pierced his leg, severing a large artery. He paid no attention to the wound, but continued to lead his troops, who incited by his heroic example had charged while their last charge was successful. Suddenly, he grew faint from loss of blood, and reeled in his saddle. His staff came too late to his assistance. They bore him to a ravine for shelter, and in a few moments he died. If only he could have lived a few days longer!

Shortly after this great disaster our lines were

pressed forward rapidly at all points. Our troops were still filled with the spirit of our lost leader. His genius had prefaced results accomplished after he was gone. The left had swept around the center, where the latest check had been felt; when by hard fighting the opposition here was completely overcome. For many miles we had driven the enemy through his camps, rich with blood-bought spoils. His brave resistance had at length been broken. After immense losses he seemed ready to yield. It is an indisputable fact that for an hour and a half at least, before the Confederate advance was checked by orders from the commanding general, it was meeting with no sort of check. Even the Northern writers—who shortly after the battle described it—one and all depicted a scene of utter confusion and consternation as prevailing in the Northern army, crowded upon the banks of the river, with scarcely a semblance of resistance or discipline remaining. Other writers maintained that in reality they were ready to surrender. Hundreds of the fugitives, unable to force their way upon the boats, plunged into the river and were drowned. This was witnessed by at least one hundred of our scouts on the river banks.

We were astonished at the lull in the battle, which had almost ceased. We had learned of General Johnston's death, but had not thought that we should thus abandon the results of a splendid victory. All felt that there was a great blunder somewhere. There were hundreds of straggling soldiers, prowling in the various camps.

Early the next morning we received orders to scout the encampment and collect the stragglers. Shortly after starting, we heard rattling musketry fire. There was some severe fighting for several hours. When we

heard the army was retreating, we were very much surprised, but were informed that Buell had reinforced Grant's army with something like 30,000 fresh men. So our army slowly retreated to Corinth. General Breckinridge was left in charge of the reserve rear-guard, and held a portion of the battlefield five or six days. He remained in undisputed possession from this time; our cavalry was still further to the north for more than ten days, during which time only two or three skirmishes occurred. Thus for the second time within a year were the fruits of splendid victory thrown away.

VIII

A DASH WITH MORGAN INTO TENNESSEE AND KENTUCKY

I am made a lieutenant—We leave Corinth—Fight at Huntsville—I receive my second wound—Crushed at “Lebanon Races”—Morgan’s mare “Bess”—Reorganization at Sparta—About Bowling Green—We capture a train—Squadron becomes a regiment at Chattanooga—A very remarkable character, Lieutenant-Colonel Grenfels—On the march—Fighting at Tompkinsville and Bear Wallow—I am wounded—Morgan’s body-guard—I meet my brother at Harrodsburg—Through Lawrenceburg, Versailles, Midway and Georgetown to Cynthiana.

Our squadron was now relieved of duty at the front. Colonel Morgan sought and obtained permission to dash into Tennessee and Kentucky. He wished to pounce upon the rich prizes of the enemy in the rear. He reorganized the squadron, as all the companies had suffered severe loss during our stirring engagement. We had lost a number of gallant officers and fine soldiers. I was elected a lieutenant.

There were numerous transfers from other commands to us, three companies of detached cavalry being assigned to us, making our effective force about 650 men. All was activity and excitement, especially in camp was there cooking of rations and the shoeing of horses and mules, the latter for carrying the extra ammunition. This pack train was dubbed “Frank Leather’s Mule Train.” It was often said of Leathers that he made more noise driving his mules than was necessary to align a division for action. All was now ready.

We left Corinth on April 26th, reaching Iuka, six miles from the river, early next morning. We immediately began crossing the river which was high from recent rains. There was nothing but a small horse ferry, capable of carrying twelve men and horses. The crossing took us two days and a half. During this period the boys had the "gunboat fever," as we expected to see one coming any minute, for they patrolled the river for some miles above this point. Leaving here on April 30, we reached Lawrenceburg, Tenn., that night. Resuming the march next morning about 10 o'clock, we reached Pulaski and Huntsville. Here we learned that about 400 Federals had passed through town. Moving rapidly forward, we attacked them, charging with vigor. We encountered them behind some slight breast works on the side of the hills, carrying their entire line with a whoop. We captured over 100, killed 20 and wounded 9. Our loss was 2 killed, and 4 wounded, I among the number, this being my second wound. Up to this time twenty loaded wagons had been captured, here six more, loaded with cotton, were taken; all were burned. The prisoners were paroled. We halted a few hours for rest.

The citizens were wild with joy and we were received with delight by the fair ladies. Morgan's celebrated "Black Bess" came in for her share of admiration; they crowded around her to feed her with dainties, for which she had a weakness. Her glossy mane was in great demand. For the first time in his life Morgan had to oppose the wishes of his lady friends, fearing that Bess would be shorn completely of her mane and tail. He tore her away and sent her to the stable.

From this place we moved in the direction of Mur-

freesboro, near which place we camped for the night. On the third of May, the column reached Harrington. Here much cotton was burned. General Beauregard, in accordance with orders from the war department, ordered that all cotton likely to fall into the hands of the enemy should be burned. Arriving in the vicinity of Murfreesboro, we drove in all the pickets on the roads. We captured some videttes, burned some cotton and cut the telegraph wires. We reached Lebanon late at night and picketed the roads. A heavy rain fell during the night.

Companies A, B and C were quartered at the College, and D, E and F at a hotel. Colonel Morgan took with him on this raid a telegraph operator, named Ellsworth, who became famous afterwards for his ingenious deceptions of the Yankee operators on numerous occasions during the war.

Early next morning we were aroused, and before we had completed saddling our horses, we heard the clatter of horses' feet. Taking about twenty men, I rode forward to ascertain the cause. We were greeted with a volley of bullets. The enemy had passed our pickets unchallenged and were pouring into town at a rapid rate. I formed my men across the street to oppose them, and sent notice to Colonel Morgan and the command at the College. We opened a rapid fire on the advancing columns. It was still raining and still quite dark. Several of the Federal officers, in the confusion of the fight, rode into our lines, mistaking us for their own men. General Dumont, chief in command, was one of them; also, Colonel Woolford, who were made prisoners. A chaplain who was taken, on becoming aware of his mistake, asked that he might be permitted to return to his command "to pray for his men." "The hell

you say," responded a member of Company A; "don't you think Morgan's men need praying for as well as Woolfords?" There was fighting now in various directions in the streets. Morgan with about 250 men cleared the streets at the front. Several small detachments of his men were surrounded in another portion of the town by superior numbers. General Dumont had about 2,500 men. The fighting lasted about two hours.

Morgan, finding that it would be impossible to accomplish much, withdrew, slowly at first, but soon followed by rapid flight. The Federals charged us furiously. There was, however, some show of discipline, and a fight for several miles. When our ammunition was exhausted, we had to make a run for it. The enemy pressed the pursuit vigorously. At Rome they abandoned it, probably on the supposition that we were about destroyed or all scattered. Many of the horses, in fact most of them, were broken down; they were abandoned and the men took to the woods, and made their way on foot to Sparta. There were only fifteen fit for duty left. About 100 of them were left on the south bank of the Cumberland river, twenty-one miles from Lebanon. Here we found a small ferry boat with which we crossed about eighty-five men. We begged Colonel Morgan to take Bess, but he said he would leave her with the rest; that if we had time we could bring her afterwards. I volunteered to bring her but Sergeant Tom Quirk leaped into a boat, to cross the river and bring the mare over. When Quirk was about half way across the enemy fired upon him, riddling the boat, but fortunately, Quirk escaped unhurt.

I have never seen any account of this magnificent animal in any of the official records. She was too conspicuously identified with Morgan's early career to be

dismissed without description. She was a favorite and a great pet with the men of the old squadron. We all loved her. She was gentle, intelligent, and seemed to understand everything said to her. She was the most perfect model of beautiful horse flesh that I ever saw even in Kentucky. She was not quite 15 hands high. The immense power of her short back, broad withers, loins, thighs—all muscles—enabled her to carry Colonel Morgan, who weighed 185 pounds, as if he were a feather-weight. Her head, broad between the eyes, was as beautiful as “a poet’s dream” is popularly supposed to be. She had large, intelligent eyes and her head tapered to her muzzle, which was small enough to have picked a lady’s pocket. The way it was set on her matchless throttle might well “haunt one’s imagination for years.” Her straight, superbly proportioned neck, her shoulder and girth, might have fascinated the eye forever. Her beautiful hindquarters, and the speed and power they indicated, the arch of her back, her flank, her clean legs, with firm dry muscles and tendons like steel wires; her hoofs, almost as small as a clenched fist, all baffle description. Her coat was glossy black, soft as satin and without a white hair. From her Canadian sire she inherited the staunchest constitution, and her thoroughbred dam endowed her with speed, game, intelligence and grace. What a loss to us when we parted with her! It was like parting with some dear friend. We naturally hoped she would be treated with kindness and would not be subjected to ignoble uses. The civilized world will scarcely credit that a Yankee subsequently travelled her about the country showing her at 25 cents a sight. Poor Bess, her spirit must have been broken, or she would have kicked the brute’s brains out.

Most of the men surrounded in Lebanon were cap-

tured, about 65 in all. Seventeen were killed and 26 wounded; the balance escaped to the brush and joined us afterward. Our total loss was 180, of which 90 were subsequent to the fight. The loss of the enemy was 79 killed, and 64 wounded. Thus ended what to us was afterward dubbed as the "Lebanon Races."

Colonel Morgan now made his way to Sparta, Tenn., remaining there four days. By this time many of the men made their way back to him. He now found that he had about 300 men. He left Sparta on the 11th of May, and directed his march toward the territory of his former service, the country about Bowling Green. He hoped to find some points weakly guarded, and the garrisons in disorder, due to the impression that his severe defeat a few days ago had finished him. We travelled rapidly, reaching Hamilton Ferry, sixty miles from Sparta. We crossed the river and camped. On the following day we reached the vicinity of Glasgow, passing through. We sent scouts to ascertain the strength of the garrison at Bowling Green. They reported a strong force there. After riding all night and capturing some stragglers, Morgan now determined to strike the railroad between the river and Glasgow Junction. Travelling all night again, we reached the railroad near Cave City. Here we stopped and tapped the telegraph wires.

While this was going on a train came along. We had the good luck to capture it. It seemed at first to be carrying troops. Three cars were loaded with laborers, repairing the road. We found twenty soldiers on this train. There were forty-eight cars and a fine engine. In a short time the passenger train would be due. Morgan had hoped that he would be able to capture the train that was conveying his men captured at Le-

banon to prison, but they had been sent off by the river. The passenger train from Louisville was heard coming. A cow gap was filled with upright ties to stop the train. Some men lying in ambush near by were to place another obstruction after the train went past, to prevent its return. Women notified the conductor of his danger, to which he gave no heed, and pressed on more rapidly. He was soon made aware of our presence.

We found Federal officers aboard. Major Coffee, Major Hilvite, Captain Long and two others whose names I have forgotten. We took charge of them. There were a great many women passengers. One young staff officer was accompanied by his wife. This lady approached Morgan, weeping, and implored him not to kill her husband. She had been told that Morgan and his men were a bloodthirsty set of cut-throats. "My dear madam," he replied, bowing, and with an arch smile, which none who saw can ever forget, "I did not know you had a husband." "I have; here he is. Don't kill him!" "He is no longer my prisoner," said the Colonel; "he's yours." He released this officer unconditionally, bidding him console his wife. This train was not burned; Colonel Morgan begging the ladies to "accept it as a small token," etc. The sum of \$8,000 in greenbacks—government funds—was captured. We now sat down to a sumptuous dinner, after which we burned the train of box cars, and also destroyed the fine engine.

Colonel Morgan again directed his march for the Cumberland. Colonel Coffee was paroled on condition that he would exert himself to procure his own exchange, and that he would report again as a prisoner if he failed.

Returning through Burksville, on county court day,

we captured some Federals, made many horse trades, after which we crossed the Cumberland on our way to Chattanooga. On the way we picked up thirty-five more survivors of the "Lebanon Races." Reaching Chattanooga, Colonel Morgan left Lt.-Col. Duke in charge, and started for Corinth, to see what could be effected in the way of obtaining permission to make another expedition into Kentucky; also equipments of horses and guns and to recruit his regiment. Here he found two fine companies of cavalry, commanded by Captains R. M. Gano and John Hoffman. They requested to be assigned to Morgan. Their request was granted and they at once marched to Chattanooga. We remained here recruiting and reorganizing. Gano and Hoffman now reached our camp. The Texans were greeted with enthusiasm. About 300 men of the First Kentucky Infantry, which had been disbanded in Virginia, their term of service having expired, came to join us. Very many new faces and new companies were now here; in a word, we had become a full grown regiment, with nine full companies. It was composed of men from almost every state in the United States, and nearly all had seen service.

The field officers were now appointed: Colonel, John H. Morgan; Lieutenant-Colonel, Basil Duke; Major, G. W. Morgan; Adjutant, Gordon E. Niles, once editor of a New York paper, a gallant man, who died a soldier's death shortly after his appointment; Surgeon, Capt. Tom Allen; Assistant Surgeon, Dr. Edlen; Quartermaster, D. H. Llewelyn; Commissary, Hiram Reese; Forage Master, Capt. Ostrand O. Birney; Capt. Cassel, Co. A; Capt John Allen, Co. B; Capt. Bowles, Co. C; Capt. Castleman, Co. D; Capt. McFarland, Co. E; Capt.

Hutchison, Co. F; Capt. Gano, Co. G; Capt. Dickinson, Co. H.

Recruits were coming into our camps every day with every promise of filling two more skeleton companies. We broke camp and marched for Knoxville. While waiting for arms at this point we were joined by a gentleman from everywhere or nowhere. He was the most unique devil-may-care creature it has ever been the lot of any man to meet; whose life from his earliest boyhood had been one of curious, extraordinary and exciting adventure. He came to see something of our war. This was Lieut. Col. St. Leger Grenfel, of the English service. Of all the very remarkable characters who have figured in this age, outside popular novels, he was the most remarkable. He will receive the suffrage of our western cavalrymen for pre-eminence in devil-may-care eccentricity.

He had commenced life by running away from his father because the latter would not permit him to enter the army, and in doing so showed the good sense he really possessed, for the army was the proper place for him—provided they went to war often enough. He served five years in a French regiment in Algiers; quitting that service, lived a number of years in Tangiers, where he did a little business with the Moorish batteries, when the French bombarded the place. He served four years with Abd-el-Kader, of whom he always spoke in the highest terms, as having been everything that a man ought to have been, except a member of the Church of England. Having exhausted life in Africa, he looked elsewhere for excitement, and passed many years in great happiness and contentment amid the pleasant scenes of the Crimean war, the Sepoy rebellion, and Garibaldi's South American service. Having no more

chance for pleasing occupations there, he came to lend his aid to our cause, taking a fancy to Morgan, and had come to join him. "Would he graciously accept his sword?" There was nothing that made him so happy as the exhibition of a headlong charge upon an enemy. He became General Morgan's adjutant.

On the march he bathed himself in almost every stream we crossed. He brought with him four very curious swords and always wore a fiery red silk cap with cord and tassels of finest Indian silk. He was tall and gaunt; straight as an arrow shaft; every inch a soldier; always ready for duty; methodical, and was usually in good temper when matters were active. I never saw him hilarious but once and that was the day after the battle of Hartsville. He had just thrashed his landlord and had doubled up a brother Englishman in a set-to about a horse. He was indeed the only gentleman I ever knew who liked to fight with his fists. He was always happy, cheerful and contented when he could shoot and be shot at. He certainly would have been a holy terror if he could have been the commander of a brigade of men like himself.

We set out from Knoxville, July 3, 1862, for Kentucky, taking the road to Sparta. We were frequently fired upon by bushwhackers, during our two days' march. Here I first saw Champ Ferguson, of whom it was said that he never asked or gave quarter. Ferguson killed some 93 men during the war. He hated all Union men, by whom his family had been shockingly and shamefully mistreated. He killed all who were engaged in this inhuman act.

Continuing our march, we reached Tompkinsville, where we encountered a Federal force of 500 men under Colonel Jourdan. We tried to surround them, only to

find that they had been apprised of our approach, and were prepared to receive us. We opened on them. The battle did not last long. We captured the camp, 20 wagons, 60 prisoners, killed 46, wounded 109. Our loss was four killed. Colonel Hunt's leg was shattered, the wound causing death in a few days.

From this place we moved toward Glasgow, pressing forward to a little place called Bear Wallow. At this place we had a brisk skirmish. Our scouts had frequent encounters with bands of Home Guards. Reaching Rolling Fork bridge, we found this naturally strong position well guarded.

We were fired upon, and I received a severe wound in my leg. I remained on my horse, but dismounted my men, and sent for the "Bull Pup," from which a shell went whizzing through the covered bridge. I charged through with a platoon of my advance and cleared it of the enemy. Marching rapidly toward Lebanon, Ky., we surprised the enemy's pickets. On the road, a mile away, could be seen the town. Ordering forward several companies, right and left, we waited for them to reach the roads entering town from opposite directions. Then we moved up and sent a demand for surrender, which was complied with. A company belonging to the force was absent on a scout, and upon coming suddenly back to town, attacked us vigorously. We charged them promptly, killing twenty, wounding ten and compelling them to surrender. We found here large supplies of arms and ammunition stores of all kinds. We took heavy supplies of ammunition, guns of better caliber and pistols in large numbers. The command was now better armed than at any previous time.

Before leaving Knoxville Colonel Morgan had organized what was known as the advance guard of the

command. This body was selected from the picked men of the entire force. These men were exempt from camp or picket duty. They were also the body guard to Colonel Morgan, hence to serve in his command became an honor eagerly sought and only bestowed as a reward for meritorious service and gallant conduct. This advance was organized as follows: Captain, Tom Quirk; first lieutenant, Thos. F. Berry; second lieutenant, Chas. Rogers. This guard was composed of 60 men and regularly marched at a distance of 400 yards in advance of the column, with three videttes, 100 yards at its rear, whose duties were to transmit information and orders between the guard and the columns, to regulate the gait of the column, so that it would not press too closely upon the latter, and to prevent any straggling between the two forces. Six videttes were thrown out in front of the guard, four at intervals of fifty yards, while at a considerable distance ahead of the fourth two guards rode together at the extreme front. These two were consequently at a distance of 250 yards in front of the body-guard. These advanced videttes were required for examine carefully on all sides in passing cross-roads.

Passing on through Springfield, we marched in the direction of Harrodsburg, entering that place next morning. This was one of our strongholds of friends and sympathizers. Here I met my brother, Samuel Oscar Berry, better known as "One-armed" Berry, whom I had not seen for two years or more. He had married a beautiful, sweet-faced woman. He informed my father and myself that it was a very hard matter now for a Southerner to live in peace in the state. All Southerners were liable at any time to arrest. He told us frankly that he thought of joining our command. Father and I both persuaded him not to do this, re-

mind him of his duty to his beautiful little wife, saying that he should try and stand almost anything for her sake. He said that he had been goaded almost to desperation by the taunts of the Home Guards who had arrested him three times already. He was tired of this. His wife's father was a strong Union man, very bitter, and was the source of his troubles. I was almost sure then that he would in self-defense cast his fortunes with the South. He owned a small piece of property, a nice home. His avaricious father-in-law wanted this. He cared nothing for his daughter's welfare or happiness as it was subsequently proven that he had been the cause of his son-in-law's arrest. We now left him, begging him to stay at home and protect his lovely wife. He replied that he would stand it as long as he could. When we again met it was under very different circumstances.

We marched from Harrodsburg to Lawrenceburg, Colonel Morgan sending detachments toward Louisville, Frankfort and around Lexington, with instructions to burn all the bridges on all the roads leading to those places. The main column moved towards Lawrenceburg, reaching there about mid-day and from thence to Shyrock's Ferry. The column was delayed here. The ferry boat had been sunk, and must be raised, to let artillery and cavalry pass. We had now travelled over 350 miles in eight days, and had dispersed, killed and wounded over 1,000 Federal soldiers. We were now in the thickest of our foes; almost encompassed by superior forces. The command was in exultant spirits. Colonel Morgan had created the impression among friends and foes alike that his force was three or four thousand strong. Our scouts were now riding in every direction. On returning, they reported a very general

consternation among our foes. We reached Versailles late at night. My wound was sore and painful.

Leaving this place for Midway, our friend Ellsworth, or "Lightning" as he was called, befuddled our friends, the enemy, by his peculiar methods of telegraphing. They are all at cross-purposes. Leaving Midway for Georgetown, we arrived just at sundown. A small force of Home Guards had mustered to oppose us. Morgan sent them word to surrender, promising that they should not be hurt. The leader of this band is said to have made them a speech of singular eloquence and stirring effect. He told them that Morgan, with his marauders and murders—the accursed of the Union men of Kentucky—was coming upon them, that everywhere prevailed terror and desolation; in his route the smoke of the burning towns was ascending; the blood of murdered patriots was streaming; the wails of widowed women, and orphaned children was resounding; in his front Home Guards were flying; that Tom Long reported him at the edge of the town with 10,000 or 12,000 long-bearded men around him, armed with butcher knives. He thought they had "better scatter and take care of themselves." And, accordingly, they did scatter at full speed.

Many Southern sympathizers were confined in the court house, among them a man whom many Kentuckians have a lively recollection of—poor Will Webb. Upon seeing the Home Guards flee for their lives he thrust his body half through the window, and, pointing to the stars and stripes, still flying, thus apostrophised in terms that the fugitives ought to have made a more stubborn fight: "Are you going to desert your flag?" he said. "Remain and perform the pleasing duty of dying under its glorious folds, and afford us the

agreeable spectacle that you will present." This touching appeal was of no avail. We remained at Georgetown three days, taking a much needed rest for our horses. We sent out detachments every day, and our friend of the lightning was still at his old tricks.

IX

I AM CAPTURED AND ESCAPE

Battle at Cynthiana—I am severely wounded, left behind and taken prisoner—Yankee surgeons wish to amputate my leg. I resist successfully—In love with my nurse—I refuse to accept a parole—Planning to escape—Taken to Cincinnati and Camp Chase—Attempting to tunnel out—Make a friend of an officer, whom I resemble—I impersonate him and escape—Back to Cynthiana.

It was high time now that we were getting a move on ourselves. We had recruited four fine companies since reaching Kentucky, greatly increasing our force. We marched to Cynthiana on the morning of the 18th. General Morgan despatched parts of two companies to drive the scouts and pickets into Lexington, thus acting as shield and screen to his real intentions on Cynthiana. This place was occupied by 400 Home Guards and 450 soldiers of Colonel Mitchell's cavalry, about 850 men all told.

Captain Billy Glass had come from Cincinnati with four brass twelve-pounders. He went to work with these guns as if he was putting out a fire. There is a long, narrow bridge across Licking river at this place, and nearby the only ford for a long distance in either direction. These were the only available crossing places. Morgan had made all of his dispositions before reaching Cynthiana. All his officers knew their places in the line of attack. Each point was taken as soon as it was reached.

I had a curious experience the night before this battle, and spoke of it to my father. I dreamed that I

was in battle, leading the charge with my friend, Grenfel, and that I was badly wounded in the right leg below the knee. My father laughed at me about it. I felt the pain of it distinctly, and described it to him. A very curious dream!

We all marched to our respective positions. Our two pieces of artillery, familiarly called our "Bull Pups," opened the battle with vigor. The dismounted men pushed forward rapidly under cover of the battery. When they reached the eastern bank, we were ordered to charge across the bridge. Each alternate company, on leaving the east end of the bridge, was to charge through the streets, one east, the other north, Colonel St. Leger Grenfels and myself leading the van. We were both wounded in this charge, he in the neck, a slight wound, and I in my right leg below the knee, severely. We both remained on duty till the battle ended, which lasted about forty-five or fifty minutes, being short, sharp and decisive. We captured 500 prisoners, killed 68 and wounded 37. The hottest of the fight was around the railroad depot. We also captured the artillery and the fine horses that came from the Cincinnati fire department. Our killed was 9, and wounded, 23. I was left behind with the other wounded, and was taken prisoner two days afterward.

Colonel Morgan left for Dixie land. Could I have foreseen the future before me I would have been appalled. I did not then even remotely think of the suffering and extreme anguish of spirit, I should be called to undergo. I did not know that I would not see my command for months. This was my fourth wound, all received inside of ten months. I felt more grievously the prospect of remaining behind than I did the bullet wounds in my leg. I had at least cause to think of the

strangeness of my dream the night before the battle, and reflect upon the vicissitudes of a soldier's life. My first thought after I received attention to my wound was of my sister.

I had been taken into a private house near the Licking bridge. The family were all very kind to me and were Southern in their sympathies. My wound was inflamed and painful. Mr. Grennan and his family, two sons and a daughter, were very patient and kind. His wife was a fine nurse. I asked Miss Sallie to write to my sister and step-mother, and inform them and my brother of my condition. The Yankees came in to see if Morgan's men had horns like other cattle, as they were sometimes called. Miss Sallie wrote and sent letters to my friends. The Yankee surgeons now called on me by order of Colonel Landrum, who commanded them to examine my wound and determine whether or not I was too badly wounded to be moved to Cincinnati. They said that it was very necessary to amputate my leg at once, to save my life. They told this to Mrs. Grennan and Miss Sallie, but did not inform me. I had considerable fever. They informed Miss Sallie that they would be back at 10 o'clock, p. m., the next day to take my leg off. She told me and asked what I thought of it. I simply told her that it could not be done, unless the surgeons first amputated my head; that I would not submit to such brutality, and would die before I would allow any Yankee surgeon to cut off my leg.

They were on hand at the appointed hour. They came into the bedroom and gravely informed me that it was necessary to remove my leg above the knee; that the bone was seriously injured and my life in jeopardy, and that they must do the best for me that they

could. They were now ready to perform the operation. I told them that I felt grateful to them for their interest in my behalf; I also felt a like interest in myself, and that they could not take my leg off. They replied that they must do their duty and that they were going to remove it whether I consented or not. I said, "Gentlemen, I will not consent to this outrage, and if you attempt it, you do so at your peril. I will kill any one that tries to remove my leg. If you must do an operation, you must first amputate my head, for, by the eternal, my leg shall remain. I am your prisoner. You may have my carcass, all of it, but I will not lose my leg, at least, not now."

They sent for Lieut-Col. Landrum and told him what I said. He tried to prevail on me as one brave soldier to another; referred to my high fever and flushed face, and ended by saying that the surgeons wanted to do their duty towards me. It was too bad to sit by and see a young man in his first bloom of young manhood die for want of a well-known duty. This was six or seven days after the battle. The same so-called surgeons sacrificed the arms and legs of four or five of our men at this time. I absolutely refused to submit to such infamy. They now placed a guard about the house so that I might not escape. The days passed into weeks and the weeks into months. It was now September.

The Grennans were exceedingly attentive and kind. Miss Sallie was sweet charity and gentleness itself. I watched and listened almost constantly for her gentle foot-fall or her sweet voice. I often grew impatient, waiting for her to come. I had never before been in such a frame of mind. What is it? I asked myself. I wanted this beautiful creature at my side and was

very miserable when she was out of sight. She had dressed my wound twice a day, brought and gave me my medicine. My wound was now healing, and I was recovering rapidly. The surgeons were talking of sending me to Cincinnati for safety. They had a talk with Miss Sallie, which I overheard. They asked her if she thought I was well enough to be moved. She replied in the negative. I had been very restless, and to move me now might make me worse. The doctors did not mention this to me. I knew instinctively that there was some move on foot for my especial benefit.

After the doctors left, Miss Sallie came to me and told me of the talk she had had with them. She looked distressed and anxious. Her beautiful eyes showed half-shed tears, almost ready to flow. Her face was flushed and she seemed nervous and ill at ease. I regarded her for a moment and asked her what she was thinking of. She replied very frankly, "Of your absence, when they take you away from me—or us—." Our eyes met at this moment. She flushed or blushed deeply and averted her eyes.

I was nervous with excitement in a flash. The question came to me, "Does, oh, does she care for me; shall I say it—does she love me?" She, in maidenly modesty, kept quiet, looking out of the window. During those few moments I was thinking over an age. A thousand questions were asked and answered. The first was, "Do I love her, or is this a passing fancy, and it so, what should or must I do? Would I be doing the right thing to tell this lovely creature my thoughts, my feelings? Should I wait for a more tangible evidence of my regard or love? Love! What do you know about it? Is this love?"

She now turned her face toward me and asked,

"What are you thinking about?" "The same as yourself." This brought the blood back to her downy cheeks. "Why do you think so lightly as this of leaving us?" she said, with downcast eyes. "I always have to leave my dear friends, Miss Sallie," I said. "Do you know or have any idea when they are going to send me, and my comrades, away?" "They have already sent six or seven to Cincinnati," she replied. "I told them this morning that you were not able to be sent away. Was that right?" "Yes, of course, it was; anything you do is right." "Do you think so?" "You heard me; yes."

I received a letter from my sister and mother; also one from Brother Sam. He said his life and surroundings were becoming unbearable; that he had been arrested and compelled to give a heavy bond, with his father-in-law as surety. The Home Guards had stolen two fine horses and three milk cows and five hogs and some sheep. When asked to pay for them, they told him to charge it up to Uncle Sam, prove his loyalty and then he might expect to be paid for what was taken; that if he did not want to land in prison he had better join the army or keep his disloyal tongue in his head. These were things that I knew he could not do.

The next day Miss Sallie came into the room and said in her sweetest tones, "Oh, Lieutenant Berry, General Lee has whipped the Yankees again in a terrible battle, the fiercest that has been fought." Then turning her beautiful eyes and looking into mine, said, "Oh, I do wish this horrible war was over." I said simply, "So do I, but on one condition only." "What is that?" "The absolute independence of the Southern Confederacy." "I greatly fear, Lieutenant, that that will never be," she replied, regarding me intently. I said, "I wish

it was over for more reasons than one." "And what are some of them, pray tell me." "Are you sure you really care to know them?" "I would be pleased to have you tell me the one that is of the most interest to you." Looking her full in the face I said, "I should be willing to do anything that was reasonable and right for your sake. I have recently discovered that **you** are very dear to my heart. I am sure that I love you. While you are out of my sight I am miserable; but being a soldier, I thought it would not be right for me to tell you of my newly-awakened passion. I have no wish to add a care to your life. Will you pardon me for thus bluntly telling you?" At this point my tongue refused to act. She said, simply, sweetly, "You know!" laying her hand in mine.

How radiantly lovely and beautiful she was at this moment. It was ever thus through the ages. Love is ever young, hopeful, truthful. I said, "Dear, I have been thinking of making my escape from these beautiful blue coats. I despise them. They thought to maim me for life, so that I could not again fight them. I believe now firmly that this was the prime reason for their wanting to amputate my leg." "I believe so, too," she said. "I know they were sorely disappointed at being baffled in their plans. Do you really think of trying to make your escape?" she asked. "I was thinking of it." "You could not stand much travel now." "A man can stand anything when he has to." "There may be something in that." "Everything," I replied; "would you really care very much to see me go?" "Why, you duncce, no; of course I would not." This softly, boxing my ears lightly, and pouting. "You men are so presumptuous; you are all alike, I believe." "What do you know about them?" "As much as I want to know,"

she replied. "Come, come, dearie; don't let us have a lover's quarrel. I am so happy. I have somebody to love me. I have no room for anything else." "Who said they loved you, did I?" "Well, yes."

I was hobbling around on my crutches now, and feeling that if the Yankee doctors should see me they would surely bundle me off to Cincinnati or Covington. I am certain that they regarded me with some suspicion and distrust.

I met a gentleman at this time who lived in the country, six miles from town, Mr. John Carter. He said to me that he was a friend and wanted to do something for me. I was a little suspicious of him at first, but he proved his loyalty, and we became fast friends. I had two derringer pistols which I kept secreted for obvious reasons. No one had seen them, not even my sweet little nurse. I told Carter to bring me a Colt's army pistol. He brought it all right. He often brought or sent buckets of fruit. We often discussed my escape. He thought it would be hazardous in my present condition.

I was required in the future to call at the doctor's quarters. One day while there Colonel Landrum asked me if I was willing to take the oath of allegiance to the government. I replied, "No, one is as many as a man can serve at one time!" He replied that he thought perhaps I had had enough of it. He understood I had been wounded four times within a year. "That is true, but still I have not had enough." He said, "We will not discuss this any longer. Will you accept a parole of honor and keep it sacred?" "Do you doubt that I would keep it if I should accept it?" "I don't know," said he. "If this is your opinion of me, why, don't you give it. I cannot accept it now, Colonel." "Take one."



CAPT. T. F. BERRY IN BALL AND CHAIN AT LOUISVILLE PRISON.

"No, Colonel, I cannot do it now under any circumstances; you must excuse me." "You are obstinate!" "Yes, Colonel, I am; have it as you will." Next day I was sent to Covington.

When the hour of my departure came, my dear little sweetheart was broken-hearted, and as for myself, what anguish of spirit now came to me none can appreciate except those who have suffered like experiences. I bade all my newly made friends a sad farewell. I was permitted to write only once a week and my letters or our letters were examined and read. I slipped several letters through to my darling, but this did not last long. I was taken to Cincinnati, where I stayed 20 days and from there to Camp Chase, near Columbus. My wounds were now healed, but the bone was still very tender and sore.

I sat about laying plans for my escape from this den of vermin, sickness, and death. There were some 2,000 citizen sympathizers from all over the country, both north and south, all arrested for opinion's sake. There were many old men among them. We formed a club of ten to tunnel out. We called it the Gopher club, as we wanted to dig a hole from under our barracks to the outside of the fence. We dug three, but each time we were discovered, and some of us were caught at work in the hole, and punished. A double guard was then set over the ground. This effectually put a stop to any further digging. The bleak winds of November were blowing through the marrow of the Confederate soldiers, all thinly clad in light summer clothing. There was much suffering and many deaths among them. I was almost frantic to get away from this Yankee dungeon. How could this be done?

To escape should be my business and thought from this hour until it became an accomplished fact. There

had been several prisoners shot while trying to scale the walls, by sentries who had accepted bribes to let them pass over. Hundreds of the most prominent men from all over the United States were here, simply because their sympathies were with the South; there was never a charge against them, not the semblance of a trial or hearing. Was there ever such tyranny practiced upon a people? Many had lost property; their captors called it confiscated, a new name for stealing.

I had written to my brother that I had been sent to Camp Chase. There were at this time only fourteen of Colonel Morgan's men here—Morgan's horse-thieves—we were called. Nearly all had been wounded, and were captured while helpless. We were naturally drawn together by common ties and suffering. I received a letter from my dear little sweetheart, telling me she had been sick for two weeks, and how dreary and lonesome she had been, and asked me when I would return again. She sent me her picture. How lovely and smiling it was! If there is anything on earth that would tempt or make a man desert a cause it certainly is a beautiful, sweet woman; but all true and noble women despise cowards and traitors. Death would be far preferable than to have the name of deserter or traitor thrown in your teeth.

The icy breath of winter fixed its chilling touch upon us and with it comes a nice box of warm underclothing and socks and home provisions. Dainties like these were indeed a welcome relief from prison grub—hard tack, side bacon, tough beef, rice, beans, and sometimes stale baker's bread. Also, a nice roll of greenbacks that has escaped the lynx-eyed inspectors of letters, clothing, boxes and packages. In fact, everything

sent to the prisoners is examined, and, in many instances, kept from those for whom it is intended.

In these degenerate days, I have frequently thought the war was started, maintained, continued, and lengthened to the farthest limit solely for the greed of selfish plunder, as it lasted just so long as the greedy plunderers could obtain fat contracts surreptitiously duplicated from the government and a chance to rob the Southern people through the whole country traversed by the Union armies, and an army of camp followers. As long as the pickings were rich, the plundering went on. When it became poor, the war ended.

On the 31st of December I was invited to dine with Lieutenant Hulin of the Fourth Ohio Volunteers. I met this young man at General Mitchell's headquarters while on the trip under a flag of truce with General Morgan around Nashville, Tennessee. We became friends then. Why not be so now? So it was, the fortunes of war had placed me in his charge. We can be friends if we do have political views and differences. Would I come? Yes, and thank you, too, and would take great pleasure in renewing old friendships. I went. He was a genial host, kindly and attentive. There were a number of invited guests.

The lieutenant was very solicitous for the pleasure of his company. He had me sit next to him and after dinner told the guests when he had first met me, and under what conditions. He then called upon me to give my versions of the matter for the entertainment of the guests. It was a short history of the operations around Nashville, Laverne, and also of the "Lebanon Races." They were highly pleased with the recital. I then asked him to tell us how he came to be assigned to duty at this prison. He told the following story:

He belonged to Buell's army, in General Mitchell's division and was on duty in and round Nashville, and engaged in many of the battles and skirmishes with Morgan around Nashville and Laverne. After serving actively with his command during its stay in that vicinity, he was ordered to move with his command. They marched with General Buell's army to reinforce Grant at Pittsburgh Landing or Corinth. During the battle of the second day on this bloody field, he was seriously wounded, April 7th, in a cavalry charge upon Colonel Bedford Forrest's regiment of cavalry. His left arm was broken and two fingers were shot off. He lay in a hospital for three months. When discharged he was assigned to duty at Camp Chase, and was there when I arrived. It was often remarked that we were very much alike in personal appearance, so much so that we were often taken for kin. In truth we were enough alike in personal appearance to be twin brothers. About the same age, size and height. Our military step was also similar. Even our eyes and hair were of the same color. In a word we were each other's doubles. We were now much together. I became very intimate with this young lieutenant and very much attached to him. He possessed many striking qualities, and was of a genial, social nature. He often said to me, "Berry, if you were not a rebel and were not trying to break up this government, I could love you like a brother." To which I sometimes replied, "Hulin I know I could love you if you and your friends were not Yankees, and trying to kill all my friends, and steal all the negroes and property in the South." At this he would laugh heartily. He was indeed my good personal friend, and but for his kindness life at Camp Chase would have been miserable for me.

Although the time passed very pleasantly I chafed constantly at the restraint prison life imposed. When I received my roll of greenbacks I placed \$60 of it in the keeping of Lieutenant Hulin. I drew small sums of this from time to time. I had access to his quarters at all time; as these were within the enclosed walls of the camp. There were but very few men stirring about the prison grounds on these cold days. I had now drawn all my money, except thirty dollars. I was sitting in the lieutenant's quarters on a very cold morning thinking I would like to be out of prison. On this day Lieutenant Hulin was officer of the guard. He had made the rounds of the guards on duty. He had told me a few minutes before that he was going to Columbus on private business, and would be gone about three hours or until it was time to make the rounds of the guard again. Would I take charge while he was gone? Certainly, I would gladly serve him in this way.

The weather was very cold, and a short time after he left, the snow began to fall in blinding sheets. I quickly dressed myself in the lieutenant's uniform wearing his sash, also his cap. I sallied out, went the rounds of the guards, and saw all at their posts, throughout the entire camp. No one was passing. The guards did not detect the difference. They evidently believed me to be Lieutenant Hulin, as they saluted me with deference. I walked out of the gate, was saluted at the guard house by the officer of the day. I passed on through the camp of the soldiers, some of whom saluted me, believing me to be Hulin. It was snowing furiously. I quickened my walk, taking a path leading to Columbus, through the fields and patches of woodland.

No one was stirring in this snow storm. This was indeed a God-send to me. My tracks were covered as quickly as they were made. My heart was beating hard and fast. I was laying my plans for the future, as to the route I should take south, revolving these thoughts in my mind as I walked. I came now in sight of the city of Columbus, and reached a stable or shed covered at three ends. I entered this and hastily removed the lieutenant's uniform, for I wore my citizen's suit under the uniform. I rolled the uniform in a neat, compact bundle, tied the sash around it securely and placed the bundle under my arm. I then took the road into Columbus, I entered the first hotel I saw and asked for a room. The clerk told me to register. I wrote "Thomas H. Henderson, Evansville, Indiana," took the key and followed the servant to my room. Once there, I dismissed him and then called him back and asked for pen, ink and paper. He returned shortly, placed them upon the table and left me to myself. I sat and rapidly wrote Lieutenant Hulin a note, thanking him for his kindness, and hoping that at some future time I might be able to return with interest his many kind attentions. I told him that I had not intended to steal his uniform, cap and sash, nor to do him a scurvy trick. I was but doing my duty as a soldier, even as he would if placed in my surroundings and in like conditions. If he would call at the hotel, 507 State street, Columbus, Ohio, he would find his uniform, cap and sash. Wishing him a very happy life with his ambitions satisfied, I subscribed myself very truly, his lasting friend Thomas F. Henderson, First Lieutenant, Company A, Morgan's Cavalry.

After placing a card on the bundle, I passed out of a side door of the hotel and made a bee-line for the depo



CAPTAIN T. F. BERRY IN 1863.
(Just after his escape from Louisville prison.)

Reaching it, I found I had forty minutes to wait. These minutes seemed hours. I stepped into a barber's shop and had my hair cut close to my head, and had a shave, leaving the mustache, and imperial on the chin. This greatly changed my appearance, which the barber noticed. Having bought my ticket for Cincinnati, I was now ready to be off. When the train pulled out I breathed easier. I was confident Hulin had not yet discovered my ruse as I saw him pass the hotel with some officers when I was on my way to the depot.

I determined to mail the letter at some place near Miami. At Miami we stopped for supper. I placed the letter in the mail box, and with light heart, for I was again free, my own master, and would shape my own destiny as conditions might dictate. My wounds were entirely healed. I enjoyed my liberty immensely. We arrived in Cincinnati after midnight and I took a room at the Burnett House. I was an early riser these days and was up betimes next morning. I sent a note to my old friend, Seth Thomas, asking his presence at his earliest possible convenience at my room. He came post haste. His first words were, "Holy Moses! Where did you come from? Everywhere but here!" We talked of the bygone days which would never return. At last I said, "Let's don't be sentimental, Seth. I am here for business. I want six Colt's dragoon pistols, 50 cartridges, a belt and scabbard, one pair of cavalry boot, high tops, No. 5's, a good hat with a broad brim, and a heavy overcoat." "Do you want the earth?" "Yes." "Anything else?" "I want many things, but these are enough for the present." "Where are you going?" "Don't know, do you? I may go to the other country. Can't tell. Be off, time flies and waits for

no man. Here's some money, begone, quick! Hold, Seth. I need a valise, a grip-sack. Bring me one."

My friend Thomas brought the articles I needed. I first pulled on the boots, then the overcoat.

We loaded all the pistols, and I buckled on two of them under my great-coat which was large and roomy and put the remaining arms and ammunition in my valise. I felt more like myself than I had for some time past. Seth took me down to a restaurant where we had refreshments. Here I left him, and taking a cab to the ferry crossing, reached the Lexington depot just in time to catch the train going south. I had bought a ticket for Lexington, but on reaching Cynthia I jumped off the train before it stopped and made my way unobserved through alleyways to Mr. Grennan's house.

X

LOVE AND SORROW

My meeting with Miss Sallie—Marauding Union soldiers—Henry McGruder brings a message from my brother telling of the murder of my sister—I secure recruits and join my brother.

Great was the astonishment and pleasure of my dear old friends upon seeing me. "Where did you come from? Did they release you?" were their first questions. "Not much," I replied. The tale was soon told as to how and by what means I had escaped. I had simply called to pay my devoirs and be off. The Yankees would surely and certainly trail and track me here. "I must go tonight to a place that I shall name to you only," I whispered to Miss Sallie. "I am sure none has seen me come here, as I got off the train before it stopped, and came through the alleys. I met no one on my way; it is best, however, to be on the safe side all the time. It would be harrowingly painful for me to be captured here. But mind, dearie, I would rather die than be captured again, especially in your house and presence. Really I would not be taken. I would die first. It would involve all of you in ruin." "Here is the pistol John Carter gave you. Are you armed?" asked Miss Sallie. "Armed?" I answered; "well, yes; see these, six of them, aren't they beauties?" "You don't expect to use all of them?" "Yes." "Can I find a way to go out to my friend John tonight?" "I will see," said Mr. Grennan. Then I asked Miss Sallie, "Can I see you alone?" "Certainly," she replied. I said to her

when we were alone: "I have been away from you now not quite four months. During that time I have had ample time for thought, and I have come to tell you frankly, my dear Miss Sallie, that you are the very first and the only woman I have ever loved. I at first sight loved you and I love you now. Absence has only tended to increase my admiration for you. Please don't stop me now. Time presses. I want to say here and now that I have been a most miserable creature since I was sent away to prison and left you behind. I am a soldier. Duty calls all true men to arms in defence of home and right. I have enlisted for three years, or during the war, with the Confederate army. My duty lies there with her struggling sons. I am young, 27. You are young. We can afford to wait. It would not be right to ask you to be my bride now, and then go away, and perhaps be killed in my very first battle. I ask you now, do you, can you love a soldier like me? You need not answer me now, unless you desire; but I should like so much to know this from your dear, dear lips before I leave, perhaps never to return to look into those dear eyes again, to hear that sweet low voice. May I take hence the sweet assurance of your love from your own dear self? It shall be my talisman of hope and cheer, and shall buoy me in the strife of battle. I have done."

Quietly laying her hand on my own, and with streaming, downcast eyes, she gave her answer. I shall not say what, but the readers may guess, if they will. We parted. I left that night. She was too noble, good and gentle. God took her home. She died two years afterwards from injuries received in a runaway accident. I received letters from her at intervals during the two years she lived. She was a queen among her sex.

Tall and graceful, fair, with a complexion clear, soft, downy, peachy; beautiful, soft, large brown eyes; a mouth small and sweet as newly blown roses; lips that would put to shame all the rose tints in richness and sweetness combined. Her nature was all that is most lovable; she possessed all the noble graces. Peace be to her ashes.

I went to my friend Carter, bidding this generous, noble family farewell. I reached his house about 4 o'clock in the morning, not having slept for two nights. I was now safe from pursuit and among my friends. I slept nearly twenty-four hours. I found refreshments on a table by my bed when I awoke. I remained there until I heard from my brother, Samuel O. Berry, and received such friends as my protector thought fit should call. I was solicited to raise a company in this county for partisan service. I requested my brother to write to me under the nom de plume of Tom Henderson, and enclose his letter in an envelope addressed to John Carter, Leesburgh, Harrison County.

While here I receive a daily paper giving an account of an outrage perpetrated by some marauding bands of Union soldiers near a small place called Foxtown, upon a defenseless family, the house being plundered of such articles as they fancied. It was also said in the same report that they had not stopped at plundering the house but that they had assaulted a member of the family, a young girl, 19 years of age. Of the truthfulness of this report they would not vouch. After a few days there was an additional account confirming the reports first received of the plundering of a house in the neighborhood of Foxtown between Nicholasville, Camp Dick Robinson, and Richmond. There seemed to be no doubt of the truthfulness of the report and the serious in-

jury of a member of the defenseless family, a young woman, by these plundering, thieving marauders. Said this report: "If defenseless families and helpless non-combatants of this state are to be subjected to such brutal and inhuman insults, and infamous treatment as this last one, it is high time for all self-respecting men to buckle on their arms and drive these fiends from our soil." To which all honest men could but say, Amen.

About this time I received a visitor, a traveler, worn and dusty. When he was presented by John Carter, he looked about him and asked if we were entirely alone. I assured him we were. Then he said: "These are squally times. Walls sometimes have ears and it behooves all men to be careful. Such times try men's souls to the utmost." He drew from an inner pocket a letter from my brother. It told of the terrible and infamous assault upon my sister, of the robbery and plunder of the house, trunks, drawers, etc. The object of the raid was robbery. Upon leaving my home in Lexington for the Southern army, I had left with my sister a chronometer watch and a sword presented by my Grandfather McGraw to me at the time of his death. This sword he had captured at the storming of Stony Point, under Mad Anthony Wayne; the watch his father had presented to him. I had also left in her care my uniform. This was the finest company uniform in the state. All these articles were left with my sister, to be preserved as relics and heirlooms of our family, and had excited the cupidity of their friends. All were taken. While trying to save this fine sword, my sister was bayoneted in the right side from behind. Passing through the lower lobe of the liver, the bayonet came out in front. She lived five days, leaving to her bereaved family a bloody legacy, a horrible infamy, that

a life time of penance could not atone, nor in any way satisfy the just reprisal of her wronged brothers. My brother wrote that she pleaded with him not to seek revenge, or wreak vengeance upon her murderers, as God in his own good time and way would punish them. Sam wrote that he had obtained the names of all the cowardly scoundrels who were in the party, and would preserve them for future reference and disposal.

The young man who brought me this letter sat before me watching every varying expression on my face. Brother Sam declared that he would devote his entire life in trying to wipe out the infamy thus perpetrated not only upon our sister, but upon the wives, daughters and sisters of the state, in avenging his own wrongs as well. Now that sister was in her grave, this should be his life's business.

Having finished reading this letter I sat thinking what should be done. I felt at this moment that my sister was but another victim added to the already long list of such cases all over the South; that there was also an added duty for me to perform in this case. I had been rapidly thinking of the most direct way to my heart-broken mother and brother. I had almost forgotten my visitor in my agitation. I turned to him and said, "Has my Brother Sam any plans for the future?" "Yes," said this silent, observant young man, "he desires me to pilot you to his camps."

This young man was Henry McGruder, as the letter informed me, the noted fighter who afterward became famous throughout the country. He was at that time but a boy, but already a veteran in courage. We were soon on most friendly terms. I hastened my plans, for it was time for vigorous action. I called in my friend Carter and informed him of the brutal killing of

my darling sister, and told him then and there that I must be off instantly, and that I, of necessity, must have at least eighteen or twenty recruits. I wanted him to see them for me at once so I could be about this business. I then informed McGruder that I wanted him to go to Georgetown and buy me forty Colt's pistols and a thousand rounds of cartridges. I gave him a letter to an oldtime friend of mine in Georgetown, asking his aid. McGruder was gone two days, returning with the arms, which were sent as a small contribution to the good cause.

In four days all were ready to move. I had the good fortune to welcome two of my old comrades under Morgan. They had been wounded at the battle of Cynthiana. We all had good horses, my own, a thoroughbred bay of noble appearance and a fine specimen of his race, was a present from John Carter.

We left my dear friend Carter's early in the evening when the shadows of night were falling as a curtain to hide our movements. Riding rapidly we were soon many miles away on the road to join my brother. Skirting around Lexington, as we pushed forward, we found ourselves in the Kentucky river cliffs near Shakertown at daylight. Hiding our horses, we fed them and curried them off while they were still warm. Placing pickets and lookouts as a precaution against surprise, we composed ourselves for a short nap; but finding this impossible, I joined some of the pickets and we kept a sharp lookout for the Home Guards. I told the men of the brutal butchering of my sister, of the service they had now entered upon, and of the plan to meet my brother. I allowed no fires because they might attract attention, and consequently investigation. There was plenty of provisions among the men. About four o'clock



CAPTAIN S. O. BERRY.
("One-Arm Berry")

in the afternoon we were again astir. I swore these recruits into the Confederate service, sixteen in all, with my two old comrade veterans.

The travelling was now slow as the roads and by-paths were rough. We passed quietly through Shaker-town in Mercer County. Crossing Dick's River we were now near my brother's camping place. We rode forward into a large woodland and halted. McGruder advised us to wait for day, saying to me, "Your brother is in this pasture somewhere." Having dismounted the men, we hitched our horses in a sheepfold and waited for daylight. What bitter anguish I experienced as thoughts came trooping through my mind! I had become an old man in less than eighteen months. The war had claimed already its thousands of bloody victims, and my sweet, gentle sister, so bright, bouyant, and lovely was among these, a sacrifice to the brutal greed of hirelings. Was life worth the living under such conditions? Must a man who regarded his honor and the safety of his loved ones, tamely submit to such outrages? Bow his neck and receive the infamous yoke, an abject slave to tyrants? These were the thoughts that surged through my brain as I waited. Morning came at last. I told the men to keep a sharp lookout. We should be gone in but a short time.

McGruder led the way into a dense thicket. About half a mile from its edge we were halted by a picket. Having given the countersign we were passed in three or four hundred yards. Further on we were met by a man and I asked him where my brother, Samuel Berry, was. He led me to a small log house hidden among the brush. I entered. There lay the object of my long ride, sleeping in his blankets, the sleep of a tired soldier. I touched his hand. He sprang up suddenly, clutching his pistol

handle. I said, "Sam, don't you know me?" "Well, Tom, I am indeed glad to see you. I was afraid you had been captured again." The tears stood in his eyes. He regarded me a moment then threw his arms around my neck, sobbing like a child. He at last said: "Oh, Tom, tears are for women. The iron has entered my soul since I saw you last. We did not think then that it would be thus when we should meet again." "No, Sam, we did not; but war is a terrible thing, you know, and if you don't know it now you will soon learn." He did not speak of sister. He simply said, "We buried her." I said, "She is far better off now than we are. We have a sacred duty to perform. Shall we perform it like men?" "We shall," was all he could say.

He had five men who had been hounded from home, hunted like wild animals. One of them was George Enloe, whose house was burned, and his horses, three wagons and stock all driven off by soldiers from Camp Nelson while he was hauling stores and provisions to this camp. He was the first person to tell of the outrage upon my sister. He met the party who were engaged in it and knew them all. He went to camp and complained of the infamy to the commander, Colonel Jacob, I believe. For this he was brutally beaten by the guilty parties. He fled for his life. His property was destroyed. What was he to do? Where should or could he go and be safe from such cowardly and brutal assassins? Like all other hunted men, he could not attend the funeral of my sister. He sought my brother's protection. Were these crimes and infamous brutalities any provocation to men who love their friends? Reader, ask yourself this question. Think over it seriously and answer on your own conscience. See what the answer will be. I leave it with all men.

The other three men with Sam were men who had had similar experiences. There were forty men present at the house when my sister was assaulted, all equally guilty with the vile wretch who did the deed.

XI

REVENGE

The recruits are sworn in—Our oath—We lay our plans for revenge and elect officers—Capture and execution of the murderers—Sixteen more—Finishing the score.

Our first care now was to swear these new recruits into the Confederate service, which was done. I sent for the soldiers who had come with me. They were ready for any emergency. Having rested here two days, shoeing horses, we now formed our plans to reach the murderers. It was understood that we were all a band of brothers, and we took a solemn oath to stand by each other under all circumstances, to protect with our lives at all hazards any and every one, to carry away any wounded comrade who should be unable to ride or to protect himself and in case any comrade failed to protect the wounded it was the duty of all the others to report the fact, and if found guilty of such conduct or neglect of duty the offending party should be shot.

All having pledged themselves, plans were now discussed. They were few and simple. We were to keep constant watch about the enemy's camp on all roads leading to or from it; we were to divide into two or three squads as might be required; if any pickets or camp guards should have camps we should follow them; watch for an opportunity to engage any one or two stragglers in conversation when outside of camp and shoot them in the forehead. This should be our mark. We should all provide ourselves with blue overcoats and

trousers. It would then be easy to go about without causing suspicion. Having adopted the quiet plan of having twos, threes and fours meet the unsuspecting enemy on the roads outside their camps, all of us being dressed in blue, we had roads assigned to each squad, sometimes far from the camp, sometimes close to it. Each squad had its chief, with signs that all understood, and all had a common place of meeting after a certain hour of the night, to report the day's doings to the captain and receive instructions for next day. Having determined upon this simple plan of action, the question was put to the comrades as to who should be their officers. They elected Samuel O. Berry captain, Thos. H. Henderson, first lieutenant; Henry McGruder, second lieutenant; George Enloe, guide and scout. It will be remembered that I had assumed the name of Henderson at Columbus. It was agreed not to be seen on the road leading to the enemy's camp.

We moved close to the enemy's camp at Dick Robinson. Enloe piloted us around the camp and showed us the various bridle paths and private roads. He had already two pairs of blue trousers and two great coats. We traversed the country in every direction, learning its topography and selecting the best places to meet, at springs and in ravines. After familiarizing ourselves with all these things we were ready for the severe work of killing everyone whom fortune might throw in our way.

There were three roads that ran to or centered close to their camps. We therefore divided into three squads, eighteen men in each squad. It was arranged that all the men in each squad should place fourteen men in ambush and let two men patrol the road in opposite directions, keeping a sharp lookout for the enemy. Should

there be more than three or four in sight, they should not stop them but should let them pass. These videttes should not let themselves be seen, but should disappear into the woods. If there were only three or four, they should capture them without noise, take them into the thickets or ravines and shoot them or hang them to the first convenient limb. All was now arranged to the satisfaction of the different chiefs.

On the second day, while patrolling the road leading to the Harrodsburg pike, Sam Berry was fortunate enough to meet with six of the very wretches who were with the party who killed our sister. Enloe was with him at this time, and recognized them at once. They were disarmed, taken into the woods and placed under strict guard. Sam did not shoot them there, as it would raise an alarm and frustrate our plans. All the roads were watched, closely watched, for more. Late that evening McGruder took four men, three of them being of the party that killed our sister; the other was the very fellow who had so brutally beaten Enloe and burned his house. I was about to repair to the designated place of meeting for the whole party, passing through a small glade in the woods, when I met a villainous looking man in butternut suit. I captured him, taking him along. He said, "Why do you want to treat me this way? I am going to camp the nearest way." "Let's go this way, it is nearer," I said. I took away his arms. Moving rapidly through the woods we reached our destination. The other two squads were already there. We were about two miles from the Kentucky river. After consulting awhile, we determined that it was best to take all our prisoners nearer the river, to a deep gorge in the cliff. Reaching the spot we halted. Everything was quiet. Enloe came to me and said, "Lieutenant, you have

made the king strike of the day." "How so?" I asked. "You have caught the scoundrel that murdered your sister, he is the very one."

All the blood in my body seemed to rush to my face. My hands clenched my pistol handle instantly. My brother, seeing this, placed his hand on my arm and said, "Wait for a few minutes. This is too important a matter to be done hastily. Let's be sure of this before we act." "All right, my brother, as you will," said I. We then placed all the prisoners in line and brought my man before them. Sam asked them if they knew this man. They all answered that they did. Not one of them knew that we were other than Federal soldiers who were playing practical jokes on them. They were soon undeceived. They were tied together. We told them who we were and what we intended doing with them. They begged for their lives and said, "You surely are not going to kill all of us for one man's crime? There is the man who killed the young woman; shoot him, not us." "Was he not in your company?" "Yes, he was in our company, but we are not responsible for his crimes." "Are you sure you tell the truth?" All said that he was the guilty man. We then asked him what he had to say. He was sullen and defiant. He said, "I did not mean to kill her, but meant to scare her." "You really did kill her, then?" "I did not intend to do it." "Tell us, yes or no. Did you kill the young woman?" "I suppose I did—yes, I did. What are you going to do about it?" "We intend to shoot you like a dog, and let the buzzards pick your bones." We now were satisfied that we indeed had the right man. Taking the entire party down under the bluff to the bottom of the ravine we shot them, leaving their bodies, and departed from the scene.

A fine days work for the first. We hunted the

roads, woodlands, valleys and the next day we captured three more and shot them. I suggested that we move up closer to camp—we might be more lucky. But not being successful we took our course through the woods eastward. Crossing the road into a wide valley, we reached a high cliff, where we could command a view of the country for several miles. While here the whole command dismounted and let their horses graze; I sent out some videttes. We had been on this spot about an hour and a half when I discovered through my field-glasses a scouting party approaching. I said to those about me, "Boys, I see some game approaching; we must bag it." I handed the glasses to my captain. "There are sixteen of them," I said. "What do you make of them, Sam?" "Yes, that's right. They are about two miles away. There is ample time to make preparation to bag them."

We called the videttes—tightened our girths and looked to our weapons. We had nothing but army pistols, .44 calibre, the best weapon at close quarters. We proposed a plan, which was accepted. It was to allow these troops to meet us in the road, where our captain was to salute their chief, while our lines divided allowing their column to pass between, and at a given signal each man was to face inwards, covering with his revolver one of the enemy.

We timed our pace so that we met this scout at a small stream in the road in a narrow lane. We carried out this program to the letter, and it worked like a charm. We captured the entire party; not one of them escaped to tell the tale. They, too, belonged to the same company as had the men we had killed. There was not a shot fired in making the capture. It was hard to make them believe we were enemies and meant

to shoot them, without first telling them who we were and for what they were being shot. This made thirty men disposed of in four days.

About noon the following day we met seven men on the road scouting. They asked us what regiment we belonged to and Sam said, "Bramlett's." "Humph!" said the officer: "I belong to that myself, but I don't recall your faces. I have but recently joined the regiment. I wish to inquire if you have seen any small scouting parties in this vicinity in the last few days? Some have been sent out lately but they have not returned. I have been sent to scour the country for them." Sam asked him, "Did they belong to your company?" "They did," was the reply of the lieutenant. "Then you are my prisoners, surrender!" At the same instant they were all covered with revolvers. When they were looking into the muzzles of pistols, how surprised they were! We informed the lieutenant of our mission. This officer was in command of the company when my sister met her death. He told us again the tragic story. He would have prevented it, he said, if he could, but declared it was done before he had time to interfere. "But," said Sam, "you did not punish the man or friend who did the cowardly deed, and for this you deserve to die the death of a dog—the same death he has died." Thus thirty-seven of them died in a week.

From this forward we had to fight for the small margin we gained. We had stirred up a hornet's nest. The enemy was aroused and scouts were on all roads. We met and charged them at headlong pace, killing twelve four days later. We did not have time to take prisoners. On the tenth of February we met and charged a company, killing twenty-three of them; on the 19th we captured their pickets and surprised seventeen

men at dinner. We entered the house with pistols in each hand, killing fifteen out of the seventeen. One made his escape by jumping out of the window, through the carelessness of one of our own guards. A few days after this we were entirely surrounded by three companies of Colonel Jacob's cavalry before we knew there was an enemy within five miles of us. Our pickets had been surprised by these troops and but for the fact of the mettle and speed of their horses would surely have been captured. The first volley they fired at the enemy gave us warning. We quickly mounted and were ready to receive them. They followed our men into our midst, and the cool courage and steady nerve of these bold riders saved us. We gave them two volleys in their very faces, under which they recoiled. We charged them with the old rebel yell, breaking through their lines. They were firing too high, entirely over our heads, while our bullets had emptied twenty saddles.

After these exciting scenes we concluded to hunt a secure hiding place to rest our tired horses and have them reshod. We accordingly made our way into the Anderson county hills, having killed all of the cowardly wretches who had so cruelly butchered our sister.

XII

GUERRILLA WARFARE

across the river—We scatter for a rest—General Kirby Smith's operations—Battle of Richmond—Recruiting at Lexington—Reassembled—Running fight from Fairfield to the Chaplinton pike.

Captain Sam Berry now had some thirty-five men who were anxious to be led against a company stationed at Fairfield. But before leaving camp we reorganized the company. Sam Berry was made captain; Thos. F. Berry, alias Tom Henderson, first lieutenant; Henry McGruder, second lieutenant; Tom Henry, first sergeant; Bob Taylor, second sergeant; Texas, third sergeant; Jake Smith, first corporal; John Brothers, second corporal; Jim Toler, third corporal; Jerome Clark, Sam Avery, Bill Marion, Rough Smith, Enloe, Jim David, Pat Calahan, Oscar Jones, Henry Johnson, Bill Johnson, John Cunningham, Henry Anderson, Billy Wilson, Herbert Spencer, James Trabue, Henry Todd, Burke Sanders, Frank Hawkins, Clarence Hutchinson, Ben Allen, James Conrad, John Hays, Ashbrook, Henry Sims, Jim Peyton, Silas Long, privates.

The new organization was about to be baptised. We received word that Captain Bridgewater was raiding the country between Samuel's depot and Fairfield, Nelson county. Bridgewater's company was first equipped as Home Guards and was afterward enlisted in the Federal army. Their operations included the arrest of private citizens, plundering private houses, robbing hen roosts, insulting women, and searching for rebels in band-boxes. At this time they numbered seventy-five men. Sam Berry had thirty-five in his

company. Now we were face to face with the Federal freebooters. Sam halted his men and asked which shall it be boys, "a fight or a foot race?" One and all said, "Fight." "Then, close up form in fours; charge!" The Federals were loading corn and hay with no picket out. The hay-stacks and corn-pens were in a large, wide field, and beyond an open woodland was a grass pasture. We charged the surprised Federals, firing but one volley. It was then hand to hand, body to body.

Captain Bridgewater tried in vain to rally his men. After firing their wads, they fled in every direction, with the boys in gray in close pursuit. Jones, Clark, Toler, McGruder, Spencer, Long, Texas, Brothers, all killed right and left as they pressed hard and fast after the panic-stricken plunderers. Reaching Fairfield, they tried to rally, but we were in their midst. Death helps him who fears him least. He who dodges is in most danger. Fortune's great uncertain eye looks down upon the world and brightens when it falls upon the bravest. The quickest is the safest, the coolest is the least exposed. Enloe's and Clark's practice bore abundant fruit. They each killed six; Toler, five; Texas, five; Clarence Hutchinson, four; Jones, four; others, three and two each. We pushed the frightened Federals to the protection of Bardstown, where there were 300 of the enemy. Our loss in this first real battle was three killed—Herbert, Bell and Spencer—all young men of fine promise and splendid soldiers. Four of our men were wounded. The Federal loss was 27 killed and 12 wounded, which, by four, amounted to more than our entire number.

This was a good day's work. But it was not over. Finding we could accomplish nothing against 300 sheltered in the fortified court house, we withdrew rapidly.

We found 200 following us to revenge the drubbing we had given their friends. While fighting them off from our rear, our front videttes encountered a wagon-train with supplies for the garrison at Bardstown, escorted by a guard of thirty soldiers. We were now between two hostile forces. What should we do? Charge, and charge quickly. Calling in our rear guards, we charged the wagon guards with a rebel yell that sent them flying across the country before us. We rode in their ranks for miles, killing thirteen and wounding six, while not a man of us was hurt. After burning the seven wagons, Lieutenant McGruder galloped up to us. Sam said, "Mac, this is a fine day's work, being the first for two weeks. We shall now go into the river hills and camp." We moved off under the cover of darkness and had a good night's sleep.

While we slept, the enemy found and followed our trail. We had pickets out, but while we were eating breakfast, shots commenced to rattle in our camp. Salt river was in front of us. Fortunately, our horses were saddled, and we mounted at once. Reconnoitering, we found that we were surrounded by three or four hundred Federals. We received a flag of truce, demanding immediate, unconditional surrender. Forming quickly, we charged with a yell, having answered that we did not know how to surrender. We could not break their lines, as they were behind trees and logs. Not discouraged at this repulse, we made another charge, and still another. Finding that we were effectually hemmed in we withdrew to a place near the river, which we found to be almost bank full. The enemy pressing us, we divided into two squads, determined to hold the enemy back, while one squad crossed; when they had reached the

other shore, they would protect the other while crossing. Up to this moment no one had been killed.

The melee now became fierce; the woods rang with the shouts of the combatants. We were completely hemmed in, fighting for every inch of ground. Our ammunition was almost exhausted. We were forced up the river a short distance, with 300 Federals hammering away at us from three sides. The banks of the river were at least twenty feet high, and almost perpendicular at this point. Sam cheered the men to renewed resistance and ordered me to take fifteen men and cross the river as quickly as possible. Twice my horse refused me, but lifting him a third time by spur and at the same time giving him a cheering cry, he sprang over the steep embankment. The men followed quickly. We formed on the other side, taking shelter behind trees and shouted to our friends to follow. They leaped the perpendicular bank, while we poured in volley after volley upon our foes, with exultant yells. All were now safe with the exception of five men killed and seven wounded, my brother among the latter. The Federal loss was 19 killed and 28 wounded.

We pushed for the Bullit county hills, to scatter and after a rest of ten days to reassemble at Merrinan's farm. I was taken to Colonel Stower's place, to a cave, until my wounds could heal. Dr. John Conn, who lived near Samuel's depot, on the Bardstown railroad, attended me. This Christian gentleman's hand and heart were always open and ever ready to respond to calls from the defenders of the South. Her brother, Mr. Nimrod Conn, constantly protected and fed Confederate soldiers and sent boxes of provisions to the various prisons in the North. We received twelve recruits during this period.

The Federals were scouring the country with small detachments. Many Southern sympathizers, a number of women included, were arrested and carried off to prison. It was designed by this wholesale outrage to strike terror to non-combatants. Vain hopes! There were still some men in Kentucky who believed that by taking the oath of allegiance to the government they and their slaves and property would be protected, but the war having been instigated for robbery and plunder, and continued and maintained for that purpose, the robbers who were now in full swing had no wish to be deprived of any chance afforded them.

After disbanding the command, we sent McGruder, Jerome Clark and Billy Wilson to Louisville to obtain a supply of ammunition. The men were instructed to devote some part of each day to pistol practice on horseback and to leaping fences, ditches, fallen timbers and other obstructions, so that when such feats should be required of them they could perform them without fear.

The enemy was now falling back before the advance of the Confederate armies. General Bragg in the southwest and E. Kirby Smith in the eastern part of the state, were pushing rapidly into Kentucky. It was a race between these armies and a question of who should first reach the goal of the Blue Grass region. The Confederates under General Smith overtook the Federals at Big Hill and forced them to fight. While this was going on, the cavalry under Colonel Scott, Duke and Morgan, on different roads, by forced marches was passing around the retreating enemy. Having formed a junction, they placed themselves across the path of retreat. General Smith pressing him closely, overtook him at Richmond and fought a decisive battle;

he killed and captured the larger portion of his army, seriously wounding the commanding officer, General Nelson.

The Federal government was now conscripting men in Kentucky, compelling them to enter the army or to furnish substitutes. There were thousands of men, both Union and Southern, hiding in the brush or leaving the state, going to Canada and the northern states. There was a general stampede in all directions.

It may be well to give here an account of General Smith's operations. He had collected at Knoxville and other points in Tennessee, some 20,000 men of all arms. Leaving General Stevenson with 8,000 men in front of Cumberland Gap, then occupied by the Federals under General G. W. Morgan, with 12,000 men and 35 pieces of artillery, he pressed through Big Creek, and Rogers Gap in the Cumberland Mountains and marched rapidly for the Blue Grass country. Once master of Lexington, he would have the terminus of the two railroads, and, indeed, one-half of the state of Kentucky. A defeat of the forces in this region would clear his way to Louisville—in one direction and to Covington in the other. He was in no danger until forces were collected and organized in sufficient strength at Cincinnati to march against him. As for Buell's army, it was General Bragg's duty to take care of that. General Smith had about 1,800 cavalry under Morgan, Duke and Scott. Colonel Scott's being the advance column, met the enemy at Big Hill under Colonel Metcalfe, and defeated him. Their comparative strength was: Colonel Scott's regiment, 700; Metcalfe's, 1,200. Big Hill was about fifteen miles from Richmond.

Even after this affair, the Federal commander at Richmond remained in ignorance of the approach of

any force besides the cavalry under Colonel Scott, until General Smith, having pressed forward with wonderful celerity and secrecy, was within a few miles of Richmond. Then every available man was concentrated at Richmond and pushed out to meet the invading column. A battle was fought on August 29, 1862. General Smith had marched rapidly and his men fared badly, having subsisted for ten days on green corn; their feet were so cut by the rough stones that they could be traced by the blood. His column was scattered and straggling, consequently, he could put into this fight only about 6,000 men. It is true that General Heath was coming forward with supports a few miles in the rear. The attack was made with a rush. He drove them before him pell-mell, and although three stands were made, his advance was never seriously checked at any point. The last stand was made in the outskirts of the little town of Richmond itself, and when the enemy was driven from the town his rout was complete. The commander, General Nelson, was wounded, with a loss of 1,000 killed and wounded, and 6,000 prisoners taken. Colonel Scott's cavalry pressed the enemy for many miles. Of the Federals there was no single command that maintained its organization; in fact, the rout was followed by complete disintegration. The streams of fugitives poured through Lexington all Saturday and Sunday nights towards Cincinnati and Louisville. Thus, for the time, was finished this decisive campaign on the part of General Smith, with all that part of Kentucky in possession of his forces.

Taking Lexington on September 1, he dispatched General Heath with 6,000 men toward Covington. General Smith issued strict orders for the maintenance of order and discipline among his soldiers, for the preven-

tion of excesses, maltreatment of citizens, or bad conduct of any description. To such a state of discipline had he already brought his army, that these orders were little needed. Recruits, ready to join the cavalry service, formed many new regiments. Great efforts were made to induce the Kentuckians to enlist in the infantry arm of the service. There were some few regiments formed, all wanting to ride. As a people the Kentuckians are fond of horses, and, forced to go to war, they thought it a hardship to go a-foot. Many gallant spirits flocked to our forces, among them being Captain Abe Buford, formerly of the regular United States army, a graduate of West Point, well known and popular, who received a brigadier's commission. Colonel Butler, Smith and Grigsby Shelton and Bowles recruited regiments. All these young men had been hiding in the woods. Companies and regiments had in many instances bespoken their men, who were ready to enlist as soon as a favorable opportunity should occur. Many also had made up their minds to join Morgan when he next came through the country. Had a decisive battle been fought and won by General Bragg at this time, there is little doubt that the majority of that class of men who were waiting for such an event before enlisting would then have enlisted in the infantry, with many others who had been debating the matter. But this grand opportunity was thrown away by General Bragg.

At the time appointed, our men assembled at old man Merriman's with horses rested and shod, and better equipped in every particular, as each man was now armed with cut-off shotguns and four—some with six—pistols in holster and belt. We had fifty-six men. When my brother, Sam, rode in front of the men they called for a speech. Facing them, he briefly told them that

speech-making was not a part of a soldier's duty. The time for close-handed, continuous fighting had arrived; there were many enemies to conquer in every direction; it was our duty to help in this work—we had work before us. Speech-making was not only not necessary, but out of place at this time. "Men," he said, "we have plenty of work for you. Forward, march!"

Passing rapidly from the hills, we struck the Fairfield pike three miles from Samuel's depot. About one mile from Fairfield, we encountered Captain Harper of Colonel Halicy's regiment, with 125 men, his own company and that of Captain Terrill. Both commands were in rapid motion when we discovered each other. "Charge!" was the order given. We were descending a gradual steep. From a walk, we started on a dead run toward the enemy. We closed with them before they could fire a single volley. It was now a question of speed and endurance. It was a continuous charge through Fairfield, through Bloomfield. Four miles beyond this place the Chaplintown pike joins the Taylorsville and Bloomfield pike. Here the flying Federals met Captain Bridgewater's company of forty men and made a stand which checked our advance until our rear could close up. Our column had lengthened out some distance in a run of eight miles and some of the men diverged from the main road to follow about twenty Yankees, who had fled across the country at our first volley. These men came up. We had been skirmishing with the Federals. Thinking that we were falling back, they now took the offensive. There was a lull in the firing, due to the fact that Confederates were reloading. The enemy charged us. Every man held his fire until they were in close pistol range. Double-barrel shotguns were brought into effective use; at each

discharge there was an empty saddle or a dead horse. The charge spent itself before reaching our lines. After discharging our shotguns, we drew our pistols and trooping to the center, charged the Federals furiously. The enemy broke, retreating rapidly. We charged their left and crushed it, then turned to the right and rear, found the enemy coming upon our rear and met them in a counter charge. A brief hand to hand combat followed: the guerrillas had the advantage, as the revolver volleys were continuous. We could fire twenty-six shots without reloading. We forced the fighting and compelled them to fall back through the woodland into the pike, charging them vigorously they had no time to form. We poured volley after volley into their ranks as they fled precipitately down the pike through Smileytown. A mile from this place they took shelter in Wakefield's barn, which the guerrillas set on fire. Their flight continued toward Taylorsville in Spencer county, we at their heels, shooting the hindmost ones of their flying, broken ranks. Sam Berry, Clark, McGruder, Enloe, myself and others were in close pursuit. Reaching Salt river hills they scattered in every direction.

Thus ended one of the most desperate and hotly contested fights of the war, considering numbers. The Federals had at the commencement of the fight 125 men, and later received 40 men and reinforcements under Captain Bridgewater, at the Chaplintown pike. This increased their number to 165 men. The guerrillas had 58 men when they entered this fight. Captain Harper, a gallant soldier, exposed himself recklessly during the fight. He seemed to bear a charmed life. A number of the finest marksmen in the company fired at him frequently. He was finally killed, while trying to rally his men, who had been driven from the woods. Out

of the 165 Federals, there were killed during the running fight from Fairfield to Bloomfield, 71 men; between Bloomfield and the Chaplintown pike, five more were killed. In the terrific struggle at the junction of the Chaplintown pike they lost 22 men and their wounded amount to 11. The guerrilla's loss was 6 killed and 15 wounded. Captain Harper was given this command for the express purpose of exterminating "One-Armed" Berry and his band. He had orders to kill all he captured; bring no prisoners to Louisville. The battle-cry of the Guerrillas was, "Remember the slaughter of the innocent!"

In some respects these contending commands were equal. The guerrillas had twenty-four, or I might say, twenty-six shots, as each had four pistols and a shotgun, and at close range these are very deadly. Most of them had insults, wrongs and grievances to avenge, desolate homes to fight for, and life to protect. On the other hand, the Yankee soldiers were fighting for plunder, to free the negroes and for \$13 a month; their numbers about balanced the advantages of the guerrillas. All these soldiers were Kentuckians and were butchering each other for the edification of a cowardly lot of sanctimonious, snivelling hypocrites at the North. Old men, gray-haired, feeble with age, at most, tottering on the verge of the grave, were being ruthlessly arrested and torn from their homes, and many women, young and old, insulted and made to cook for these prowling bands of robbers. Numbers of women sent with the old men to prison were separated never to see, or even hear from each other again. And for what? Ostensibly, for opinion's sake, or for disloyalty or for aiding and abetting rebels. But, really, they were sent off for a better chance to be robbed. Nothing else.

XIII

BACK IN THE REGULAR ARMY

"The Buell-Bragg races"—My brother and I each recruit a company—Spirit of the Nelson sisters—My brother and I join our companies and join Morgan's command—I again meet Miss Sallie—On the scout as we withdraw from Cincinnati—Seven men capture seventy—Preparing to leave Kentucky.

General Bragg's and General Buell's armies were now in Kentucky. Each marching along parallel lines, their objective point being Louisville. It was a question which should reach that place first. Bragg's soldiers dubbed this march through Kentucky, "The Buell-Bragg races." They were so eager to reach the goal of their hopes, the blue grass region, that they could hardly wait for its consummation. It was said and was believed by some that these generals met and discussed plans to avoid a collision between the forces. It was known that they were brothers-in-law. This fact gave color to such reports. Both were putting forth all their energies to accelerate the advance. Gen. Kirby Smith had fought and won a battle at Richmond, Kentucky, and was pushing his victorious columns towards Covington and Cincinnati. He had occupied Lexington and Frankfort and his men were in high spirits and all looked forward with sanguine hopes to a glorious campaign and certain victory. With another victory added to our laurels, Kentucky would be occupied by the Southern armies, which would in turn invade the North, as their armies had the South.

"One-Armed" Berry, having defeated his enemies, set about recruiting his own company, which had suffered severe losses. We were both wounded. This was the second time he had been wounded and the sixth for me. Our object was for each to recruit a company, be ready for service when we should meet our old comrades with Morgan. I was retarded in the work because of my wound which healed slowly. The anxiety of not being ready to meet Morgan doubtless retarded my recovery.

An event showing the high courage and spirit of the Kentucky ladies occurred at this time. There was a family of Nelson county people consisting of three sons and two daughters. The two eldest sons were with Gen. Forrest: the younger boy was at home attending school. The two young ladies were keeping house for their parents. The old gentleman was of old Revolutionary stock; a strong Southern sympathizer, who prayed for the success of the Confederacy every night. These old people had raised their children to fear God and to love their native state and its institutions. A frugal, happy family. Misses Roberta and Alice, God bless their nursing, were ever ready to do a kindness or a heroic act. Their old father had been dragged from home for his sympathy with the South. Miss Rhoda had gone to Washington herself to intercede with the President for her father. He and Mr. Lincoln had been friends in their early days and the President issued a peremptory order for his immediate release. Miss Rhoda brought the order herself to Louisville and took him home with her. A few days later Capt. Ed. Terrill—who by the way was a deserter from Morgan's command, but more of him hereafter—rode up and called for Dr. Evans, who was sick, suffering from ill treatment received in prison. The surgeon at Bardstown had given strict orders for Dr.

Evans not to be disturbed under any circumstances. This brutal marauder was not to be stopped by a woman. He tried to push her aside and attempted to go into the house, against her protest. He roughly took hold of her. She drew a six shooter from under her apron and stepping back a few steps shoved the pistol into Captain Terrill's face, saying, "Go, at your peril. I will shoot you like a dog, if you take another step toward that door." Her eyes were now fairly blazing. Captain Terrill, looking at her for a moment, said, "You don't mean this. If you kill me there are my men. They will avenge my death." "Go, leave this house, I say. I shall not tell you again." Terrill, seeing the terrible light in her eyes, slowly backed out, as pale as death, quailing before this high-spirited young woman. I asked her afterwards if she really meant to shoot him. She said, "Yes, the cowardly brute had insulted me once before, and I had made up mind to defend my honor and home, if he ever afforded me the opportunity."

Miss Rhoda and Miss Alice were splendid shots with pistol and practiced every day. There were few better shots in the army than they. They brought me food and medicine and recent newspapers at night, sometimes sending their young brother Elijah, who often stayed with me. He and his sisters did most of my recruiting while I was unable to leave my hiding place in the cave, my wound being more serious than I had at first supposed. These three recruited for me 58 men, and enrolled them as honorary members in my company. This was a noble, generous family; many suffering and sick and wounded soldiers on both sides received help from them. Miss Rhoda made many perilous journeys for the cause and did what few men could or would do in those perilous times—times that tried men's souls.

My wounds were nearly healed when I received a message from my brother that he was about ready to move his command. He informed me that he had recruited 79 men, and that if I would join him at Camp Charity, Morgan's old first camp, we would move toward Lexington. We now had definite information that Gen. Morgan's command was at Hustonville, some 14 miles from Danville. I had 75 men in my company when we joined our two companies at the old camp. Here we organized, the men electing their own subordinate officers. Henry McGruder, Jerome Clark and Geo. Enloe were each chosen first lieutenants; orderly sergeants and corporals were also elected. We moved toward a small place on the pike between Harrodsburg and Lawrenceburg, rough and ready, where we encountered a company of ninth Michigan cavalry. Our pickets and videttes were driven back upon the marching columns; my company was in front and we charged with the old rebel yell. This meeting was unexpected to us, and evidently to the federals. We were on the pike, hemmed in on both sides by fences. The enemy retreated before the onslaught; a part of them formed across the road; we formed fours and went at them with vigor; as their rear guard rode through a gap we made for them; they gave us a volley almost in our faces, but the momentum from the rear pushed us through and over them, carrying everything before us. We pressed them to keep them from reforming and hurried them through Lawrenceburg at a rapid gait. Here we had the pleasure of receiving the surrender of 25 of them, and also of meeting a scout sent out by Col. John Scott, who brought us glorious good news.

This was September 4th. I had been in the service one year, had been captured and sent to Camp Chase;

had made my escape; had been wounded six times; was reunited with my old comrades and hoping to see dear old father again. Surely this was enough to make glad the heart of a heathen. If not a man in age, I certainly was in experience. I had lived ages in this one short year. I was willing, yea, anxious, to perform my duty as I saw it.

Leaving Lawrenceburg, we moved towards Schrieks Ferry on the Kentucky river. Fortunately, the boat was intact and we crossed without accident or delay. Moving forward we reached Mortonsville, in Woodford county, where we camped for the night. But there was little sleep for me; reflecting upon my year's experience drove all thoughts of sleep from my eyes. Closing my eyes, I could almost hear the voice of my sister, now hushed forever in death. This spot, my native heath, where my sister and I first saw the light of day; this place so near the home where we played together in our childhood; and she now gone forever! How could I sleep? I went to my brother's camp. There I found him pacing backward and forward. I said, "Sam, I have been living over my whole life again to-night" He simply said, "So have I." His voice sounded husky. I could not see his face. "Let us make the rounds of our camps," he said. As we moved along together the guards halted us, and found us a miniature army, self sustaining and supporting. I said, "Sam, I believe that some men are born soldiers." "I think so, too," was his reply, "and I also believe that every generation of men is formed for the peculiar duties of its age." I agreed with him.

Having made the rounds of the guards we conferred on a matter that was to affect our future. We both naturally wished to be near our father in the same com-

mand. I told him that if this could not be arranged I intended to make application for independent partisan command and that if he would join me in this application in case we should not be assigned to Morgan's command I wanted him to be the chief of the squadron, he being the older; there was a sister and a brother born between us. This being settled, streaks of dawn showed in the far east, the men were aroused and the camp filled with bustle and activity. Having fed our horses, and eaten our meager fare, the clear shrill bugle sounded "to horse." It was twelve miles to Lexington.

Moving out slowly, we took a road across the country to Sligo, about seven miles from Lexington, where we captured some Home Guards, taking them along with us, with our Michigan friends, the enemy captured at Lawrenceburg, as a free-will offering to Gen. Morgan. "How was it that this grand, glorious, productive country could foster and nurture such brutal, infamous (in my eyes) creatures as these Home Guards?" were my reflections as I rode along. The beautiful landscape spread out before me, the early morning breezes stirred the leaves and caused them to fall in variegated colors; the fat sleek cattle browsing in the blue-grass pastures, looked at us in a lazy, mild-eyed way, seeming to say "Why stir so early, friends?" The thought came unbidden, "The man who would not fight for such a country is not worth killing." We could see the spires of Lexington in the distance. We now threw out pickets who met some blue coats who were not disposed to let us pass. Some of Col. Scott's men came forward. We passed once again into a Confederate encampment, amidst enthusiastic demonstrations and congratulations, waving of handkerchiefs, hearty handshakes, and greeting of old friends and comrades, my father among

the number. He was very much surprised to see me here in such surroundings.

We were received by Gen. Morgan and complimented on our enterprise, and were assured that both myself and brother Sam should be assigned to his command. We turned over our prisoners to Gen. Kirby Smith. Recruits were now coming in to join the army. There was rejoicing and great enthusiasm. A number of captains and lieutenants were given authority to raise battalions and companies and also regiments. Some privates were promoted to command. Maj. Gano, was granted a commission to raise a regiment; Capt. Lawrence Jones, a battalion; Capt. Billy Breckinridge and Second Lieutenant Alexander were permitted to raise a company. Gano and Breckinridge each made their company a nucleus for their battalion, as did Lawrence Jones. Capt. Desha, who was a fine officer and had recruited a company on Morgan's first raid, was permitted to raise a regiment of infantry. There were many more who raised companies and battalions. These were busy times. Organizations and equipment went forward apace. A brigade was formed of the regiments recruited.

Brother Sam had received word before leaving camp, that the stockade on the south side of Salt River, on the Louisville and Nashville railroad which commanded the bridge there, was garrisoned by 150 men. This stockade was built of logs 10 feet high above ground, set on end, the logs being 12 or 14 inches in diameter, pierced with loop holes. Such structures were impervious to small arms. On reaching Lexington he reported this to Gen. Morgan. Three days later three companies were sent to reduce this place, as it was important to destroy this bridge so that it would be useless to the enemy. This duty was assigned to Major, formerly

Captain Hutchinson, of Morgan's command and my brother Sam's company, as most of the men who belonged to our two companies were familiar with the roads in Spencer, Nelson and Bullit counties. This bridge was in Bullit county. Maj. Hutchinson was a singularly active and energetic officer and possessed the shrewdness as well as the daring which eminently qualified him for the command of such detachments.

We made a tremendous march and on the evening of the second day reached our destination, having left Lexington about 4 o'clock the evening before, stopping only long enough to feed our horses once. After having placed his men around the stockade and planted his two mounted howitzers to command it, Maj. Hutchinson sent Capt. Bowles to demand the surrender of the garrison, allowing but 20 minutes for negotiations. The captain opened the parley under a flag of truce. The garrison was quite willing to surrender in 20 minutes, provided one strange point should be conceded, that is that the bridge should not be burned. To prove to them the folly of such a proposition, the twenty minutes truce was allowed to expire. Hutchinson, who was very literal in observing all that he said, immediately caused his artillery to open without waiting for the return of his envoy. Two shells burst above the stockade, wounding one of the inmates. This might have caused the death of the bearer of the truce flag, as the garrison then had a perfect right to shoot him. The effect on Bowles, who was one of the very few men who I believe never felt fear, was to render him indignant that his embassy should be interrupted just as he thought he was about to be successful. He came galloping back at full speed, waving the flag, at his own friends, shouting, "Don't shoot any more; they'll be all right directly!" The garrison at the same

time came pouring out without regard to rank, waving pocket handkerchiefs. As soon as the howitzer opened, the skirmishers advanced in accordance with Hutchinson's instructions, firing as they went forward, driving the enemy back into the stockade. Soon however, all mistakes were rectified and adjusted amicably and the prisoners were paroled.

We were now assigned to Morgan's immediate command, sent to a point opposite Cincinnati to act as scouts at Gen. Heath's front. On our way down, I turned over to my First Lieutenant, Jerome Clark, obtaining permission from Col. Hutchinson to revisit my dear friends at Cynthiana, staying with them four or five days. I found Miss Sallie radiantly beautiful and sweet. How lovely she looked now! I had not seen nor heard from her for nearly nine months, but had written to her several times informing her of my doings. She was glad to see me, or seemingly so. Time flew fast. Those dear, sweet, happy, fleeting days. They were so brief! When my five day leave was past, I dragged myself away to join my company at the front. This was the last time I ever saw her. She died in a year from this time. Thus was ended the most blissful, happy period of my life. I had nothing now left me to love but the South.

We were close enough now to look into Cincinnati. The enemy's forces were active and numerous. Accessions of regular troops were arriving every day. We had several skirmishes with their out-posts. Gen. Heath was about to attack their outer work and had made preparation to do so on the following morning, but during the night received orders not to do so, but to hold himself in readiness to march at short notice, as Gen. Smith had received instructions from Gen. Bragg saying he must

be prepared to return to reinforce him to prevent Buell from entering Louisville. At this time our spies reported that fifteen or twenty thousand veteran troops had arrived at Cincinnati.

General Heath now withdrew his whole force, directing his march to Georgetown and Frankfort, Colonel Hutchinson bringing up the rear. General Morgan was directed to co-operate with General Humphrey Marshall to cut off and capture General George Morgan, a Federal general, who was retreating through the mountains. Arriving there, he was to intercept him on his march to the Ohio River. He had evacuated Cumberland Gap two days before, and had two days' start. It was General Smith's desire that General Morgan should blockade the roads in the enemy's front and use every effort to retard his progress. By uniting with General Marshall's forces, it was hoped that in that rugged, almost impassable country the enemy might be stopped altogether or until another body of troops could be thrown upon its rear. As it was, Marshall remained inactive. After some days of laborious scouting, felling trees across the roads, climbing over mountains and sticking close to the enemy's column, we had the mortification of seeing him getting away. We now returned to General Heath's command, having been gone two weeks.

We were sent to the front near Falmouth, meeting with several scouts and detachments of our command. Reaching camp, we expected to rest, but not so. The enemy, as we understood, was on the move. We had to saddle up and march. It proved to be a false alarm, but being desirous of gaining information we sent scouts to ascertain as nearly as possible the exact position of the pickets and the condition of everything about

the encampments. Our instructions were not to fire upon or in any way to alarm the pickets or do anything to make them suspect our vicinity. We learned from citizens who lived near the enemy's encampment, that they were encamped between the Covington and Independence pikes. We were confident that we would be able to get to the Georgetown and Covington pike, by a country road which runs into it from the Independence pike, without alarming the main body, and then reach the point where the cavalry was encamped; and defeat it before the infantry could come to the rescue. We were sure the infantry was about two miles north of Walton, and this by-road came into the pike about 1,000 yards from the encampment and between the encampment and Walton. We had marched ten miles.

Just at sunrise we reached the Georgetown pike and saw ten cavalry pickets standing in sight of the point where we would enter. The column was at once halted. A brief reconnoissance showed an infantry regiment. Arrangements were made to capture these pickets, who had not seen us, without alarming the camps. There was now no hope of passing this point without being discovered by the main body and it only remained to make the most of our situation. Lieutenant Messick of Company A and Lieutenant Clark of Company K were who were captured without firing a shot; Lieutenant Clark, commanding the advance guard, was sent with a portion of it to try the same game with the infantry. He went right into the midst of them. The column moved forward at a gallop, as soon as the pickets were disturbed, and turned in the direction of Walton. The rear company rushed at full speed to the assistance of Lieutenant Clark. One of the howitzers was planted had his pistols at the head of the commanding officer

demanding the surrender of his men, and threatening to blow his brains out if he did not do so at once. Hays, sent to the left; Lieutenant Messick, to look after pickets, at a point where we entered the pike, to cover our retreat, if we were pressed. When we reached the little squad of Lieutenant Clark, the company which we took to arrest it, or rather a fragment of it, was in a situation which perhaps was never paralleled during the war. Clark was further down the road toward the encampment with a portion of the detachment, picking up stragglers. Surgeon Hays was in the midst of a company of sixty-nine Federal infantrymen, who stood sullen and bewildered, with their rifles cocked and at ready. Clark with six men grouped round him, stood ready to shoot down any man who raised a gun. It was, in fact, the finest sight ever seen—an exhibition of high courage and nerve. There is not recorded a cooler, more daring scene than this. The arrival of the company made the infantry decide to surrender. The caps and bayonets having been removed from their guns, the men marched away under guard. Clark had gone into the infantry camp, captured one company and had run the balance back into their camps. The men were raw recruits.

The long roll was beat. We saw the various regiments form at a double quick into line of battle. The artillery was hurried up into position and behind the whole was the cavalry, peeping over the shoulders, as it were, of the infantry—those whom we had taken so much pains to see. My company was sent away with 89 prisoners, taken here without firing a shot. We carried them to Georgetown, and turned them over to General Heath.

We were detailed and sent to the Ohio River, as some companies of Home Guards were organizing near

Carrolton. We had orders to disperse or capture them. While on our way down, we encountered my brother's company, sent on the same duty. We joined forces, dispersed these companies of Home Guards and encountered one company of Colonel Buckley's regiment. We had some sharp skirmishing, driving them towards Covington. Upon reaching the river one afternoon about 3 o'clock, we saw three transports loaded with troops going down the river toward Louisville. Watching them pass, we rested our horses a couple of hours. We turned our horses in the direction of Frankfort, where we arrived next day and found the army on the move toward Lawrenceburg.

This was the first intimation we had that we were going to give up the state without an effort to win. This was indeed a bitter thought, but we all devoutly hoped that we should return after a short absence. Vain hope! There was every indication of preparation for a general battle. Every one was moving to a common center and from reports hourly received from scouting parties, that center must certainly be near Harrodsburg, Danville or Perryville, because the two armies were converging towards these points. We reached Lawrenceburg at about 10 o'clock, and were immediately pushed forward to meet the threatened attacks at the extreme front. We were greeted with whizzing bullets, eruptions of our old friends, the Ninth Michigan cavalry. We pressed them for a closer acquaintance. We soon saw that there was a trap fixed for us, and sent back for reinforcements. Our whole force moved forward; flanking columns were sent forward and we charged and forced them to develop their lines, and fall back rapidly. It was a force sent to mask the position of General Buell's advancing army on the extreme right wing.

XIV

BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE

At 10 o'clock on the morning of the 7th of October, 1862, among the browning woodlands, with the smoking curtains of Indian summer covering the landscape, brooding over the corn fields, pastures and stubble, that skirted the banks of Chaplain River's dry bed, General McCook, with his staff, formed the center corps of the Federal position. Chaplain Hills of bloody fame and woe! For here took place one of the most deadly and bloody struggles of the war.

General McCook could have been crushed and captured if he had been attacked on the 7th. This was the opportunity for Confederate attack, but was thrown away by waste of time. McCook had no supporters on this day.

General Stackwater's division and General Lyle's brigades, formed on the right and left, with twenty-five regiments, and thirty-six pieces of artillery, the latter on the high crest of the rugged hills that lay behind the bottom lands. Between them and the dry channels of the river was an interval of some 300 yards on the right of McCook's position. Sheridan's division of six regiments and twelve pieces of artillery, occupied the wooded sides and ridges and ravines in front of the Confederate left. In addition there was General Gooding's brigade, a Wisconsin battery, General Mitchell's division, with eight regiments and three batteries and the First Ohio cavalry. This cavalry and a brigade

was held ready to re-inforce either wing of the Yankee army. There were 23,400 additional Federal infantry approaching on the Lebanon Pike, only ten miles away, and would arrive before night. This would make sixty-four regiments of infantry and eighty-two pieces of artillery and six regiments of cavalry that stood in line of battle on the morning of October 8th, in readiness for the word to advance, whereas, the day before there were only about 18,000 Federals present.

The Confederates on October 7th were 36,800 strong, with 23,400 within three hours' march of this battlefield. The Confederates' position along the verge of Chaplain River and among the rugged hills and gorges, could be traced by the gray uniforms and bright bayonets. Their lines were formed among the low projecting banks. This was a fine position for defense, but might prove a veritable slaughter-pen in a successful flank movement, which could have been made by the right wing of the enemy's approaching columns.

The Confederate advance, or right wing, was led by that peerless, matchless and dashing soldier General Frank Cheatham, and his division was composed of two Georgia, ten Tennessee, one Alabama and one Louisiana regiment, and eighteen pieces of artillery. General S. B. Buckner's division was on his left, with 4,500 men and three batteries of six guns each. On the extreme right of our line was General John H. Morgan and General Whorton, with 1,800 cavalry, and on the left, General Wheeler with 1,200 cavalry. Thus the two hostile armies confronted each other.

The Confederates assailed the Federal lines with vigor and enthusiasm. The fourteen infantry, fifty pieces of artillery and twenty-eight hundred horsemen—six thousand eight hundred and ninety Confederate sol-

diers—menaced thirty-five thousand three hundred Yankee soldiers who were avoiding a general engagement, until General Craddock's Corps should arrive on the field to assist in this battle. This little Confederate army stood proudly awaiting the fight and inviting its opponents to come on. One o'clock came and no advance from the enemy. Two o'clock came. Long gray lines with bright bayonets emerged from cover. The right, marching by columns of brigades, echelon formation, moved quickly into line of battle and assailed the Federals who were posted behind rocks and fences, thickets, hills, ravines, in woods, upon heights, behind trees and at the rear of open field—a position for battle almost impregnable.

In a very few minutes the whole force was in action. The air was full of flying missiles of death. The resistance to the Confederate advance was savage in the extreme. The infantry and artillery seemed to cut down or slay whole companies at a single discharge. But the gray lines pressed up to the very muzzles of the guns with ringing cheer upon cheer, driving all before them at the point of the bayonets.

General Hardee ordered General S. B. Buckner to charge the enemy's center. His advance was so impetuous and daring upon the Federal center that they were forced back with heavy loss and confusion. He more than redeemed himself from his misfortune on Fort Donelson's bloody field which cost the Confederacy its General and opened the way which soon broke in twain the premature nation. The whole Confederate line now dashed forward, Cheatham, Bushrod, Johnson, Pat Cleburne, Buckner, all hotly engaged, dashed with irresistible and distinctive impetuosity, which nothing could stay or check, against the enemy's salient angle of position.

At the crossing of Doctor's Creek, Generals Jones, Brown and Mat Adams' brigade joined General Cheatham and assailed General Sheridan's division.

In this supreme movement Morgan and Wheeler's cavalry, charged with great fury and enthusiasm riding over stone walls, fences, and ravines, through the woods and up to McCook's lines, capturing many of his men on his flanks, General Wheeler turning his left flank among the retreating enemy. The Confederate lines moved amidst the thunder of one hundred and forty pieces of artillery, and the constant roll of infantry volleys. They charged the enemy's line with deafening yells and cheers and enthusiastic, intense ardor and unmistakable pluck, their lines were unchecked, they advanced straight to the enemy's salient and left front.

At this moment Liddell's division of reserves were hurled at the retreating foe; at this supreme moment those of the good bishop, General Leonidas Polk, were leading. At this time the twilight of evening was falling on the scene and in the dim smoke of battle Polk rode into the disordered line of the enemy. In the darkness and confusion he immediately made his way back to his rapidly advancing lines. He met General Liddell's solid brigades, pointing in the direction he had come, he cried, "Fire," and an unbroken sheet of flame relighted the fading twilight, quickly followed by another, and another, completing the rout of the enemy, who fled in wild confusion under cover of darkness.

Their commanders reformed them some four miles from the battle field. The Confederates ceased pursuit by reason of darkness. General McCook lost his baggage, his papers, and many of his colors were captured. He, like Lucullus, had to retreat, compelled to do so by reason of the close and rapid fighting of the Confederates.

They now lighted their camp fires on the hard-won fields, and planted their pickets in the very teeth of the retreating foe, with one fifth of their number killed and wounded.

Three thousand two hundred Confederates under General Cheatham whipped three thousand seven hundred ninety nine Federals under General McCook, in sight of Generals Gilbert's corps, and drove them from the field in confusion. They turned to the left flank and whipped half of the latter corps within hearing of General Crittenden's advance, seeking the field of battle, not so fast as Blucher, nor so slow as Grouchy. "I was badly whipped," said General McCook, on oath before the Buell commission, which exonerated that gentlemanly soldier from blame, for the disastrous results of this terrific battle.

Such daring was seldom ever witnessed, Massena fought not more recklessly at Saragossa, nor even Marshall Ney at Waterloo. For boldness and dash, the General who ordered the attack excelled even Napoleon in his first campaign in Italy, for pure, unqualified courage, for perfect faith in his soldiers and in absolute risk to do the impossible, in the capacity that mounted with the occasion.

This depleted, sore-footed, tired army of Confederates will live in the history of this country and its praises be sung by sages and poets as long as valor shall furnish themes, to grace the pages of history, to the remotest times.

I must not forget or pass over an episode that took place on the bloody fields on the day following this battle. While covering the retreat the Confederate cavalry was slowly withdrawing over the Chaplain Hills. Two Confederates, lingering in the dry bed of Chaplain

river, stopped near a pool of water to water their horses and take another parting shot at the advancing Federals. Seeing those daring Confederates, a colonel with two aides from the Federal side advanced to cut off the rebels. Down across the hillside and valley near the river bed they dashed, the three together; they were concealed from view by the banks of the river. When within sixty yards of the two Confederates, they struck a dirt road running near and parallel with the river and near a low fence. Leaping the fence they reached the road and turned down to the banks of the river.

James Elliot, private soldier, and Captain Shaw had ridden to the top of the river bank, and saw three Yankee horsemen officers galloping across the woodland and intervening valley, on the left. Elliot said, "Captain, we shall fight them here; they are only three to our two. We can kill or capture them." As the Federal colonel with his two aides turned into the road, the two Confederates faced toward them. They spoke to each other and flashed significant glances and words of encouragement, and other tokens of determination, wherein daring deeds are done. Their pistols clicked in readiness for quick use, the advance stopped short, the retiring army halted to watch this hand-to-hand combat all breathless, expectant and excited, their horses champing bits and prancing beneath their riders.

On came the brave Federals like a whirlwind; at close range the colonel fired at Elliot, who returned the fire at the same moment, and spurred his horse to closer quarters with his antagonist. Again the pistols cracked, so closely that they were hardly distinguishable. The first shot clipped the colonel's epaulet from his shoulder, and the bullet had clipped the rim of Elliot's own hat. A third shot was aimed at a yard's length; the colonel saw

the steady unquailing, deadly, glistening, liquid, brave eyes of Elliot flash along the barrel of his pistol. His time had come unless he surrendered. Throwing up his hand with his silver mounted pistol glistening over his head, he shouted, "I surrender, I'm your prisoner." Their horses' bodies had touched. "Hand me your pistol," demanded Elliot slightly lowering his own; the colonel seemed to obey slowly. Elliot seized him by the collar. With his left hand the colonel thrust his pistol under his left arm, fired upward and burned Elliot's face. He now saw the gleam of contempt blaze from the maddened eye of his generous foe. When he had missed fire the colonel's heart sank within him. The desperation of unfair advantage, foiled, seized his soul and with redoubled strength he tried to throw his antagonist to the ground, but the fates were against him. Elliot was a skilled Kentucky horseman, and was not easily unhorsed. His pistol at the head of his wily, treacherous foe, loud rang the shot, the colonel fell dead from his black stallion, which had borne him into his last fight.

As he fell from his horse his head caught in the reins of Elliot's bridle and his body was dragged to the bottom of the dry bed of the river.

In a pool there Captain Shaw stood knee deep in the water, with empty pistol, strangling into submission one of the aides who had been thrown from his horse into the water during the desperate struggle. Captain Shaw covered him with his empty revolver, Elliott shouted, "Surrender." The lieutenant, almost broken-hearted, with tears in his eyes, submitted, not knowing their pistols were empty. He was disarmed. With faltering, broken voice he said, "You have have killed my Colonel." Elliot dismounted and unbelted the gold hilted sword and pistol, remounted his captured stallion. Com-

pell the two officers to do likewise, he galloped away with them as trophies of soldierly prowess.

On reaching the crest of the ridge, we were in full view of the two armies, who had witnessed the duel between Captain Shaw and Elliot. They were cheered lustily, for their gallantry and heroism. These two typical Kentucky Confederates with bowed heads and thankful hearts modestly received the plaudits of their comrades.

Thus ended one of the most desperate and bloody battles of modern times for the number engaged. There is nothing in the annals of war like it. This period was the high tide of Confederate success. This grand opportunity was thrown away. Bragg failed to follow up or to utilize this great battle. Its benefits were entirely lost to our arms, never to return again.

I was not in this battle, as the field was so located that the cavalry could not be used to advantage, the country being broken and hilly. The result of this engagement was simply to check the advance of Buell's army and was barren of any advantage to the Confederates except this: Gen. Buell's movements completely mystified Bragg and he was placed on the defensive. He was the victim of every rumor; alternately exhilarated and dejected. When the distance between them increased he became bold and defiant; when a collision was imminent dejected, he could see nothing but disaster—of that kind of fear which provides against future dangers, he knew nothing. He, at this time, at least, was ignorant of the courage which kindles when the hour of final issue has arrived. Gen. Bragg had, as a subordinate, no superior in bravery, but as a commander no bravery at all.

I do not pretend to be a competent critic of military movements or military ability, yet Bragg's hatred and the

wrongs he did Kentucky and Kentuckians, the malignity with which he bore down on his Kentucky troops, his bitter, active antagonism to all prominent Kentucky officers, have made abhorrence of him part of a Kentuckian's creed. There was not an officer or private in his army who did not expect to and who was not anxious to fight while the two armies were confronting each other for ten days. As to the small disparity between their numbers, Bragg's lack of numbers was more than made up by his having more seasoned veterans than did Buell.

There appears to have been a strange fear on the part of Bragg to risk a battle at this time which was not felt by any one in his army. Once the armies were not more than three miles apart. There was throughout his stay in the state a marked vacillating policy and a timid hesitancy in all his maneuvers. Of this campaign much was expected; had it been successful it would have incalculably benefitted the Confederate cause. There can be no doubt that this period was the turning point in the war and that the best and last chance to win the war was thrown away. All subsequent events were but the dying agony of a great cause—the tremendous struggle carried on by a gallant, heroic people.

XV

AGAIN WOUNDED AND LEFT BEHIND

Bragg in Retreat—Morgan remains behind—He secures a guide
—Fight at Lexington—I am wounded and left behind—With
the help of friends I get away—Back with Morgan.

After the battle of Perryville, Bragg began his retreat from the soil of Kentucky. With what bitter disappointment we turned our backs upon our homes can better be imagined than discussed. Failure was written upon tree, bush, stones, houses, land and water; everything spoke, hissed it in our ears. The army fell back to Bryantsville. General Kirby Smith took the road to Big Hill and Cumberland Gap. The bulk of Bragg's army was retreating by way of Lancaster and Sequatchie Valley to Murfreesboro. At this time Morgan's command consisted of three regiments and two battalions, about three thousand men and six rifled six-pound cannon. General Morgan obtained permission to remain behind the army and select his own route out of Kentucky, and to annoy the enemy by destroying the bridges, railroads, and his supply trains, then retire by the shortest route when it became necessary. On the 17th of October the column was put in motion from Gum Springs. We had information that a regiment of cavalry, our old friends the Fourth Ohio, occupied Lexington. We crossed the river below Clay's Ferry. We must have a guide as it was important to approach the town through byways. Morgan's address was equal to the emergency—he represented himself as Col. Wolford of the Federal service, as in this region, which was strongly Union, the

people refused to give any aid or act as guides. Finally he rode to a house where Morgan said he was Col. Wolford, a great favorite with the man of the house, who declared his joy at seeing him and his willingness to guide him anywhere. We were piloted safely through the country to within three miles of Lexington; his loyal spirit was warmly applauded. We were within two miles of the enemy's camp. The command was halted and plans perfected for a simultaneous attack to be made at daylight. Colonels Gano and Breckinridge were detached to attack the force stationed in the city. When our worthy guide discovered his mistake, his amazement was only equalled by his horror. During the night he had said many hard things to Wolford, as he thought, about Morgan which greatly amused the so-called Wolford, who had even encouraged him to indulge himself in that way. Suddenly the merry, good-humored Wolford turned out to be Morgan, and Morgan seemed for a few minutes to be in a bad temper which made the guide's flesh creep. He expected to be shot, or perhaps scalped without ceremony. The general told him, in consideration of his services, he would not be hurt or molested. Finding that he was not to suffer, he grew bolder and assumed the offense. He pleaded for his horse. Morgan turned him loose, horse and all. He was advised pointedly to be careful in the future how he confided in soldiers, as appearances were sometimes deceptive.

Colonels Gano and Breckinridge moved forward to assume their part in the enterprise before them and the main column set forward on its mission. The force at camp near town was the Fourth Ohio cavalry. The main body was at Ashland, two miles from the town, encamped in the eastern portion of the woods, in which the old Clay mansion stands. As daylight approached

the column was put into motion. My brother Sam's company and mine were detached to enter the town from the east, to capture the two companies of provost guards. Two more companies were sent to enter the city from the north and place themselves between the main camp and town, to intercept the enemy in case of retreat before we could surround the encampment; also, in the event of our having to engage other forces not bargained for, and to maintain communication with the whole force. Day came and the attack was made promptly. The camp, surrounded as it was, surrendered after two or three deadly volleys. At this camp twenty-seven Federals were killed and sixty-one wounded. Morgan's loss was five killed and fourteen wounded. The fight with the provost guard at the court house was more serious. They finally surrendered when the artillery was brought forward. I received a serious wound in this affair and my brother Sam was slightly wounded. Our loss was five men killed and eleven wounded. We captured over eight hundred prisoners and some arms and ammunition.

I was again left behind to nurse another wound, the eighth, through the lung. How I hated this! I was taken four miles into the country and stored away in a snug little farmhouse at Cowgell's. With this shelter I hoped soon to be able to be in the saddle again. The family were assiduous in their attentions. I hoped that I should not be disturbed in this hiding place. After a few days' rest, I felt comparatively easy. My wound did not cause me much pain. There was scarcely any inflammation and the suppuration was slight. The days dragged along. I sent for a Doctor Steele to examine my wound. I had begun to think that the lung was not injured. Dr Steele examined the wound carefully and said that the lung was injured. It was now Novem-

ber 13; I was wounded on the 18th of October, twenty-six days had passed. I was becoming restless and greatly feared that I should be discovered and either sent to prison or shot if I should be recognized. The young ladies, Misses Gracie and Josie, were constant in their kindness and attention. They had two brothers with Morgan. They were both brave, gallant troopers. Strange to say even the negroes had not discovered my presence in the house as I kept close to my room.

I finally told my good friends that I felt that I was strong enough to ride. They insisted that it would be hazardous to do so, in my condition. They sent for Dr. Steele, He came and said that I might be able to ride, but should be careful. I asked him if he would undertake to furnish me a good horse. He promised to do so, and kept his word like a true gentleman, but the Doctor was a Southern man, and constantly watched by government detectives, who had followed him to the house. The horse was sent and hitched in a ravine behind the house. I had already sent Miss Gracie to town to procure my four pistols and ammunition. Having arranged everything for my departure, I belted on my pistols, put on my heavy blue overcoat and hastily bidding my dear friends farewell, I went out and mounted my horse and as I passed through a gate leading from Mr. Cowgell's back field into a private by-road. I was halted by two men; one came forward, placing his hand on the bridle, saying at the same time, "You are my prisoner, we want you." In an instant I covered them with my pistols, "You are mistaken. What do you want with me? I don't know you. But I shall not surrender. Give me your arms quick, both of you, or I'll kill you." Having disarmed them I turned them loose. I at first was strongly tempted to kill them,

but reflecting that this might get my good friends into trouble, I rode rapidly away. I continued riding during the night and at daylight found myself shelter in the barn of my old friend Nim Conn. I was tired and sore. I waited patiently for him to make his appearance, as I did not care to be seen. The Yankees were everywhere and more insolent than ever. I had not long to wait. The weather was chilly and while waiting for my host I occupied my time rubbing down my horse. The doctor had sent me a most excellent, noble steed. I named him Steele. He was almost a thoroughbred animal fifteen hands high, had a splendid head and fine eyes. He possessed an intelligence that was marvelous. He was the finest picket in the army and saved me from capture many times.

Uncle Nim soon came. On seeing who it was, he was very much surprised. I made known my wishes. He informed that eight of my old soldiers were down in the brush, waiting for an opportunity to go south. These men had been wounded in the battle at Chaplinton pike, near Bloomfield. Their wounds were now about healed and they were anxious to be in the saddle again. Uncle Nim had two small nephews, children of a dead brother, a Confederate soldier. They were ten and twelve years old, bright, sharp-witted little fellows named Ed and Lighter Conn. He would send these little fellows to the woodland pastures to feed corn from a basket to the cows, but beneath the corn was food for the wounded soldiers, hiding in the brush. Remaining a day longer to give the old soldiers time to see others who might be able to go south, on the third night all was ready for the long ride before us. There were thirteen in the party. Uncle Nim brought us a guide. We bid this generous nobleman farewell, he saying, "If you

ever find yourself in trouble, come again." We made our way through Bullit, Meade and Barren counties during the first three nights. On the third night we reached the vicinity of Leitchfield and camped in the brush. The next day we saw a squadron of cavalry pass on the road. They were unconscious of our presence. There were 300 of them, moving in the direction of Morgantown. At this place I passed myself and comrades off as Federal scouts, sent from Elizabethtown with private dispatches. In this way we found a guide to pilot us to a secret private ferry across Green river, as the other ferry had been destroyed by Gen. Morgan. After crossing this stream we were comparatively safe and could travel in the daytime. We all had blue overcoats as a precaution. We traveled by-roads crossing public roads only when it became necessary. On the fifth day near Tompkinsville we rode into a squadron of Federals who were scouting. They asked me what command I belonged to. "Wolfords," I replied without stopping to talk. We moved rapidly on, my flesh creeping on my bones! After leaving this column we turned west into a by-road, marching through farms for several hours; the enemy's scouting party were on all the main roads. We passed around Bowling Green late at night. About 11 o'clock we went into camp, tired and weary. We found forage for our horses, and rubbed them down before taking to our blankets; we went supperless and breakfastless too, for that matter; early next morning, before day, we fed our horses giving them another good rub while they ate to keep down any soreness in their legs. We mounted and rode away from this dangerous locality. We saw as we crossed the Nashville pike at daylight that we had camped in sight of the Federal picket post. We had a hard day's ride, mak-

ing sixty-five miles. We met during the day a company of Colonel Averill's scouts saluting each other as we passed. We were bearers of dispatches from General Buell. Late in the evening we were near Springfield, Tenn., in Robinson county. We were glad to be with our old comrades once more. The welcome we received was sincere, cordial and hearty, as only soldiers can give. My old father showed his regard and appreciation; also my brother was gratified at my return. I reported for duty next day and was assigned to my company, Col. Gano's regiment, Company G. There is no rest for soldiers at the front.

XVI

VERY BUSY

The fight at Tyree Springs—I capture two officers—Fight at Gallatin—I am shot in the mouth.

On reaching Gallatin, Tenn., on the retreat from Kentucky, we marched to Hartsville, and took up our camp there. There was plenty of work for all, scouting, and fighting alternately between Gallatin, Hartsville, Lebanon, Nashville and Tyree Springs. In fact, from every direction, the entire command was kept busy, as Colonel Gano expressed it, seasoned.

We had not been in this region more than two days before our scouts brought us news of the approach of Rosencrans' army. I had been on scout to watch his approach which we reported. They were marching toward Nashville on the Scottsville pike. The Louisville and Bowling Green pike was watched to keep in touch with them, and report their numbers as far as possible. Crittenden's corps was in the advance, with Col. Stoke's cavalry leading. Having learned all that we could, we slowly retreated, reporting to General Morgan that the enemy's advance were at Tyree Springs.

Morgan selected some three hundred men from the different regiments and found an excellent position for ambush, on the east side of the pike in the thick brush. We lay down, resting upon our arms. The night was cold and the boys grew tired of waiting. We were between the cavalry and infantry columns. Suddenly, we were called to arms! The enemy were near. Some

stragglers came along, talking and laughing. Two sutlers' wagons came up, which were captured and sent into the woods. In a few minutes a small advance guard passed by unmolested. Then came the web-feet infantry moving along laughing and singing. Suddenly, we hear a clear, calm voice, "Ready! Aim! Fire!" A second later a volley from shotguns. The enemy recoiled, then rallied. A third volley at close range reached their ranks, with deadly effect. We could hear and see distinctly, officers reforming their men, and deploying them into line. They charge the hill. We again greet them with a sheet of fire; the artillery is brought forward. Saluting them again with another volley, there is a terrible din; the artillery opens on us with grape and canister, we are away to other fields of enterprise.

Morgan now moved rapidly through the woods to reach the extreme rear of his columns, making a wide detour. Before doing this, he had sent his prisoners and sutlers' wagons to camp under guard. We reached the pike some three or four miles from Tyree Springs. We captured some two and thirty prisoners and eight commissary wagons. After reaching our line, he paroled these prisoners, and they started for Kentucky, all seemingly glad to be thus relieved. They took good care to go by a road on which they would not meet any of their detachments.

On our way back to Gallatin we avoided the main roads, knowing that General Woods and Van Cleave's divisions were marching towards that place. Approaching close to the pike we discovered the advance of the enemy marching down the road. They were coming over the hill thick as fleas on a dog's back. The artillery, consisting of twenty-four twelve-pound steel pieces, passed us; it was the same that had lately fired at us so

viciously with grape and canister. The whole of Van Cleave's division passed us.

We saw two staff officers approaching. I asked permission to capture them. "Do you think you can take them without giving the alarm?" "I think I can, general; I am willing to try," I said. Captain Quirk was given permission also. I said, "Captain, you drop behind and I will go in front of them. I guess we can manage it." The captain crept through the brush until he was behind them. As they rode up, I halted them, placing myself before them and asked them to what command they belonged, saluting them at the same time. They told me they were officers on General Woods' staff and asked "What command do you belong to?" I replied, "To General Morgan's," and drew my pistols, one in each hand, saying, "You are my prisoners, surrender." Captain Quirk came forward, took their arms from them and turned them over to General Morgan, Major Stanton and Captain Shelton.

We again hastened toward Gallatin. At a distance of two miles we heard the "Bull Pups," our mountain howitzers, open on the advancing columns of the enemy. We quickened our march into a long, swinging gallop and reached a hill half a mile north of Gallatin, where we had a fine view of the situation. Morgan had cautioned Colonel Hutchison the evening before on leaving camp to keep a sharp eye on all the roads, to keep his scouts out, warned him of the approach of the enemy and cautioned him not to risk a fight with any force, save such as he could handle. Sending the brigade out on the Lebanon road to cross the Cumberland river, he retained only the advance guard one hundred strong, and the "Bull Pups," to salute the enemy as they entered the town. His guns were planted on an eminence on the Lebanon road just

outside the town. As the head of the infantry column entered the town, these guns opened on them, causing the column to recoil. Several well-directed shots were made but with little impression. As the little pieces were being limbered up to move off, a blue line of infantry was discovered drawn up in the road in the rear of the guns; it had taken position very quietly. General Morgan, Quirk and myself rode forward to observe the shelling of the town and stood eagerly watching the result. Presently the infantry deployed and the firing ceased; then the sudden movement of Colonel Hutchison and Alsten, Breckenridge and Ganoë. Every field and staff officer of the command was in the trap. They tried to escape along another road; they found that blockaded also. Finally the howitzers and the advance guard were sent across a pasture into the Springfield road. Hutchison with the numerous filed officers made the best of his way across the country, taking with him the "Bull Pups" and rejoined the brigade. The advance guard and the howitzers dashed gallantly past a large body of the enemy without being checked and with the loss of only one man killed and eight wounded.

The retreat of the others attracted the attention of the enemy as was intended, and they now rattled down the pike at a brisk trot, confident now that they were not surrounded, and that they could whip a moderate sized brigade. General Morgan, Captain Quirk and myself and companions, fifteen in number, making a wide detour to avoid any chance of capture reached the river as the last detachment was crossing. This was a highly exciting ride; we were in the saddle twenty out of the twenty-four hours. It appears almost incredible that men under the stimulation of highly exciting influences can undergo so much fatigue and enjoy it.

We went into camp six miles from Lebanon at a cross-roads, picketing and scouting in every direction. We discovered on the 10th of November a foraging party of the enemy with six wagons loaded with corn, hay and fodder. Moving up to them quietly while they were driving along we set the wagons on fire. There were four mules to each wagon. Soon the flames enveloped the wagons. The mules took fright, and away they went down the road.

The Yankee soldiers were in the house taking a free lunch off the man they were now plundering. Hearing the racket outside, they came pouring out of the house. We opened fire upon them at a lively rate, charging them furiously. They divided into two squads. While pursuing one of these I received a shot in my mouth, knocking out two teeth. I thought sure I had gotten my furlough, my final discharge, for good. I managed to keep my saddle. Lieutenant Clark took charge of the detachment and sent a soldier with me to the rear, towards camp. We encountered a detachment of thirty Yankees. I said to my comrade, "Keep close to me; do as I do." The Yankees came up and took us prisoners. I repeated, "Close to me; do as I do." I rode into their ranks, and as I turned about I jammed my spurs into my horse's sides and said, "Now!" I leaped my horse over the fence, clearing it at a bound. My comrade followed. At the same instant came a volley and shouting. We were into the thick cedars and woods; all was over; we were out of sight, safe. The Yankees had emptied their guns at us. Suddenly a sharp volley, a crashing sound, greeted our ears. Lieutenant Clark, returning from the chase heard the volley intended for me; heard the shouting of the Yankees, and saw them approach. He fixed an ambush and these worthies walked right into the

death trap. Hark, a volley! Another volley followed in quick succession. This detachment has also received its furlough; that is, many of them have.

XVII

THE GUERRILLA IN THE CIVIL WAR

The development of the guerrilla—Remarkable interview between Quantrell and Sheldon—The contre-guerrillas and the American squadron in Mexico—The American guerrilla.

I shall here try to give some of the causes that led to or produced the guerrilla in the border states in the Civil War.

It is the province of history to deal in facts which produce certain results; it has not the right to condemn the phenomena which caused them. Neither has it the right to decry or complain of the agency that directed it. Providence always raises up conditions to restore the equilibrium of eternal justice. Civil war might well have made the guerrilla but only the classes of the civil war could make of him the untamable, unmerciful creature history finds him. When he first went into the business of war he was somehow imbued with the old-fashioned idea that soldiering meant fighting and that fighting meant killing. He had his own ideas of soldiering, however, and desired nothing so much as to remain at home and meet its cruel despoilers upon his own premises or ground.

Not naturally cruel, and averse to invading the territory of any other people, he could not understand the patriotism of those who invaded his own territory. Patriotism such as his could not spring up in the market. He believed, indeed, that the patriotism of John Brown and his compeers was merely the patriotism of highway

robbery, and he believed the truth. Neither did the guerrilla become all at once merciless. Pastoral in his pursuits and reared among the timid surroundings of agricultural life, he knew nothing of the tiger that was in him until death had dashed into his face the blood of his own kin, in numberless and brutal ways, as in my brother's case. The fury of passion came to him slowly. It took him some time to learn the system of saving the Union by the methods in vogue. It was a truly brutal and an infamous system, which bewailed not even that which it crushed. It belied its doctrine by its tyranny and stained its measures and methods in blood. It arrogated right by its violence and dishonored its vaunted struggles by its executions.

Before the days of breech-loaders and revolvers, armies moved in fields almost wholly unfit for cavalry. They fought when they best liked it, and were more formidable in reputation than in prowess. The American's capacity for war can be estimated by the enterprising nature of his individual efforts as a guerrilla. He can guard defiles, surprise cantonments, capture convoys, disappear in the mountains, and make a safe retreat. The difficulty is not so much in fighting him as in finding him. He discovers and holds his own passes; learns the secrets of nature so that the rain or snow storm will be his ally, fog his friend, and he sure seeds for a harvest of armed men, that need only the cultivation of discipline to become a remarkable growth.

Before the great civil struggle began, nothing like a guerrilla organization had ever existed in the history of this country, and yet the strife was scarcely two months old before prominent in the field were leaders of guerrilla bands, more desperate than those of La Vendee, and organizations and fighters more to be de-

pended upon, and more bloodthirsty than the Fra Diavolos of Italy.

Take Quantrell and Berry, Anderson, Todd, McGruder or Pool, Cole Younger, the two James Boys, Frank and Jesse, or Jerome Clark; who ever heard of these Americans fighting less than twice, often three or four times, their own numbers, without holding their own? Recall the Centralia fight in Missouri—the Federals, under Colonel Johnson, numbering 315 men, and the guerrillas, under Bill Anderson, with 182 men. This was a supreme test of pluck and valor.

Who shall say that the experiences of Fra Diavolo, El Empecinado are not repeated in history? We have a number of such, for instance, Charles Quantrell and Coleman Younger. The white, set face of a maimed sister or a slain brother always make tense the muscles. Scenes like these are never absent from the minds of Capt. Sam Berry and T. F. Berry, whose sister was butchered by brutal vandals.

The noted Missouri guerrilla leader, Captain Charles Quantrell, went to Richmond to prevail upon Secretary of War Sheldon for a commission as colonel under the partisan rangers' act, whereby he would be accorded in his operations any protection the Confederate government might afford. Quantrell was prepared to recruit and equip his own men. This was in October, 1863, at which time I had gone to Richmond to report concerning the recruiting operations of my brother and myself in Kentucky, and I was present at the interview between Quantrell and Sheldon. General Lewis F. Wigfall, then a state senator from Texas, was also present at this interview, and from him the newspapers of that time obtained the facts and published them.

Secretary Sheldon told Quantrell that his proposal was barbarous and desperate.

"Yes," replied the guerrilla; "everything in this struggle is desperate, very desperate, and very barbarous. The cause is desperate, beyond a parallel in history, and we must use desperate means to win."

Quantrell was told by Secretary Sheldon that war had its immunities, even refinements.

"Yes, its refinements of brutality," answered Quantrell; "and its cruelties, all in this nineteenth century. It is barbarism crystallized."

Quantrell's eyes blazed like coals of fire, and his whole attitude and bearing at this moment were terrible. Looking into the eyes of the Secretary of War, he said:

"Barbarism," he repeated twice, "is war, war is barbarism." Very vehemently, "Barbarism means war. Mr. Secretary, since you have touched upon this subject, let us discuss it a little. Times as well as men have their crimes. For over twenty years this war cloud has been gathering; for over twenty years inch by inch and little by little the people called Abolitionists have been on the track of slavery. For over twenty years the people of the South have been robbed, here a negro and there a negro. For over twenty long years hates have been engendered, and wrathful feeling, and things have been said and done and laid up against this day of wrath. This day is now upon us. The war cloud has burst. Do you condemn this thunder-bolt?"

The secretary, leaning back, bowed his head. Quantrell leaving his own seat and standing over him, as it were, went on:

"Who are these people you call Confederates? Rebels. Unless they succeed, they are outlaws, traitors,

food for hangings, for gunpowder." He went on, standing over the old man: "There are no great statesmen in the South, or this war would have happened ten years ago, no men of vision or it would have happened not less than fifteen years ago. To-day the odds are fearful, desperate. The world hates slavery, and the world is now fighting you. To-day, Mr. Secretary, the ocean belongs to the Union navy, and there is a recruiting officer in every foreign port. I have killed, and killed many, who did not know one word of the English language or tongue. Mile by mile, the cordon is being drawn around us. The granaries of the South are gradually falling into our enemies' hands. Missouri will go first, Kentucky next, Tennessee next, then Arkansas and Mississippi, and then we must put gloves on our hands and honey in our mouth and fight this implacable enemy as Christ fought the wickedness of this world!"

Still the secretary did not speak and perhaps Quantrell did not wish him to.

"You ask an impossible thing, Mr. Secretary. This secession or revolution, or whatever you may choose to call it, cannot conquer or succeed without violence. Nor can those who hate it and hope to stifle it strike without vindictiveness. Every struggle has its philosophy. But this is not the hour for philosophers. Your young confederacy wants, must have, stout champions, not judges. We want victory as well as philosophy. Men must be killed, to impel the people to passion. There must be some sin mingled with the truth. To marshal them and stir their blood to enthusiasm something out of the ordinary or natural must occur. That medium should be a crusade or conquest in the name of liberty and that something out of the natural should be the black flag. You, all of us, must do this to win.

The Federals come to you with an oath of loyalty in one hand and the torch in the other, as I have seen them in Missouri. Bound hand and foot, by this Christless thing called consideration and amenities of war, look round you and see bleeding Missouri and Kentucky and many others. They should each of them have two hundred and fifty thousand men fighting for their liberty. There is to-day less than twenty thousand in one and fifty thousand in the other."

"What would you do, Captain Quantrell, were yours the power and the opportunity?"

"Do, Mr. Secretary? Why I would wage such a war and have such a war waged by land and sea as to make one shudder with horror. I would cover the armies of the Confederacy all over with blood. I would invade the enemy's country and reward audacity with the highest honors. I would exterminate. I would break up foreign enlistments by indiscriminate massacres. I would win the independence of our people, or find for them all an early grave. And what about our prisoners? Do they take prisoners from me? Surrounded, I do not surrender; surprised, I do not give way to panic; outnumbered, I rely upon common sense and stubborn fighting. Proscribed, I answer by proclamation. Hunted, I hunt my hunters in turn. I feel my power. Hated and made blacker than ten devils, I add to my heels the swiftness of a horse and to my horse, the terrors of a savage following. It matters little when or where a man dies, or is killed. As for Kansas, I hate her. I feel she should be laid waste at once; pillage and slaughter for her many crimes, subjugated with pitiless hand, such as they have given Missouri. My enemies have taught me these things, and these are my every day experiences. You now have

my ideas, Mr. Secretary, and I must say that I am sorry they do not accord with your own, nor with the ideas of the government, at Richmond, which you have the honor to represent so well."

Without his commission as a partisan ranger, Quantrell bowed himself out from the presence of the secretary of war, and departed from Richmond.

After Quantrell had gone the secretary turned to General Wigfall and said:

"That is a very wonderful and unusual man, is he not? We shall hear of him again."

In Mexico under Maximilian, the French had an organization known as contre guerrillas, that is to say, Imperial guerrillas, who fought when they could, and exterminated when they could. The republican-Mexican guerrilla, General Dupin, commanded them. He more nearly resembled Quantrell in his manner of fighting than any other leader in history. General Dupin was desperately cruel, but he fought fast and hard. Distance was nothing to him, no fatigue nor odds, nor difficulties of a position to assault. He had the flexibility of the tiger and panther together, and the grip of the bull dog. Nothing alive ever lived after he once laid hold upon it. Past sixty, bronzed as brown as a bag of leather, with a school girl's face, covered with decorations, straight as Tecumseh's arrow, he led his squadrons through ambushes, sixty miles long, and made the court martial bring up the rear. Eternally in the combat, any weapon fitted his hand just as any weapon fitted the hand of Quantrell, of Clark, the Berrys or McGruder. A born soldier, he used all his ability to terrify and exterminate.

With Dupin in Mexico was Captain Ney, Duke De Enghien, and a grandson of that other Ney, who, when

thrones were tumbling and fugitive kings flitting through the smoke at Waterloo, cried out to Delsio, "Come and see how a marshal of France dies on the field of battle." Ney had under him an American squadron, swart, stalwart fellows, seasoned in many a border battle, and bronzed by sunshine and stormy weather, all hiding themselves in the unknown beyond the Rio Grande.

These cool, calm men asked one another no questions of the past; nothing of retrospect remained. Content to march and fight, and be prodigal of everything, save brag or boast, they carried no black flag, and often gave no quarter. And how they fought! Dupin took note of this. Once when a day of battle opened ominously and when from the far front the story came back of repulses, savoring strongly of disaster and defeat, he chose this little band alone for a desperate charge and patched with it swiftly the riven ranks of his routed troops. When the hottest of the battle was over, when nowhere in street or town or chapparal an enemy struggled, he bade the balance of the regiment to defile past the guidon of these Americans and salute it, and sloping the standard toward us, to the sound of victorious music they saluted us.

In that day's fierce melee of America's best and bravest, thrice was the sword of Captain Ney put out to wave the foremost, bravest back, it being a point of honor with all French officers to permit no subaltern to pass him in a charge. Thrice did he cry aloud and warn the boldest that if they must pass him they would do so at their peril.

There were many of these bronzed, scarred veterans of the Southland, who joined these contre guerrillas in Mexico. Captain Ney's was the center company of the many dauntless spirits of these old Confederates,

who fought recklessly, as of old, because it was fashionable in the old days ago. One of these, yea two dozen, thrice three dozens, more than twelve dozens, pressed close behind the gallant Ney, among them being John C. Moore, of General Marmaduke's staff, with whom Joe Shelby and some of Morgan's and Forrest's giants struggled for glory and renown. War found them and him an enthusiast, and left him a philosopher. Moore was also the center of a group of choice and dauntless spirits who dreamed of empire in the land of the Aztecs, and who never for a moment lost faith in the future or saw need for despair in the present, until imbecility rose up and mastered resolution, and forced Maximilian from a throne to a dead wall.

There were no guerrillas in days of the American revolution, for in no sense of the word could General Francis Marion and his men be considered as such. He never severed communication with government forces, nor relied for a moment upon resources other than those of the departments regularly organized for military supremacy. As a part of the national army, he was an important factor in the plans of every campaign. His swamp warfare made him formidable, but never ferocious. He rarely killed, save in open battle, and being seldom retaliated upon, he had nothing to retaliate for in the way of equilibrium.

It required, indeed, all the scenes of the Civil war of 1861 to 1865 to produce the genuine American guerrilla. More enterprising, more deadly, more capable of incessant or increased physical endurance, more fitted by nature for deeds of reckless hardihood and daring, given over to less of penitence when face to face with the final end than any French, or Spanish, or Mexican, or Italian guerrilla; notorious in song and story, he

simply lived the life that was in him, and took the worst or best as it came. Circumstances made him unsparing, sometimes, but not from any predisposition or mode of reasoning. He fought fire with fire. He made of the infamous badge a birthright and boasted of it as an inheritance, while flaunting it in the face of civilization, which denounced criminals, while condoning the crimes that made them. One half the country believe that these men were highway robbers, crossed upon the panther. The other half, that they were the gallant defenders of their home and nation—of their native Southland. One half believed them to have been ordinary avenging nemesis of their rights; the others, a forbidding monster of assassination. History cannot hesitate, however, and abandon him to the imagination of the romancers.

In Kentucky, as in all the border states, the original Abolitionists were so-called Union men, and most of them were an imported or mongrel breed, or were indigenous to the mountains or the poorer sections of these states. There always belonged to this type a chronic longing for his neighbor's goods and chattels, a chronic case of chills and fever, a starved cow and a pack of poor, half-starved dogs, mangy, like himself; also, a Sharps rifle, or a squirrel rifle, when they could have them at somebody's else expense. He owned a Bible for hypocrisy's sake, affecting something that savored of the real presence of the Book, that it might give backbone to a sniveling, canting pretense in manner. A mountebank, villian, scoundrel, thief, a conscienceless plunderer, a merciless, brutal murderer of helpless, old men and women, this class of creatures was preeminently fitted for the brutalities of a civil war, which always produces more adventures than heroes. His hands,

large, red and hairy, were proof of grasping greediness; his shambling ungainliness added to his weak, hesitating walk, made a figure once seen, never to be forgotten. They were all of a type or kind. The mouth always wore a calculating smile, especially when conscious of being watched, the only remaining gift of a Puritan ancestry. When looked at closely, this calculating smile became sanctimonious. Slavery concerned these worthies, only when the slave-owners were supposed to be rich. Born to nothing, and eternally out at the elbows, just so long as Beecher presided over Aid and Immigration Societies for stealing negroes, preached wholesale highway robbery, and defended political murder, and sent something in real fruits or funds, surely there was some good in Israel. John Brown and Beecher were high priests. Chance kicked the country into civil war, and gave these and their kind a high license to rob and have a good time; a chance to plunder their betters; wholesale business to beggars and bummers. When this high priest of republican fanaticism, John Brown, stained his hands in innocent blood and was handed over to a just punishment, all the howling, fanatical horde cried aloud that he was a martyr to honest convictions.

The memories of this bloody period linger in the mind, wrathful and accusing. Memory recalls this period and the canting, snivelling hypocrisy of these brutal thieves, and also the misery of their helpless victims.

We know that blood is as contagious as air. The fever of civil war had its climax, its delirium. When the guerrilla awoke under stress, he was a giant. He took in at a single glance all the immensity of the struggle. He was hunted, proscribed. He had neither

flag nor country, not even government. He enjoyed neither the rights nor the amenities of civilized warfare. These were not to be his, and a dog's death awaited him if he surrendered, even in the extreme agony of battle. Thus, the house which sheltered him had to be burned; the father whom he succeeded had to be butchered; the mother who prayed for him, had to be insulted; the sister who carried him food had to be imprisoned or killed; the friend who sympathized must be robbed and insulted; the neighborhood which witnessed his combats had to be laid to waste; the comrade shot down by his side had to be put to death like a wild beast. Then only did he lift up a black flag in self defense and fought as became a man and a hero.

Unstinted abuse has been heaped upon the guerrilla organization, because in its name bad men plundered the helpless, pillaged friend and foe alike, assaulted non-combatants. The murder and assassination of the innocent was not the guerrilla's work. It fitted all too well the hands of those cowards crouching in the rear of either army, courageous only where women defended what remained to themselves and their children. Desperate and remorseless as he undoubtedly was, the guerrilla killed in the name of God, and his country, and saw shining down on his pathway a luminous patriotism. The nature of his warfare made him responsible, of course, for many monstrous things, in which he had no personal share. Denied a hearing at the bar of public opinion, the *bete noir* of all loyal jouranalists, painted blacker than ten devils, and given a countenance that was made to retain the shadows of all the death agonies he had seen, is it strange in the least that his fiendishness became omnipresent and that he assailed omnipotently? The cruel acts of Federal soldiers, five times

more cruel, were laid at the door of the guerrilla. Standing at bay, he died, always as a wolf dies, backed against the rock. Both officers and men were daily made familiar with these bloody scenes. These hell hounds made his enemies fear and hate him. From all their bomb-proof places his enemies slandered him, fired silly lies at him at long range, and put afloat monstrous and unnatural stories.

A few guerrillas believed that retaliation should be a punishment, not a revenge, and when an execution was unavoidable they gave to it the solemnity of law, receiving the endorsement of civilization. The majority, however, always killed without ado. They had passwords that only the initiated understood, and signals that meant anything or nothing. A night bird was a messenger, a day bird a courier; to their dialect they added woodcraft, and to the condition of the proscribed, the cunning of the Indian. They knew the name and the number of the enemies' regiment by the shoes on the horses, and told the nationality of the troops by the manner in which the twigs were broken along the march. They could see in the night like other hunted beasts of prey, and hunted when it was darkest, caring not for a road so long as there was a trail and caring not for a trail if there was direction. When there was no wind, and when clouds hid the sun or stars, they travelled by the moss on the trees. In the daytime they looked with their eyes; in the night time, with their hands. Living much in fastnesses, they were rarely surprised. In solitude they developed a more acute instinct of self preservation. By degrees, a caste began to be developed and was established. Men stood forth as leaders as if by inherent right, by the unmistakable right of superior address and undaunted courage. There

was a kind of brotherhood of courage, an aristocracy of daring, wherein the humblest among them might win a crown, or establish a dynasty. And there were many of these, respect for personal powers begat discipline, and discipline strengthened by the terrible pressure of outside circumstances, was kept in the midst of an organization ostensibly without a government, and without a flag. Internal feuds came rarely to blows. The men were free to come and go; bound by no enlistment and dependent upon no bounty. Hunted by one nation and apologized for by the other, prodigal of life and property, foremost in every foray and dying last in every rout, they were content to die savagely and at bay, when from under the dead steed the wounded rider could not extricate himself. Unmerciful rarely and merciful often; loving liberty in a blind, idolatrous fashion; half superstitious, holding no crime as bad as cowardice in battle; courteous to women amid all the wild license of pillage and slaughter; steadfast as faith to comradeship and friends; too serious for boastfulness and too close or near to the unknown to deceive even themselves; with sanity, eminently practical, being constantly envired; starved today and feasted tomorrow; victorious in this combat or decimated in that; receiving no quarter and giving none, is it strange then that Christians looked in amazement at the shocking, blood-stained, sable garments of civil war and wondered at a perpetual cut-throat ambushade?

XVIII

FIGHTING WITH MORGAN

Capturing the garrison at Gallatin—Lightning Ellsworth's expedition—Burning a tunnel—Revenge at Bald Knob—Battle at Castillian Springs.

It was now planned that General Morgan should set out to surprise the Federal garrison at Gallatin, a distance of seventy-five miles. He had also received orders to destroy the railroad between Nashville and Louisville. Pressing forward through Hartsville, stopping only long enough to feed, the command left the main road a few miles from Gallatin to avoid the pickets, which were captured by scouts sent after we had avoided their rear. As we entered the town a small party was sent to capture Colonel Boone, the Federal commander, who as we had learned, was in the habit of sleeping in town. Captain Desha reached the house, surrounded it and sent three trusty men to capture him. We found him asleep in bed. We aroused him. He attempted to reach for his pistols on a table near by. We covered him and warned him not to try any violence, as he was our prisoner.

Captain Desha sent him to Morgan, who advised him to write a letter to the officer at the camp urging him to surrender, as they were surrounded, to spare the effusion of blood. Colonel Boone consented to this and his letter was sent under a flag of truce. It had the desired effect, as the entire garrison fell into our hands without firing a shot. Two companies had been sent away. Colonel Boone and his command was paroled—

450 prisoners with a good many officers, 500 fine Springfield rifles were captured; also, a train of wagons, and several cars with about 100 fine horses on them. Many stores were also seized. The next day a train loaded with forage for the cavalry was taken.

A very funny thing happened at this time. Our Comrade, "Lightning" Ellsworth, was immediately put in possession of the telegraph office and he went to work with more than his ordinary ingenuity. It was the peculiarity of this "truly great man" in his line to be successful only in his own department. If he attempted anything else, he was sure to fail. He took it into his head to go after a notorious and very dangerous bushwhacker and bring him to camp. Our best scouts had tried in vain to capture him. Without telling any one of his intention, he took Colonel St. Leger Grenfel's horse, upon which was strapped a saddle, which the owner prized very highly, and behind that was tied a buff coat, equally prized, and in this coat was all the gold the colonel had brought with him when he joined us.

Thus equipped he started out with one companion to take the redoubtable Captain King. He went boldly to that worthy's house, who, seeing only two men coming, scorned to take to the brush. To Ellsworth's demand to surrender he answered with several volleys from his shot gun, severely wounding his friend and putting Ellsworth to flight. King pressed the retreat and Ellsworth brought off his wounded companion, but lost horse, saddle, coat and gold. St. Leger was like an excited volcano, and sought Ellsworth, to slay him instantly. Four days were required to pacify him, during which time the operator had to be kept out of his sight. He never fully forgave Ellsworth for the loss of his

saddle and great coat, which had been his companions for many years—he had them in nearly all his wanderings.

The truth was, Ellsworth was out of his element when he tried soldiering, but when seated at the keys he was always master of the situation. No man could match him at that work. See him catch without a boggle, "signals"—"tariff," and all the rest, fool the regular operators, baffle with calm confidence their efforts to detect him, and even turn to his own advantage their very suspicions. He was unquestionably a genius. As if to demonstrate incontestably his own superiority he has since the war closed invented a plan to prevent just such tricks as he used to practice at every station. Much of the success of General Morgan's operations was due to this man's ready wit and genius. The soldiers of Morgan's command dubbed him "Lightning."

While at Gallatin we destroyed the tunnel by running a train of cars into it and setting fire to them. This tunnel was situated six miles from Gallatin. A great deal of wood work lined it; huge beams and cross ties were placed to support the roof which was of a peculiar rock, and liable at any time to disintegrate and tumble down. The fire once kindled would smoulder for weeks.

Returning to Gallatin after four days' absence we found everything in confusion and distress. The women and children were in the streets wringing their hands and crying at the top of their voices. They told a very distressing story. During our short absence 300 infantrymen had come to Gallatin, and on that evening had arrested every man and boy they could find in the town, and had driven them off like a drove of cattle to Nashville. The women were in terrible distress over their

loss. This was done because of the kind reception given us on a recent occasion. We found that one of our comrades had been captured, and then kicked and cuffed to death, also shot, to be sure he was dead. We saw his blood on the bridge where he was killed. His body was a mass of bruises. Our men became furious and could hardly be restrained. We started in pursuit of the brutal, cowardly miscreants, overtaking them at Bald Knob. They had heard the roar of our horses' hoofs and had turned loose the prisoners; though some of them were shot, and beaten over the head before abandoned.

They all fled for their lives down the road, across the fields and woods. Some hid themselves in culverts, under bridges, in brush-heaps, in shocks of fodder—anywhere to hide from the just vengeance of outraged humanity. There were about 100 who made some show of defence and fought with that desperation born of despair, knowing full well that they had forfeited all claims to civilized war. We charged them furiously and shot them without mercy. The officers tried in vain to restrain our infuriated men. The rattling shots told of deadly work by the maddened soldiers. Few were left when Morgan came and sternly rebuked the men for such excesses, and threatened to have the first man shot who should dare fire another shot. I asked him then and there how he would like to have his sister butchered or his young brother or father brutalized in the way some of the rest of us had. He did not reply to this question.

The war spirit and blood was now up in these men. They demanded to be sent against the stockade. The first one encountered was reduced without trouble. The gates were open and some of the Yankees outside. It

was a race who should enter first. We entered together, Reb and Yank, side by side. We captured the place without firing a shot. The others were reduced after much severe fighting and loss of life. We lost several fine officers and men before they were captured. This was an exciting and eventful day. Our loss in these affairs was **22 killed and 17 wounded**. The enemy lost 300 killed and 35 prisoners. The citizens, prisoners, old men and boys not over ten years old were gotten together and mounted behind some of the men. Others of the soldiers had dismounted and placed from two to four old men and boys on one horse and walked alongside them. Returning we met the people of the adjacent country, coming with every description of vehicles to convey their escaped relatives and friends back to their homes. The rescued were weary and footsore, many of them hardly able to drag one foot after the other. When we reached the town there was a wild scene of joy and congratulation.

We camped in the fair grounds that night. Our scouts reported that a formidable Federal force had passed through Hartsville on the previous night and was then camped at Castillian Springs, ten miles from Gallatin. The pickets were strengthened in that direction and the scouts were sent to watch. They returned and reported the enemy rapidly approaching. We formed line on a gallop. Sure enough, they were advancing on us in fine array, forming in line of battle, with artillery in sight.

Colonel Gano was ordered to attack on horseback. There were two battalions dismounted on the right of line, three on the left, each with supports in close distance, and our artillery was in the center. Gano's three battalions were in the extreme rear of the column. Each

battalion defiled to right and left as they came up. Gano's was now forming in column of fours right forward. After all had taken their places a gap was left in our line. The enemy seeing this started to enter. They were met by Gano in a furious, head-long charge. It was so sudden, impetuous, and determined that it caused the enemy to recoil. At this moment companies D, I, K, and G were forming. On the left of the Hartsville pike and east of Scottsville road was a woodland of some twenty acres. Company H was formed here and cleared it of the enemy and kept it clear until the line advanced. To the left of this woodland was a meadow, five or six hundred yards long and some three hundred broad.

Believing that Morgan was trying to escape or avoid battle, three or four hundred men dashed across this meadow with drawn sabres flashing in the sunlight. It was indeed a grand sight as they rode toward the horses which they saw in the road beyond. Companies A, B, C, E and F were by this time dismounted, and here dropped on their knees behind a stone fence on the east side of the road. The enemy came rushing on. We held our fire until the enemy were in thirty yards, then we opened on them. Now was seen the terrible effect of a volley from that long, thin line which looked so easy to break through, and yet whose fire was so deadly. Every man took deliberate aim at an individual foe, and as the blaze left the guns two-thirds of the riders, as well as horses, went down. The cavalry recoiled. Our men sprang up and poured such another volley that the rout was complete.

On the right, Gano had not been idle. After checking the enemy's advance, he had re-formed his squadron. Hutchinson and Bowles had driven back

the enemy, which now had re-formed for another charge. The companies on the right had taken a position where they could enfilade the enemy's line as it strove to advance. Both our wings were now engaged in a hot contest all along the line. The melee grew fierce. The artillery took part with a few discharges of grape and cannister. The enemy was forced back everywhere. Gano charged again with three companies, Captain Sam Berry's, my own own, and Captain Shelton's. Gano pressed them closely, killing many of them.

After retreating about a mile, General Johnson, commanding, rallied his men, and re-formed on a hill. Gano readjusted his lines and charged. Again the enemy retreated in disorder. A number of prisoners and all the wounded fell into our hands. General Johnson retreated some three miles and sent in a flag of truce, proposing an armistice that he might bury his dead. General Morgan replied that he could not entertain any proposition, but an unconditional surrender. General Johnson replied to this, that catching came before hanging. Morgan was now in swift pursuit. Dividing the command into three columns, he sent each in a special direction, being thus more certain to encounter the enemy. We struck them about six miles from the first battle-field, our flanking column closing in upon them from all sides. Charging them, the fight lasted only a few minutes. General Johnson, with the remnant of his command, surrendered. His killed was 69, wounded 107.

General Johnson's force was a command of twenty-four companies taken from the various cavalry regiments of Buell's army, and sent by him to destroy or capture Morgan and his force. Johnson was appointed to this command upon his own earnest solicitation, and

when passing through Hartsville told the citizens he was going to Gallatin to capture Morgan and bring him back in a band box.

A few incidents of a personal character will illustrate some of the many curious experiences in the life of a soldier. When we had repulsed the enemy the first time they re-formed for a charge. Captain Leabo of the Second Indiana, dashed down upon our line and coming on himself after his men turned back, was made a prisoner; still another soldier was made a prisoner in the same way, although he did not come with the same intent which inspired the gallant captain.

The wildest looking fellow, perhaps, in the Yankee army came rattling down the pike on a sorrel horse, which was running away with him; his hair standing on end, his mouth wide open, his shirt collar flying by one end like a flag of truce, and his eyes glazed. He was caught by the greatest wag in the command, perhaps in the western army, the celebrated Jeff Sterritt. With a look of appalling ferocity Jeff exclaimed, "I don't know whether to kill you now or wait until the fight is over." "For God's sake," said the captive, "don't kill me at all. I am a dissipated character and not prepared to die at this time!"

Our sturdy rough riders had their gaities, frolics, and pleasures; in fact, there was but one, or perhaps, two things that caused them trouble. First, continuous stationary camp duty; second, and not the least important of the two, restraint or rigid discipline. These were to them a holy horror. All the command had that cohesive, instinctive discipline or personal self-respect and intelligence that make of the volunteer American soldier the highest type of the efficient, destructive sol-

dier on earth, and this command possessed them in an eminent degree.

It will be impossible for the men whose lives were staked upon so many fields ever to forget this period of active, stirring scenes. The beautiful country, the blue-grass pastures, and the grand, noble trees, the encampments in the shady forests, through which ran the clear, cool Tennessee waters, the lazy enjoyments of the bivouac, changing abruptly to the chase and hot conflict, and the midnight moonlit rides amidst the lovely scenery cause the recollections which crowd our minds when we think of Gallatin and Hartsville, to mingle almost inseparably with romance. In this country lived a people worthy of it. In all the qualities which win respect and love; in generosity, honesty, devoted friendship, zealous adherence to what they deemed the right, unthinking support of those who labor for them, in hospitality and kindness, the Creator never made a people to excel them. May God bless and prosper them.

XIX

SOME OF MORGAN'S DARING EXPLOITS

Escape at Tyree Springs—Visiting Buell at Nashville.

General Morgan was remarkable for his ability to extricate himself from dangerous situations. His escapades of daring fired his men with a spirit of emulation, and were largely responsible for the romantic renown that attaches to his command.

I recall a startling experience that occurred shortly after the campaign of General Bragg in Kentucky. Morgan did not follow the line of retreat pursued by the Confederate army, which marched out through the mountains of southern Kentucky and Tennessee; he dashed along the rear of the Federal columns, as they passed southward toward Nashville and middle Tennessee. He inflicted considerable loss and annoyance upon the enemy, by taking their route, making many considerable captures of prisoners and stores, and finally after completing a circuit of all Federal forces, reached and took position at Gallatin on the Louisville and Nashville railroad, before any of them had gotten so far on their march to Nashville. It was his object to impair and render useless the railroad to such an extent, at least, as the limited time in which he had to do such work, would permit. The masses of the Federal army—then commanded by General Rosecrans, Buell having been removed—was so close upon him, however, that he was not only compelled to perform hastily the

task of bridge burning and track destruction, but frequently abandoned it, to pay some attention to the approaching enemy.

Such occasion was when he prepared an ambush of 200 men for General Crittenden's corps at Tyree Springs, about twenty-five miles from Nashville. After a sharp fight with the head of the column, he made a wide detour and again reached the road on which it was moving, three or four miles to the rear. Dispersing his men in small detachments, he put all to work to capture stragglers. With Lieutenant Quirk, myself and four others General Morgan had collected a number of prisoners and disarmed them and was escorting them down the road to be turned over to the guard, which had been detailed to remain near the road and take charge of the various captures.

Suddenly his dangerous undertaking was summarily interfered with, and the conditions came very near being reversed. By some means the information of what was going on reached the Federal officer in command, and he sent Colonel Stokes' regiment from Tyree Springs to put a stop to it, which, because of the small number of men engaged, it might readily do. This regiment struck General Morgan's small squad at a sharp turn of the road, Morgan, Quirk and myself, in the advance of the prisoners, came right face to face with the Federals who had no notice of our presence or proximity.

General Morgan, as were his men, was dressed in the Confederate uniform. He determined to deceive the enemy into the belief that he himself was a Federal officer and, strangely enough, succeeded. He was, of course, halted and questioned. He answered promptly, with great frankness. He stated that he was a Colonel

of a Michigan cavalry regiment, which was only a short distance away, and that the prisoners were his own men, whom he had arrested for straggling. He expiated at great length and with much heat and enthusiasm upon the evils of straggling, pointing out how detrimental it was to discipline and also how dangerous it was when the enemy was in the immediate vicinity, and concluded by urging his auditors to follow his example and to scatter at once, in search of other such offenders. The prisoners who believed he himself would be captured, listened with broad grins on their faces, without saying anything.

Those to whom his remarks were addressed were much bewildered, but strongly inclined to doubt the truth of his story. They asserted that his dress and address, and general appearance, was a very strange one for a Federal officer. The rebels, they said, very often masqueraded in blue, but none of them had ever heard of any of their officers wearing gray. The colloquy became quite warm and decidedly personal, and one officer finally suggested that Morgan should go with him to Colonel Stokes, and repeat his story to him. At this General Morgan grew very indignant. He announced in a very hearty tone that he was not accustomed to having his word questioned and would not submit to it; he said he would bring his entire regiment to testify to his identity and convince them that a Michigan colonel was incapable of telling a lie. With that, calling on us to follow, he suddenly wheeled his horse and galloped away before an effort could be made to stop him. He leaped the fence at full speed and dashed with his comrades into a neighboring brushy thicket, where we were safe from the shots that came from the enemy in pursuit.

It is probable that none other than Morgan could have escaped, at least but few. But not only his audacity, but his self possession, quickness of apprehension and thought, and adroitness of suggestion and expedience in the presence of danger were literally perfect. I have known several similar escapes where the chances seemed strongly against it, but in each case there was some circumstance to either intimidate or mystify the enemy or in some manner contribute to the aid of the party imperiled or escaping.

On this occasion everything was adverse to our escape. We were all dressed in full Confederate uniform. The enemy knew that a Confederate force was in the immediate vicinity, and it was reasonable to suppose that he belonged to it, as they had been fighting in the advance. The prisoners could have told their story, and disclosed his true character, notwithstanding his clever fabrications. He could rely only upon his absolute self-poise and address, which never failed him, and a quality that was mesmeric. I can describe it only as the power to subject to his will nearly everybody who came near its influence.

While on this subject I shall give another very remarkable and daring incident concerning this very remarkable man. While camped at La Verne, during the stay and operations of General Mitchell's forces south of Nashville, Morgan took it into his head to go into this city and with the help of seven picked men set fire to the accumulated commissary stores and transports and destroy them at night. We all dressed in ragged, dirty, patched clothing; were to fire the storehouses at a certain hour at night, then to make our way out of the city. He dressed himself in a rough, farmer's suit, obtained a double ox team, loaded a large hay frame with

hay and driving into Nashville, called for General Buell at his headquarters and would not be put off. He must see the general himself to sell him his hay. He finally had his wish and saw the general, talked to him in the long, drawling speech of the backwoods countryman, got his money, obtained the information he sought and came back to us with a pass through the lines. He could impersonate any character he wished. His resourcefulness was almost unlimited. He never sent men where he would not lead; he often appeared reckless even to foolhardiness, but his plans with few exceptions always worked out. His very remarkable escape from the Ohio penitentiary, described later, is one of the most daring in the annals of the world.

After we made our escape in front of Colonel Stokes' regiment, we found the command several miles away. They had been informed that General Morgan and those who were with him had been captured, as some of our soldiers had seen us meet the Federal column and thought we were surely captured. During this day our command had destroyed the railroad train on the Nashville railroad, thus blocking traffic.

XX

THE CAMPAIGN IN KENTUCKY, 1862

Reorganization of the command—Expedition on Hartsville—I am examined by the surgeon—Attack on Hartsville—Morgan commissioned brigadier general—His marriage.

Before starting on the campaign into Kentucky, there was a reorganization of the entire command. We had been on a continual, hard campaign and had suffered a heavy loss of men in killed and wounded and captured. Many changes had occurred. Many of the old, familiar faces had disappeared. At this time, November, 1862, the command had attained the proportions of a brigade of some five regiments, notwithstanding the heavy loss. Many of the privates of the old squadron were now commanders of companies and battalions; those that still survived, who were not assigned as above were formed into a company with all who had distinguished themselves by bravery in battle and as expert shots. All were exempted from camp and picket duty, were distinguished as scouts, and were always in the advance of the command when on the march. They were a select body of men and were often called "the old guard." The scouts were almost constantly in the saddle during the fall and winter months.

On the 6th day of October, 1862, General Morgan received orders at Lexington to place his command in communication with General Kirby Smith's command and operate with him in the coming conflict. Taking Duke's, Gano's and his own command, we moved down to Versailles.

A number of noted Kentuckians joined us here for the purpose of making the campaign to Hartsville. Colonel Hanson and his magnificent regiment had been exchanged to the second Kentucky. All these veteran soldiers had been captured at Fort Donaldson. General Bragg was concentrating his army in the vicinity of Murfreesboro, receiving constant accessions to it. All was preparation and bustle in the camps.

I had a leave of absence of ninety days but did not care to leave my father. I visited all the camps, especially the Kentucky division. I had many warm, personal friends among these soldiers. My wound was healing nicely. There was some soreness in my throat and lung in the region of the bullet.

We crossed the Cumberland river and found the left wing of the Yankee army camped near Gallatin. Hartsville and Rodney were occupied by detachments of McCook's and Crittenden's corps, with several miles intervening. We reported this to General Morgan. General Bragg's headquarters were at Murfreesboro.

General Rosecrans occupied LaVerne, Shelbyville and Clinton, west of Murfreesboro. On the east and immediately in front, on the right wing of Bragg's army, the enemy had established garrisons at Gallatin, Hartsville and Castillian Springs, on account of the supplies it afforded his army and also for the purpose of shutting us out.

These garrisons were supposed to be in supporting distance of each other, Gallatin being six miles from Hartsville and twelve miles from Castillian Springs. This entire region is a beautiful farming country, the garden spot of middle Tennessee, and very much like the blue grass region of Kentucky. A Confederate force marching to attack any one of the garrisons must necessarily

expose to attack its flanks, and also its rear from Nashville. The Cumberland river was also a natural protection. Consequently these garrisons felt safe from attack. Our camps were at Black's Shops and near Woodbury, Tennessee, and our regiment at Lebanon. Morgan and his men had great affection for Sumner county; many of her gallant sons were in the command. Upon learning the enemy's situation, Morgan, at his request, was allowed to select two regiments of infantry from the Kentucky brigade to attack Hartsville. He chose Cobb's battery, which was the finest in the army; the noted Second Kentucky, Hanson's; the Ninth Kentucky under Colonel Trabue. Hunt commanded the Second Kentucky on this campaign. Hanson had been made a brigade commander. Colonel Trabue did not accompany his men. We were familiar with this entire region. General Morgan expressly requested that Colonel Hunt should command the infantry.

The cavalry under the immediate command of Col. Basil Duke, consisted of the regiments of Cols. Gano, Bennett and Clark and Chenault's and Stearn's battalions. The infantry who joined us, about seven hundred strong, were as fine soldiers as ever trod the earth. The entire force amounted to 2200 men. We set out on the morning of December 1, 1862. The weather was bitterly cold, ice and snow covering the frozen ground. We marched all day and all night, reaching the river about one o'clock. The infantry crossed in boats, with ice fringing the river banks. The cavalry was compelled to swim the icy water. It was arranged to let the infantry ride alternately with the cavalry, a portion of the cavalry dismounted and gave up their horses, but the infantry soon clamored to dismount and walk as they were thoroughly chilled and their wet feet nearly frozen; in a like

manner the cavalry suffered intensely. The darkness caused some confusion in returning horses to the right owners. The infantry denounced the cavalry service with all the resources of a soldier's vocabulary.

I asked General Morgan for the poor privilege of accompanying the brigade. He referred me to the surgeon who stripped me to the waist and examined me critically. He thumped me with the fingers of his right hand. The ends of his fingers, striking my ribs and chest, caused a sound like a kettle drum. He listened, with his ear to my chest for some minutes, turned me over and repeated the same manner on my shoulder blade (scapula). He handled me as if I were a vinegar barrel. His methods, I found to my disgust, had not improved with practice since our last meeting. He looked me over and scratched his head, incidentally looking very wise, and said, "Percussion shows some crepitus and frictional sounds. I don't like this." I stumbled backward into a seat. "Doctor," said I, "am I as bad as these things seem to indicate, whatever they are? Are they very dangerous." I had now aroused his Scotch-Irish blood. He eyed me for a few minutes with evident disgust and said, "God damn you, you make fun of me in the discharge of my duty! I care not whether you live or die. Get out, you imp, you scoundrel, out of my sight; I don't believe anything can kill you, anyway; out with you". I had been riding about for three weeks. I had the laugh on the surgeon at any rate. I was sorry afterward that I did not remain in camp, according to his advice, as the weather was intensely cold.

When all were across, each detachment moved to its appointed position. All the Yankee outposts were captured without noise or alarm. The command was divided into three sub-divisions, one to march swiftly and

silently to the west of Hartsville and there guard the roads leading to this place; one to the east of Hartsville to guard the roads leading west to this town; the central, or third division, was assigned the duty of capturing the brigade camped near the town of Hartsville.

The astonished enemy was awakened from slumber at early dawn with the rattle of musketry from every direction and met with volleys of leaden bullets. The battle lasted just sixty minutes, but it was lively while it lasted. We captured 4870 prisoners, killed 163 and wounded 400. We seized six 12-pound cannon that had never before been used in battle, and 5000 stands of arms. Our loss was thirty-two killed, sixty-nine wounded, twelve missing, some of whom were drowned, and three frozen to death.

We were now compelled to make a rapid march for the river and cross it with these prisoners, as we now had at least 20,000 of the enemy at our heels. It required some swift marching and sharp fighting to stand the Yankee soldiers off, to retain the prisoners and to recross in safety. We used the captured artillery on them with telling effect until our men were all safely over. They did not attempt to follow.

This action was considered by the army to be the most brilliant thing Morgan had accomplished. General Bragg, in his congratulatory orders to the army on our return, spoke in the highest praise of the conduct of the troops, especially of the remarkable march of the infantry. He said to Brigadier General Morgan and Colonel Hunt: "The General Commander tenders his thanks and assures them of the admiration of this army. The intelligence, zeal and gallantry displayed by them will serve as an example and incentive to still further honorable deeds, to the other brave officers and men ac-

companying this expedition. The General tenders his cordial thanks and congratulations. He is proud of them, and hails this success, and is charmed by their valor, and as a procurer of still greater victories each corps engaged in this action will in the future bear upon its banners the name of this memorable field."

At this time General Morgan was formally made Brigadier General and handed his commission. There are some who have doubted that he was ever commissioned as such. I personally saw the commission.

Another event happened which I have always thought, with many others, materially affected Morgan's fortunes; his marriage to Miss Ready, at Murfreesboro; a lady to whom he was very much attached and who certainly deserved to exercise over him the great influence she was thought to possess.

The ceremony was performed by General Leonidas Polk, by virtue of his commission as Bishop, in full Major General's uniform, at the residence of the bride's father, Charles Ready, which that night held a happy assemblage of distinguished guests. It was one of the few scenes of happiness that house was destined to witness before its memories of joy and gaiety were to give place to heavy sorrows, and the harsh insults of the invaders.

The bridegroom's friends, brothers-in-arms, the commander in chief, and Generals Hanson, Breckinridge and many others, felt called upon to stand by him upon this occasion.

Colonel St. Leger Grenfels was in a high state of delight although he had regretted the General's marriage, thinking it would render him less enterprising. He declared a wedding at which an Episcopal bishop militant clad in a General's uniform officiated, and at which the

chief of an army and his corps of commanders were guests, certainly ought not to soften a soldier's temper. On his way home that night he sang Moorish songs to his comrades, with a French accent, to English airs.

In the engagement at Hartsville a number of noble Kentucky youths served as couriers and staff officers under General Morgan, for whom he and his entire command had great fondness. A loss deplored by all was the death of Major Gervaise Peyton. This boy was the most favored and petted in the command. He was a highly intelligent boy, twenty years of age; gentlemanly and fearless, the soul of honor. His integrity and sense of propriety were marked. His daring and gallantry under fire was superb. There was not an officer in the command who would not act upon a verbal order from him. Daring, even to recklessness, he would lead a charge at any time. Exposing himself in this battle at Hartsville, he received such a wound that he could not be moved. With us he was made a prisoner and absolutely fretted himself to death inside of twenty days.

XXI

THE "CHRISTMAS CAMPAIGN," 1862

Departure of Grenfels—Again on the march to Kentucky—Skirmishes at Glasgow and Bear Wallow—Capture of Elizabethtown—Death of Colonel Halsey—I am shot through the lung and captured—I escape at Louisville—Back to the command at Liberty, Tennessee—We meet our first negro troops—Battle at Woodbury—Colonel Hutchinson killed and I am wounded at Big Springs.

The day before starting on what was known as the "Christmas Campaign" in 1862, the first brigade had in its ranks about 1800 men, the second brigade 700, and in the two other regiments, Chenault's brigade, 2000. This included the artillery. There were about 200 unarmed men, all mounted. These had been recently exchanged as prisoners; arms had not been provided for them. We expected to capture arms for them from the enemy. They were not so useless as it might appear, at first thought, as they were detailed to hold horses during the battle. The division now included the Quirk's scouts. General Morgan's report of his strength to the commander was 3900 men. At this time my friend, St. Leger Grenfels, severed his connection with this command, having accepted the appointment of Inspector-General of the cavalry of the western army. His saddle, bridle and buff overcoat were captured at the battle of Hartsville, and were returned to him. It had been captured by a noted Home Guard, Captain King, several months before, from our man "Lightning," Morgan's telegraph operator. St. Leger was overjoyed at recovering



CAPT. S. O. BERRY, SR., (CENTER BOTTOM ROW) AND MESSENGERS AT CAMP DOUGLAS.

his old time relics. He served with the western army to the close of the struggle, was captured, and with a number of other prisoners, who were charged with some special crimes, doubtless falsely, as many others had been at this period, was sent to the barren, sandy island of Dry Tortugas, off the coast of Florida.

He tried to escape in a small open boat at night during a storm at sea; this craft was washed ashore by the tides. No one has ever heard or seen him since; his fate, therefore, remains a mystery. He certainly was one of the most unique and interesting characters that our civil strife floated to the surface. Peace to his memory, soul and ashes. Amen.

There now comes to us a young man of fine executive ability, James Magginiss of New York state. He was made adjutant-general to the command, after St. Leger Grenfels resigned this office. This young soldier was killed six months later in a battle at Gordons Mills, Tenn. He died doing his duty as a soldier, and died as a soldier should die. There were many magnificent soldiers in this command, many of them the pick of the youth and young manhood of Kentucky, the flower of the courage and chivalry of the state. No commander ever led a more magnificent body of men to action nor were men ever more nobly led. Our officers were enterprising, daring and skillful; many of them became leaders of regiments or of detachments. Of the seven regimental commanders, five became brigadier-generals. The other two gave their lives to the cause, Colonels Bennett and Chenault dying soldier's deaths in battle, Bennett in January 1863, and Chenault on July 4, '63, while leading his men gallantly in a fruitless charge upon fortifications.

Morgan was ordered by Bragg again to proceed at the earliest moment to Kentucky, and again destroy

the Louisville and Nashville railroad bridges, in the rear of Rosecrans' army, also the telegraph communications. On December 29, 1862, the division took up its march for Kentucky. Morgan had under him, at this time, the largest number of troops he had ever led. Receiving marching orders, they slowly filed out of the woods. After some hours' marching a cheer at the extreme rear was heard; it rapidly came forward, increasing in volume and intensity.

General Morgan, followed by his well mounted staff, dashed by with hat in hand bowing and smiling his thanks. Morgan on horseback was a striking figure. There were few men in either army, who possessed the easy graceful poise and striking proportions. His easy management of his horse, made him appear almost a harmonious part of the animal itself. Six feet tall, finely, almost exquisitely proportioned, he had handsome, regular features, blue-gray eyes, and small foot and hand for a man. His was the air and manner of a polished gentleman, the noble bearing of a born leader, and a soldier. Straight as an Indian arrow shaft, always neatly and tastefully dressed, elegantly mounted, he was superb, the ideal cavalry officer.

At this moment he was at the height of his fame, and happiness—married only 10 days previously to an accomplished lady, made a brigadier general, justly, deservedly, in command of the finest cavalry division of the army, beloved almost to idolatry, by his men, retaining their devotion by an extraordinary great confidence in their valor and prowess, conscious of his own great powers, yet wearing this with modesty. This was John H. Morgan's situation on that December morning.

Ah, what is fame? What is ambition? A shadow, a hollow empty thing.

This column marching all day, reached the sand shoals on the Cumberland river, just before dark. The first brigade crossed, and camped for the night. At early daylight next morning this division made thirty miles, and when within five miles of Glasgow, Colonel Breckinridge sent Captain Will Jones forward as a scout. He encountered a battalion of Michigan cavalry, three companies, which he drove out of the town. Our loss was 4 killed and 7 wounded. Captain Jones died of his wounds received here.

On the following morning, Christmas day, pushing forward the advance, we encountered one hundred of these Michigan cavalry and charged and routed them, killing nine of them. We reached a place known as Bear Wallow, where we had a brisk skirmish. Our scouts had frequent encounters with small bands of home guards. Two regiments were sent to make a feint upon Murphysville.

I shall never forget this day because we came across and captured the largest sutler's wagon I ever saw, loaded with all kinds of Christmas good things. The sutler was going to Glasgow. This was the most enormous outfit I have ever seen and was drawn by 20 large percheron horses. I believe this wagon would hold more than the largest railroad car and it was loaded with a fabulous variety and quantity of everything good to eat. What a tempting prize to hungry soldiers! This wagon belonged to a Yankee army sutler. He met eager customers who prepared themselves for a much longer credit than he anticipated. I believe there was enough to furnish every man in the command a Christmas dinner and supper for three or four days.

On reaching Rolling Fork Bridge, a natural fortification and a very strong position, we found it guarded

by some two hundred and fifty men in two impregnable stockades. We being in the advance met with a stubborn resistance. Having received a very severe wound in the right leg I remained on my horse because I could not dismount, but dismounted my men and sent for the artillery to reduce the place. After placing several shells and solid shots into these stockades and the covered bridge we induced the garrison to surrender. We charged through the bridge and cleared the road on the north side of the creek. Marching rapidly forward, we surprised and captured twelve Yankee pickets. On this road near the town of Lebanon, Kentucky, some two miles away, General Morgan sent two regiments to the right and left and waited for them to reach their positions; then from the opposite direction we entered the town, and sent a demand for a surrender. Colonel Dick Hanson's regiment occupied the town. The demand was refused, a company of this regiment which had been out on a scout was returning to town and coming suddenly upon our men, attacked us vigorously. We promptly made a counter charge and compelled them to surrender, killing 30 and wounding 17.

We now captured the town and moved on the freight depot; from all directions these soldiers fought us for several hours, until they were forced to surrender some six hundred men. Our loss was serious. Lieutenant Tom Morgan, brother of General Morgan, was killed. Our loss in killed was 39, wounded 47. We found here large supplies of fixed ammunition, arms and commissary stores of all kinds. Our command was better armed now than at any previous time. We marched to Springfield and here my company was detached to guard the prisoners while they were being paroled by our Adjutant General and his assistants. As they received their pa-

roles, they were turned loose to go home. It took us until night to get through with this duty. When Colonel Alston finished the work, we followed the command.

Now we moved toward Woodsonville on Green River, thence north along the Louisville & Nashville railroad capturing some provisions after a sharp fight at Nolin Bridge at Bacon Creek. We reduced the stockades there and at various other places along the line of railroad. We captured about a hundred prisoners, paroling them to be exchanged. The command moved upon Elizabethtown where an unusual and very ridiculous thing occurred.

The advance met a large body of men under a flag of truce. The officer, a very talkative pompous fellow, handed our Captain a letter from the Colonel commanding the town to General Morgan demanding our immediate and unconditional surrender. He said we were now amidst the thickest of our foes; that we were practically surrounded and to prevent the unnecessary effusion of blood, it was best that we should surrender at once with all our forces. General Morgan came forward and glancing over the contents of the letter, said, to the officer, with a very polite bow, a ludicrous smile on his face, "Give the Colonel my compliments and say to him I should much prefer to discuss this matter with him personally in Elizabethtown." We moved forward upon the town. General Morgan had already sent forward two regiments to surround the place on the north and east sides. Dispositions being made, we attacked the town vigorously and after a sharp two hours' fighting we compelled them to surrender. There were about eight hundred prisoners captured here, eighty killed and one hundred and twenty-six wounded. The doughty Colonel fled at the first fire, and left his soldiers to their

fate. Our losses here were six killed and thirteen wounded. Moving along the line of the railroad we destroyed the two light trestle bridges across the gorges in Muldraugh's Hill to the mouth of the tunnel, and also the bridge across Rolling Fork. We crossed this creek with much difficulty as the banks were precipitous and boggy. We were attacked there by a large force, necessitating some heavy firing. General Basil Duke received a serious wound in this engagement. We lost five soldiers. Having crossed over we moved to the small town of Boston and sent out detachments along the railroad to destroy the bridges as far as Shepherdsville. The main command marched on to Bardstown, Nelson county, where we captured a small force and stopped for a day. We received frequent complaints of brutal and tyrannical conduct of one Colonel Halsey, who had arrested many of the best citizens of the country and sent them off to languish in Yankee prisons. We marched toward Springfield. We built our camp fires and drove in the enemys' pickets both here and in Lebanon, seven miles away. Leaving a small number of men at each place with pickets, the command moved in a wide detour away from these places because the enemy had concentrated all their available forces in this region to crush or capture our whole force. General Morgan made several feints, as if to attack this position; the pickets' campfires kept up the impression that Morgan would attack early in the morning.

After marching all night, the command was twenty-five miles southwest of Lebanon, clear of the entanglements the enemy had fixed for our benefit. Our pickets silently disappeared.

How strange is destiny. A few of our men who had been detached on special duty, were returning along

the wake of our detour near the ford or crossing of Beach ford. Colonel Halsey with fifty men while scouting struck our trail. He saw this small detachment and charged down upon them. The Confederates saw them and stood their ground, and when the charging Yankees were close upon them they fired at close range with shot-guns, emptying twenty-five saddles at the first fire and nine more at the second fire. They then retreated to the creek. Colonel Halsey not satisfied and still unhurt, ordered a charge; the Confederates had stopped in the bed of this stream. There Colonel Halsey encountered them. The impetus of his horse carried him among our men; the first man he met was George Eastin; they were side by side; they clinched each trying to draw his sword first. Failing in this, they tried their pistols. Both released their holds and drew their pistols, but Eastin was the quicker of the two. He shot Colonel Halsey from his horse and dismounting took his sword, which was a fine one, also his pistol and horse. The Colonel's men did not follow him; they had had enough. Eastin's comrades did not fire, because they were liable to kill him. They rode forward and overtook the command near Columbia.

My wound was still painful and at this place I was detached and sent with twenty men to a small hamlet near Marrowbone on the Burksville Fishing Creek road. Our commissary officers had collected some cattle and supplies and needed a guard to escort them across Cumberland river. We arrived there all O. K. and started on our return south. Near Withers Crossing we were attacked by three companies of the enemy. We hurried the beeves and wagons to the river under whip and spur, packed the wagons, and thus fortified, held the enemy at bay until the cattle were safely over. We

crossed the supply wagons, one by one, until all but two were out of danger. Ten volunteers remained with these, while twenty men crossed the wagons to the south side, and protected us, while we should cross. While mounting my horse he was killed under me, and I received a minnie ball through my right lung. We lost five men and six wounded, but got the supply train and beef cattle safely away.

I was captured, being badly wounded. They sent me on the transport to Nashville, and placed me in a hospital there. I was wounded on the twenty-ninth of December, this being ten times to date. I was sent to Nahsville, Jan. 6th, 1863, and was in the hospital there twenty-one days, was then sent to Louisville and placed in the hospital near Oak Street, between Second and Third streets, near the officers' quarters. My wounds were healing nicely, but I pretended to the surgeon that I was very ill and could not eat, and complained continually. I had an object in this.

The hospital was near the officers' stables, and the ward was on the ground floor. I could see the officers coming and going. I watched closely for the best and most spirited horse; I also noticed that often they would leave their pistols in their holsters, and sometimes would leave a sword hanging on the saddle. Keeping my eyes continually on these matters I made my plans for a getaway.

On the evening of Feb. 5th, 1863, I dressed myself hastily and made my way to the stables. There were five horses standing in the stalls; three had saddles on. I quickly selected the best and mounted him in the stable. I found a pair of Colt's pistols behind the saddle and a fine rain coat. I rode into the alley, looked about me in every direction. Then I rode slowly to an intersect-

ing alley and crossed Second street to another alley leading southward. I reached the city limits, and took a country road.

I was now quite dark. I traveled all night and reached safety and generous friends, my old-time faithful standbys, in the time of trouble, Nimrod Conn of Nelson county and his two bright, intelligent boys, Sid and Lem. I remained here in seclusion until March 1st.

During this time eighteen Confederate soldiers who had been wounded at the battle of Perryville made ready to leave for the South. My brother Sam had joined the army under Colonel Grigsby; was made orderly sergeant of Company D. We must needs be very cautious, as numerous scouting parties of the enemy were all on the main roads. There were many Home Guards and the town all garrisoned with provost guards. The Federal conscription was being enforced in every county. The woods were full of hiding men and refugees too cowardly to fight for their country and homes. We soon made our way back south.

I found the command camped at Liberty, Tenn. The advance was at Alexandria, some at Dry Creek, Snow Hill, Smithville and McMinnville. The command had been very active during my absence of three months, and occupied the extreme right wing of the army. It had fought almost daily, engaging in two battles at Alexandria, two at Snow Hill, one at Smithville and one at Black's Shops. The battle of Murfreesboro had been fought, when I was in Kentucky. On Bragg's retreat from that State the two armies readjusted their lines to conform to the new positions. During this period the weather was very cold, and developed much pneumonia.

The first negro troops or soldiers we encountered was during this period. We were met between Alex-

andria and Lebanon, Tenn. When our boys learned we were before these negroes, they would not be controlled and charged the negroes furiously and drove them back and through the white soldiers. We gave them no time to reform their lines. The Yankees fled in confusion. A short time afterward we were sent by General Morgan to destroy the bridges and trestles between Murfreesboro and Tullahoma. We had twelve hundred men, detachments from the different regiments, under Colonel Hutchinson one of our most gallant, enterprising and dashing soldiers, also Lieutenant Colonel Martin of Adam Johnson's regiment. We destroyed a number of structures and were returning to our former position, when we were confronted by a strong force who threw themselves across our line of march, confidently expecting to capture the entire command. While both sides were maneuvering for position, Colonel Jim Bowles made his appearance on the scene, this force was two hundred strong, making the Confederate strength fourteen hundred. The Yankee force was thirty-six hundred strong. Here were pitted two picked forces of seasoned soldiers.

Colonel Hutchinson rode down the lines with his hat in his hand, smiling and said to the soldiers, "Boys, we must whip and take these Yankees to camp with us or all die on the field together." He placed himself at the head of his old company and led it in a headlong charge. Lieutenant Colonel Martin also followed in these charges, counter charges, hand to hand fights, **personal** encounters, twos, fours, sixes, tens, twenties, in broken detachments, etc. Colonel Jim Bowles came into the fight like a cyclone and carried all before him. Colonel Hutchinson called his bugler to him and had him sound the rally. The boys came to him from all directions to the number of four hundred. Thus he charged the

ranks of the enemy. It was at this moment that the artillery had a chance to enter the action. The two contending forces had been so closely engaged that this arm could not be used. The field was strewn with the dead and wounded. We killed, captured and wounded one thousand nine hundred and seven. This was one of the most hotly contested battles of the war for the number engaged. There were prodigies of valor, and personal heroism shown by all these soldiers. I have been in 97 battles and skirmishes to date first and last; but I have never witnessed more dash and gallantry on any field. This battle was fought near the village of Woodbury, Tenn.

We camped on the field and gave aid to the wounded of both sides. We marched next day at noon, after burying the dead, taking such of the wounded as could be safely moved; more than half of our men received wounds that were more or less serious. I received two wounds in this battle, making eleven up to this time.

There was little fighting for some weeks. We were scouting most of the time during the winter and spring, but during the month of May a picked force was sent out to destroy a large trestle over a gorge not far from Tullahoma. Here was a strong stockade near this for its protection. Colonel Hutchinson requested permission to take this force and destroy it. Reaching this place it had to be reduced with steel Parrott 12-pounders before we could destroy it. Having completely wrecked it we retraced our steps and went into camp near Big Springs, six miles from Woodbury.

During the small hours of the morning, my fine Kentucky thoroughbred mare, which I had taken from the stable at Louisville became very restless and kept me awake, by pawing the ground almost continuously. I

went up to her twice and tried to pacify her. We had a dog with us, he also kept up a constant whining, sniffing and growling, showing much uneasiness and concern. I finally concluded there was cause for these demonstrations. I first saddled my horse and found a water bucket and went to the spring for some water. After drinking I sat down on the roots of a big tree. I heard a low cough not far from me, on the side of the hill. Looking intently I thought I saw the glint of a musket not over 75 yards away. Snider our dog came to me and growled. At this I hurriedly left the spring, went to the camp and awoke my first sergeant and told him what I had seen and heard, how my horse and dog had acted all night. He at once awakened the company, got them under arms and saddled the horses. I sent soldiers to the different captains and went myself to Colonel Hutchinson and told him, warned him of our danger, and informed him of what I had done. When I returned to my company, they were ready to mount at a moment's notice. The entire camp was astir. I had told the Colonel that I should make for the McMinnsville road if it became necessary.

It was now breaking day and many outlines of objects were plainly visible. I mounted my company and was about to move them toward the road, when we heard and saw the enemy moving on our camps through the woods. They were entirely around us, advancing rapidly. The first fire wounded several men. Jeff Sisson's gun was shot from his hand as were those of Leak Arnetts, Jack Wilson and John Edgar. Sisson said, "Captain, our guns are useless; what are we going to do?" There were some small mess axes lying near. I told these soldiers to take them. They were the very weapons we needed. They did so. I took them to the

head of the company, and formed them with eight men armed with shot-guns loaded with 20 buckshot in each barrel. We charged the enemy in this formation. The shot guns opened a gap in their ranks. These boys with the mess axes cut down nine men. We soon made a passageway for the company to pass through. There was some very severe fighting while it lasted. We cut our way out, and left them scattered and badly crippled, but it was a very serious loss to us, as Colonel Hutchinson was seriously wounded and died on the field, like a soldier doing his duty. He was one of the most active and enterprising soldiers in the army; ever watchful and careful in looking after the welfare of his men. His loss was irreparable and seriously felt by all. I received a serious wound in my hip on the right side and was again knocked out, this making twelve wounds received to date. I was on the sick list for six weeks.

XXII.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE AT TULLAHOMA

I again report for duty—Sent to General Bragg—On a dangerous errand—Captured at Tullahoma—Sentenced to death as a spy—I escape in the storm—Fight at Turkey Neck Bend—At Green River Bridge—Capture of Lebanon.

At this time, June 1863, having recovered from my wound, I reported ready for duty again. While camped near McMinnville, Tennessee, I received orders to report at headquarters at once for special duty. Having reported, I received instructions to select eighteen picked men, well mounted. I went to camp and called for volunteers for detached special duty, at the same time telling the men and nature and great hazard of the duty they were called upon to perform. Over 140 came forward and volunteered. As only eighteen men were needed we had to resort to drawing straws to decide who should go.

This being settled, I reported to General Morgan, ready for duty. He simply instructed me to report to General Bragg's headquarters without delay and handed me a sealed order not to be broken by me until we had passed our outpost pickets. We reached General Bragg's headquarters. I handed him the orders from General Morgan and asked for instructions.

After reading these orders General Bragg regarded me for some minutes with a hesitating, searching glance,

and then asked: "Are you Lieutenant Berry?" My answer was, "Yes, sir, I am a first lieutenant in Morgan's command." "You seem quite young to command an expedition like the one in hand." He then informed me of the nature and importance of the errand on which he was sending me, and told me frankly that I and all of these young soldiers with me in all probability would fall by the enemy's bullets, or, perhaps, be made prisoners of war, or be shot or hanged as spies, if found with the orders on our persons.

I believed then that General Bragg was trying to get in his bluff on me.

These orders were to proceed by the most direct route to Johnstown on the Tennessee river and deliver the dispatches to the commanding officer. Our small body was to be sacrificed to save this division. The country we had to traverse to reach this place was principally occupied by General Rosecrans' army, with his scouts, pickets and men moving in every direction. I could not hope to escape or avoid them all; I surely would meet some of them on my journey. I was directed to deliver the orders with the least possible delay and to spare neither men nor horses, but to get there as rapidly as possible. If I should lose a man or a horse I was to leave them to their fate; only to be sure that the dispatches were carried forward.

I proceeded on my errand of death. All turned out well the first eighteen hours. Then our trouble began. The enemy were on all the roads, public and private, in by-paths and fields. I tried to avoid them, and did so on several occasions. On the morning of the second day they finally became informed of our presence. When this fact became patent to us, we were compelled to take desperate chances. We traveled through the thick-

ets and woods. When this could not be done we took the roads.

It was understood that if the man who bore the dispatches should be killed, the nearest soldier was to take them and carry them until he met his fate, and so on, and if captured, he must chew them up and swallow the pieces. They must not fall into the hands of the enemy.

On this day we met and charged forty-five men in a narrow lane, killed the captain and eight men and scattered the others, taking some of their fresh horses. We lost five of our eighteen men in this charge, leaving me thirteen men. We reached Johnstown late in the night of this day, and delivered the dispatches.

We now rested our horses for two days and started on the return to our command. We met no enemy until after crossing the railroad between Tullahoma and Duck-er station where we encountered a scouting party of the enemy's cavalry, one hundred strong. Having only thirteen men I made a run for it, and fought them off for some miles until our ammunition was exhausted.

We were compelled to take to the woods for protection. I had three men wounded and four killed and received two wounds myself, one serious, as were the injuries to my wounded men. I had my horse killed under me. I took to the woods on foot, guided during the night by the stars and the moss on the trees. I was very tired, having traveled all night. My companions disappeared during the night and I never heard of them again. Early the next morning I was surrounded and captured by the enemy and was taken to Tullahoma. Having a blue overcoat over my gray suit, I was taken before General Rosecrans and questioned as to how I came by this coat. I told him I had captured it from



FEDERAL CAMP AT TULLAHOMA, TENN.

a soldier, as we had to fight our way through their lines both coming and going. We had killed several and wounded a number, of which he had been informed. He ordered me into confinement. I was notified late that evening that I was to be tried by military court martial early in the morning.

I was brought before this tribunal at 9 o'clock a. m. and placed on trial for my life on a charge of being a spy inside the Federal lines. I had no chance to prove the contrary. The charge, according to their evidence, was proven. They informed me that I would be executed at 5:30 o'clock that afternoon. I felt that my time had surely come and that General Bragg had spoken truly as to the probable fate of us all. But somehow I did not despair. I would wait and keep my eyes and ears wide open.

They gave me a good dinner, and treated me kindly, but placed a double guard over me. I watched the slowly passing hours which seemed ages to me. Toward evening, about 3 o'clock, I noticed a very black threatening cloud to the southwest of the camp. It seemed to gather rapidly and to increase in volume as it approached the camp, which was in the low bottom land of Duck river. Along its banks for three or four miles some of these lands were low and flat, and subject to overflow. I watched with intense interest the approach of this black cloud, as I felt that perhaps it might be the last one I should ever see. It might, too, be made the means of my escape. I could now see it was rapidly approaching, black and angry looking, and not very far away.

It was now 4:30 in the afternoon. One more hour to live, I thought. While watching the cloud I saw a young staff officer from headquarters approaching. His beautiful Kentucky thoroughbred horse was pranc-

ing under its rider. What would I not give to be upon his back. I turned my attention wholly to him. How handsome he was, I thought, and his horse, how gracefully he did step. How full of life, strength and courage. Oh, if I could only capture him and ride him away to liberty, and my friends how happy I should be! These were my thoughts as he came up. The animal was indeed a beautiful specimen. The officer came to my guard tent and told me that I would be hung at 5:30 that afternoon.

While he was reading the sentence of the court there came, from the angry, black cloud large drops of rain.

Then came vivid, blinding flashes of forked lightning and sheets of lightning played over our heads. The black clouds drew nearer. The rain and thunder roared nearer, lightning played round the camp. The very heavens seemed to open and torrents of rain fell; the spirited charger became restless and frightened. He broke loose from his rider who had been giving final instructions to the officer of the guard as to my execution. I saw all that was transpiring. I saw the beautiful horse loose, turning and running to protect its eyes from the rain and the vivid lightning. Now black as midnight; now bright as morn, was the day. Here was liberty in this rain and darkness! On this horse they could not hit me. I would prefer to be shot like a soldier than to be hung like a dog. If they did hit me, it was but a soldier's death. I shall not die nor be hung like a dog. Go, you fool; this is the hand of God and his message. Go, and be a free man! These thoughts chased each other through my excited brain.

I acted upon this impulse with exceeding promptness. I jumped from the tent, seized the horse's mane, and was in the saddle and off like a shot from a cannon.



CAPT. T. F. BERRY JUST AFTER HIS ESCAPE FROM
TULLAHOMA.

The rain by this time was falling in sweltering sheets, mingled constantly with the ever increasing flashes of lightning and deafening thunder.

I turned the horse's head toward the river, reached its brink, plunged into its waters and guided my horse down stream. When I reached the other bank, I turned my eyes back upon the camp in the bottom of the swollen river.

I shall never forget the sight that met my gaze. There was not a tent left standing. Thousands of men were struggling in the water. Hundreds of horses were belly deep. Tents were blown away and many soldiers were wading about in the water.

Prudence admonished me to be away. The cloud burst had passed on to the northeast, leaving in its wake destruction. The sun came out bright and beautiful—it looked to me like a new sun shining above a new earth. This was eight times I had escaped. I must get away at once. I took to the woods and brush, under whose friendly cover I made my way by circuitous route back to Bragg's headquarters at Chattanooga, as the Confederates had retreated to this place.

I rode all night and all the next day, stopping but twice to feed my horse. I had been about twelve days away from my command. I had lived an age in this time. I was received by General Bragg cordially, but with evident surprise which was pictured on his rugged face. It had been reported to him that I had been killed with all the men under me. He congratulated me on my safe return, and recommended me for promotion, which I received in due time. I was truly glad to return with my hide intact. These men had been sacrificed to save a division. These comrades were as true and as fine a body of soldiers as ever drew a blade or fought for a noble cause. Peace be with their ashes and memory.

On my return from my desperate escape from an ignominious death at Tullahoma. I joined my command encamped at Turkey Neck Bend on the Cumberland river. The first brigade was crossing at this point, the second brigade at Burkesville. The river was very high and swift, rendering the passage difficult and dangerous. General Judah's brigade of Federal cavalry was only eight miles distant at Marrowbone. His scouts had been seen at Burkesville on the day before. Late in the evening of July 2nd the force moved up to attack us. He was too late, as most of our command had crossed the river. We attacked his force vigorously on two roads, and forced him to retreat. General Morgan took five companies of Gano's regiment and charged the enemy, driving them in confusion, back upon his base at Marrowbone, where we encountered his artillery, and four regiments of infantry. We were thus enabled to finish crossing unmolested. In this melee we had two killed, while quite a number of officers received severe wounds and had to be sent back, among them being Captains Tom Quirk, Mitchell and Cassee.

On the morning of the 3rd of July, the division pushed on to Columbia, Kentucky, with scouts well forward, and on the flanks of our column. In the evening we came upon the enemy near this place. The skirmishing was brisk for a short time. Four companies were sent forward to charge the enemy, who were infantry and a finely drilled body of men. They formed a hollow square in an open pasture to receive the charge. Our artillery poured grape and canister into their ranks just before our charging column reached them. Our headlong, swinging impact was more than they could stand. They were broken and their ranks thinned by the close range volleys of the charging squadrons. They were

captured here and paroled. Their cavalry fled pell-mell through the town and some fought us from the houses. The enemy's losses were severe for the time they were engaged; thirty-nine killed and twenty-one wounded. Our losses, seven wounded and four killed.

We camped ten miles from Columbia, moving at early dawn of the morning of the 4th. We encountered a regiment at Green River bridge, where the road from Columbia crosses the Lebanon and Campbell roads. Our scouts reported that during the entire night they heard the crashing of falling trees, and the sound of axes. We were destined to learn what this meant. The advance received a salute as it came near the bridge. The enemy had been cutting down trees and forming abattis work across our path and from which they greeted us with volleys. Upon a demand for a surrender from General Morgan, Colonel Moore, the Federal officer in command, returned for his answer that it was a bad day for a surrender, it being the 4th of July, a national holiday. His position was the strongest natural one we had encountered during the war. He had fortified it with skill. The abattis work, ditches, and banks of earth, and the sharpened ends, limbs and branches of trees had made this natural fortification impregnable. All who are familiar with a position of this kind will agree that a small force could hold it against vast odds approaching from either direction.

Green River here makes a wide bend for half a mile and returns so that it forms a narrow peninsula at this point, not more than one hundred yards wide. The bridge is located here. Colonel Moore had constructed three forts besides the earth and abattis work across the road. In front of the skirt of woods was an open glade about two hundred yards in extent. South of this clear

ground ran a ravine with steep and rugged descent rendering access to it very difficult except by this road. The road did not pass directly through this cleared space, but to the left of it. On all sides were thick woods, and on the east and west sides the river banks were steep and impassible precipices. At the extremity of the open ground, and facing and commanding the road, were rifle pits, about one hundred yards long; also, the stockade from which the enemy poured a destructive and concentrated fire as our men rushed across this open space into the woods beyond. The sharpened limbs or branches wounded many while pressing over the rifle pits and up to the stockade.

Colonel Duke led his men on the left and Colonel Chenault on the right, both assaulting columns. Colonel Chenault was killed, ten feet from the stockade, his men falling fast around him. They were forced to retreat and reform. Still another and another fruitless charge was made. The loss was more than human endurance could stand, to carry this stronghold. Therefore, it must be abandoned. Our losses were thirty-six killed and fifty-four wounded, all in less than half an hour's fighting so close and deadly had been the fire. The enemy lost nine killed and thirty wounded. There were among our killed some dashing officers and soldiers who were greatly missed; among them being Major Brent, Captain Treble, Captain Cowan, Lieutenants Halloway and Ferguson and several others whom I have forgotten. Colonel Moore was as human, as he was brave. He rendered our surgeons every facility and assistance in caring for our wounded.

Passing around this position and crossing two miles below, we resumed our march toward Lebanon, Kentucky. We camped 5 miles from here, where Colonel Han-

son's Federal regiment, the Twentieth Kentucky, was camped. We drove in his pickets from the roads, and sent scouts to confuse the enemy at different points, such as Jimtown, Harrodsburg and Springfield. Early in the morning of the 5th of July we moved upon Lebanon, reaching it about 5 o'clock. A short, sharp picket fight, a forward rush; surrender was demanded and as quickly refused. The line being formed, an assault was made from four directions upon this position. The fighting was brisk and furious for four hours. The artillery was pushed close to the depot into which the enemy had been driven from the streets and houses. An extensive breach was soon made in the brick walls of this shelter, and bricks and mortar were knocked about the enemy's ears in lively fashion, from first one side and then the other. The artillery slackened its fire, and while this was being done an assaulting column was being formed. The latter rushed for the breaches in the walls, and toward the two ends of the depot, to take it by storm. When we entered the building the enemy hoisted a white flag in token of surrender.

The battle being over Colonel Hanson drew out his regiment in line, showing six hundred and forty men. These surrendered their arms and a large quantity of stores and fixed ammunition fell into our hands as trophies in this battle. There were many stands of Sharpe's and Springfield rifles. Our losses were quite severe, as many acts of daring heroism were performed. Captain Franks led a party to set fire to the doors of the depot, carrying bundles of dry wood and hay, placing the fire in a storm of bullets. He was seriously wounded which made the fourth officer in three days who occupied the position of commander of the advance guard. These were all members of the old squadron, from which the

advance was formed. The heaviest losses of the battles were among these old veterans. The gallant and lamented Ferguson performed a most gallant deed on that day. A messmate lay wounded in the broiling sun, exposed to a galling fire. Tom Logwood was begging water. Ferguson went to him through this leaden storm and carried him on his back amid the cheers of both friends and foes.

Poor Walter Ferguson was one of the bravest of the brave of the old veteran squadron. He was soon afterwards captured near Lexington, Kentucky, placed in prison, and was taken from there and hanged by General Burbridge's order without a trial.

There were many casualties in this fight at Lebanon, and Lieutenant Tom Morgan was killed in an assault upon the depot, falling into the arms of his brother, Cal Morgan. Our loss was twelve killed and thirty-six wounded. All our wounded who could be moved were placed in army ambulances and taken with the command. We took Colonel Hanson and our prisoners to Springfield and paroled them, which occupied several hours. I was detailed with my company to help in this service. We did not more than get through with this duty before General John Judah, Federal, came up and took an active interest in us, saluting us with a broadside of shrapnel and grape shot. We came very near being made prisoners ourselves and but for the darkness would have been captured. We now pushed on our way to rejoin our command.

While moving slowly along the pike, some time after midnight we were suddenly halted near Beach Fork stream by the challenge, "Who goes there?" "Friends with the countersign." "Advance one man and give the sign." One man passed forward and was received into

the Yankee ranks, and was hustled to the rear. The Yankees rose up all around us, greeting us, "Men do you surrender?" I being in advance answer, "Yes," knowing full well that we were now in the hands of our enemy, as their language betrayed them. I had granted thirty-seven of my men leave of absence until next day noon and had only about 16 or 17 men with me at the time. We were taken in charge, disarmed and our horses' heads turned back to Springfield. We were in a big bunch of trouble.

Soon my brain was in a whirl of thought to devise some scheme of escape. I was in the hands of the commander, a Major Thornton, of the Michigan cavalry. We soon fell into a pleasant and spirited conversation. I finally told him in bantering manner that I did not like his company one bit and intended at the very first opportunity to leave him, to make my escape soon as possible. He came close to me and said earnestly: "Johnny Reb, I do not want to be compelled to kill you; which I will certainly do if you try to make your escape." I told him I was a soldier, his enemy; that it was my duty to get away from him at the first opportunity, and that I should certainly try if even half a chance was presented.

Riding thus, and talking all the while, day light appeared in the east. I said, "Major, I am very thirsty for a drink of water." He replied, "There is no water to be had now." I then told him of a splendid cool spring about one mile ahead on the side of the pike, where we could water the horses, and get a good drink for ourselves. He made no reply; we finally reached the spring and pool; I said "Here is the place." Our horses started over to where the water was bubbling from the hill-side.

By this time objects were visible at a distance. We dismounted and drank from the same spring. We

stood up about the same time; the command was busy drinking. I spoke to a soldier; he replied that it was almost day and asked how far it was to Springfield. I told him it was about six miles. At this moment a Yankee soldier rode up, and asked for the officer in charge. He handed the Major a note; now was my time. I was standing about four feet from this officer. I secretly punched my mare in the flanks. She kicked a clear space around her; he was reading the note by a lighted match, which blinded him somewhat. I suddenly mounted my horse and raised my broad-brimmed hat with an ostrich feather on it, both covered with heavy dust. The Major looked up; I slapped him in the face and eyes with my hat, and said, "Good-bye, Major, I am gone." Planting my spurs deeply into the side of my mare, I was off like a shot out of a gun. I cleared a space to the pike. The ranks were in sudden confusion and before they could disentangle themselves I was out of reach moving like the wind to gain my liberty again. I learned afterwards, that the Major said he thought I was only joking.



A CORNER OF CAMP DOUGLAS.

XXIII.

MORGAN'S INVASION OF INDIANA

Crossing the Ohio—In Indiana—Capture of the command at Buffington—I escape en route to Cincinnati—Back in Kentucky—I am pressed into the Federal service—Placed in command of the advance guard—Back among friends—Securing fresh mounts—Again to the South.

Morgan now moved to invade Indiana's sacred soil. He was the first Confederate to invade this state.

We rested on the banks of the Ohio for thirty-six hours, in the meantime crossing some troops under the fire of four small cannon. Becoming tired of this annoyance, Morgan ordered two twelve pound Parrott guns on the high hill above the town to silence these and to command the river above and below the town.

Along in the afternoon we saw steaming down the river a curious looking craft. Captain Towsler concluded to interview them as to their destination. He therefore sent two solid shots on this polite errand. One these went half a mile beyond the second and the last struck the cabin and knocked it into the river. The captain became very much disgusted and would not insist on any further interview and withdrew very promptly from that vicinity.

We moved on toward Corridon, Indiana. Here we were welcomed with many evidences of affectionate regard; at least it was a vigorous demonstration. They

fired many small arms and a number of cannon shots here. After a short, sharp skirmish we captured about two hundred home guards and charged over some rifle pits. A few hundred of these featherbed soldiers fled at the first fire. We were detained here about forty-five minutes. Moving forward, our scouts had frequent collisions with militia.

We camped near a small place called Posey; passed on through Hampton, and Sharpsburg, meeting many companies mustering to stop us. We passed ourselves for regulars and then affiliated with them. At a given signal we would level our guns in their faces and demand a surrender, taking their arms and breaking them. We did this often.

We had stirred up a hornet's nest; there were thirty thousand men on the march to head us off. We were constantly under fire. As we approached the towns and villages the people fled in terror, leaving homes open, with hot bread, biscuits and steaming hot coffee.

The command was now marching by parallel roads to a central point. Meeting here these would fix another common center, again take parallel roads. Different detachments would take the advance, which met and captured many militia.

We were crossing a river at three fords and the artillery was being ferried over in boats, when about a half mile from the river we heard firing ahead of us. The scouts had reached the river, made a raft, placed their clothing and guns on this craft and, perfectly nude, were now swimming the river. When about two-thirds over they were fired upon by some Yankee scouts. These had not seen our artillery, who had reached the north and west bank of the stream. Our boys made for the shore, caught up their guns and drove the Yankees off,

and our artillery opened on them also. I am sure this was the most unique and unusual battle that occurred during the Civil War. Four of our boys were wounded in this battle, which was near Burksville on the Cumberland river.

Our advance and a small detachment of the scouts encountered a Yankee force near Marbone, which was near our line of march. Captain Quirk charged them and chased them for three miles, coming upon General Hutchison's brigade, drawn up in line of battle across the road. Here they were checked by a heavy volley and grape shot from a masked battery. Captain Quirk received a serious wound. Our soldiers fell back upon the main body of our troops.

Sometimes we would travel forty-five and even fifty miles daily, stopping only long enough to feed our horses. We had guides and would travel far into the small hours of the night. Most of the boys would sleep on their horses for hours at a time. The reason for this was that Morgan traveled faster than the news could reach the outside world, thus baffling the enemy, who could not and did not know where to meet or find him at any certain time. These different detachments also tended to bewilder them and kept them confused during this hard campaign. The Federal authorities heard of us at one place, then in a few hours at another place fifty miles from this. The only rest we had during this continuous ride was at Georgetown, Ohio, and Versailles, Ohio, and a short rest at Hamilton, Ohio. We traveled on an average daily fifty-one miles by night travel; when we left Hamilton, Ohio, we made a continuous ride of ninety-one miles without stopping. We this night rode around Cincinnati, and reached the Ohio river a few miles above

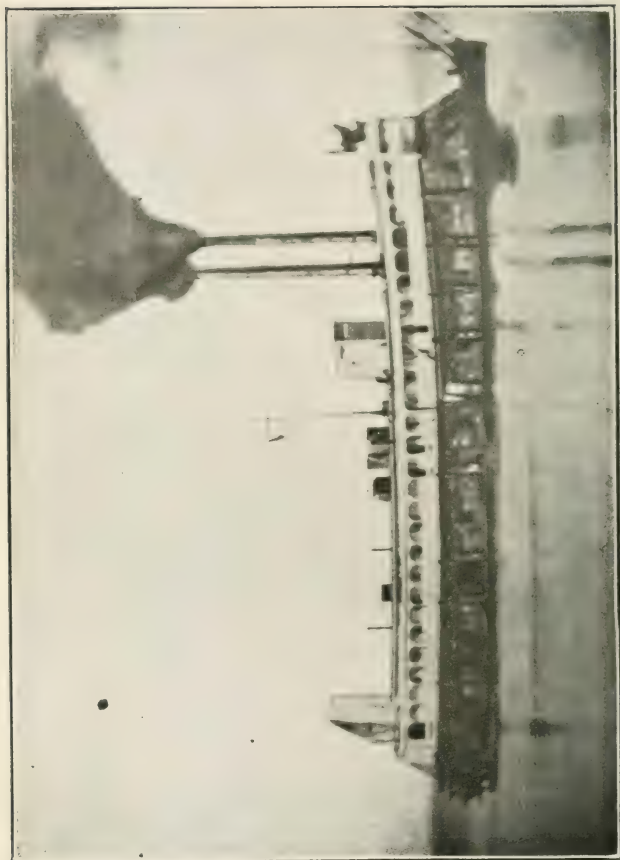
this city, following the course of this river to Buffington Island, which we reached on the evening of July 18th.

I had now been continuously almost day and night for five weeks in the saddle. It seemed an age to me. I had escaped an ignominious death in a most miraculous way; surely I had no reason to complain at my fate. I was in comparatively good health. True, my last wound still troubled me at times, but this could not be helped.

We went into camp near a ford just above Buffington, and could have crossed. That evening or night we found a small fort here garrisoned with ninety men. We quickly surrounded it and went to General Morgan and informed him of the situation. We sent in a flag of truce, saw the captain and induced him to surrender without any bloodshed; thus we held the key to the crossing. We camped in a beautiful valley covered with shocks of wheat.

But, alas for human hopes, we lingered too long here. The men had ridden a long, weary distance. There was liberty over there, less than half a mile away, just across the water. But Morgan said, "These men are tired to-night; it is dark, we can cross early in the morning." When morning came a thick, heavy, wet fog covered the bottoms nearly to the tree tops, on the high hills. This fog lasted to 10 o'clock. The ford cannot be found. Oh, the fatal delay!

We sent some of our scouts back upon the hills. The Yankees were thick as fleas and on the move, too. Our columns were put in motion to forestall our enemies. I got my company in line and examined the cart-ridge boxes, and found only five rounds to the man. Other officers found the same conditions, only some of the men in other companies had only three rounds to the



OHIO RIVER STEAMER "TARISCON."

(From which Dr. Berry made his escape during the Ohio campaign.)

man. This was reported, but no matter, we got in motion.

The fog began to lift. Some of our troopers, stooping close to the ground, saw, not twenty feet away, the blue line. General Duke leading, halted, cried, "Kneel! Fire! Charge!" The thin gray line moved forward with a wild rebel yell, firing as they advanced, driving the heavy mass of the enemy before them while the ammunition lasted. In the meantime Morgan with about 1800 men moved up to the ford and about five hundred of them crossed in safety. General Morgan now retreated up to the river with about twelve hundred men. We had exhausted our ammunition. The constant jolting up and down had worn the wrappers of paper off the balls, and thereby rendered it useless. Thus ended one of the most remarkable campaigns in ancient or modern history.

We were now facing an army of some forty thousand men, regulars, seasoned soldiers and state militia, without any means of defense. The only solution soon came in the shape of surrender of General Duke's small brigade. This being over we were now all marshaled back up the river to the head of the island, and the arms that had carried us through so many brilliant and bloody scenes taken from us.

I had already made my preparations for this. I had found a fine suit of citizen's clothing, and had kept them rolled up in a tight roll to keep the dirt from them. I asked permission to take a bath at night. Taking this roll of clothing with me I bathed nicely and dressed myself in these, placing my soiled clothes on over these. The guard could not see me, to know what I was doing. We returned to camp and next day we were placed on board two transports for Cincinnati, arriving there on

July 21st, 1863. During the trip down to the city at night I had a shave and a haircut. My hair had grown long, hanging low on my shoulders. This I had clipped close to my head, and my whiskers were also long and matted with dust and grime. These were shaved off, leaving only a moustache and goatee. I now stripped off my dirty soldier uniform and dropped it from the splashboard of the wheel house of the moving boat and waited for my opportunity, which I knew would come soon. I sent for my dear old father and told him of my hopes and plans for a speedy escape and asked him to go with me. He looked at me in amazement and discouraged the attempt, telling me that he thought it a very desperate thing to try. I handed him fifty dollars and told him I was going or die in the effort; if we do not risk something we shall never gain anything.

The time had now come. I made my way to the forward deck where some citizens had already come aboard. I stepped up to a young lieutenant in charge of the guards and said to him, "Can I give this five dollar bill to that young soldier standing there?" He turned to me in a very impatient manner, looking me in the face, then said in a very positive, imperative tone, "No, you cannot. Leave here. Leave this boat at once. Guard, make all these citizens get off this boat, get into the yawl and leave d—— quick. Guard, clear these decks and keep them clear of citizens."

He pushed me towards and into the small boat himself. I said to him, "I did not wish or intend to break your rules. I asked you first, sir. Please excuse me." Leaving the boat I jumped down into the yawl and pushing it away was rowed swiftly to shore.

I did not linger. Jumping on shore I sprang up the wharf. I hunted my old time, standby friend, Seth

Thomas, and told him my wishes, handing him a roll of bills. He scolded me some, but went and brought what I needed—two pairs of heavy dragoon pistols, one hundred rounds of ammunition, a pair of riding boots, a long duster, a hat and some socks. I changed my suit quickly and was off again.

I returned to the river and saw my comrades leaving the boats, passing on into the city. How I did wish my father was with me. I passed on down and boarded a boat for the Kentucky shore. My heart beat fast and my brain was in a whirl as I bought a ticket for Lexington. I heard many persons speak of Morgan and his men.

I did not stop at Cynthiana this time. My little darling had passed to the great beyond where there is no sorrow, no fighting, no sin or suffering. Passing on to Lexington I met an old friend who told me all the particulars of the death of my dear sister; also that Brother Sam—one-arm Berry—was recruiting in the state. I started that very night to find him. I did not find Captain Berry at the place designated. I then returned to Lexington. I was stepping into a carriage when I was tapped on the shoulder by a lieutenant who said, "We want you."

"For what?"

"To repel an attack on the city by the rebels, who are now advancing from Richmond; they are now nearly here. We are pressing every man that we can find into the service."

I hesitated, deliberating whether to kill him or go with him. I scrutinized his face for a few seconds, and concluded to go with him. I was sure that he did not know me, but I knew him instantly, for he was none

other than Lieutenant Hale, formerly of General Buell's staff, the identical officer I had met in Tullahoma, Tenn., on June 19th, when I was about to be hanged as a spy. I was inside the Federal lines and if this turned out to be a capture it would be three times within six weeks, hence my close scrutiny of this young officer's face. Having determined to keep my eyes open I followed with several others that he had gathered up. He had a guard with him and marched us into the city to the headquarters of General Steve Burbridge.

All was excitement, confusion and rumors. Hundreds of citizens were forced into the ranks in two days. Colonel Scott had captured Richmond, made a feint upon Lexington and was now moving towards Winchester. A reliable "grape-vine" telegram said that Colonel Scott was to make a demonstration in favor of General Morgan, toward Cincinnati. The next day we were all mounted and placed in a regiment of Indiana cavalry, Colonel Crawford's, and started in hot pursuit of Scott's command. When I found that I was again in their toils, I began at once to devise some plan to take French leave. I could not think of any way to take advantage of the situation. I now had a fine chance to improve my fortunes. I was mounted on a good horse and carried a new Springfield rifle. I had kept my two pairs of Colt's pistols hid under my duster.

I soon became convinced that these Hoosiers did not care to catch up with this fighting, doughty old war-horse. The general in command, D. H. Johnson, had already learned his mettle on former occasions, and to his entire satisfaction. We had followed Scott five days, always half a day's march behind him. We advanced on to Winchester. When near this place there were calls for volunteers for the advance. I was the first to

volunteer, and was placed in command of sixteen men. Having organized them, I received instructions to keep the general posted on conditions at the front, every mile or two. We resumed our march for Winchester. Every mile or two I sent a courier back to the colonel as to the status of affairs.

On reaching the vicinity of Winchester I saw Colonel Scott's advance coming from the south. I halted the men and took six men and rode forward. The recruits seemed to be very uneasy. I quieted them by telling them that these were Federal soldiers. I rode into the ranks of Scott's advance and asked for Colonel Scott. He came shortly and recognized me instantly. I told him of my experience and of Morgan's capture, and especially of my recent experience with the Yankees. He laughed heartily at this and commended my service.

I now told the six men who I was, that I was going with this command south, and they could go or stay with us or go back, as they chose. There were five of these joined us here, one only returned home. Colonel Scott now sent a detachment out to meet the advance of my late companions, and gave them a chase for several miles. I now told Scott of the capture of General Morgan's command, except four or five hundred men.

I was now again once more among my friends. We moved southward towards Pound Gap, in the Cumberland Mountains, and had a short skirmish with a small cavalry force at or near Estell Springs. I was the first soldier who carried south news of General Morgan's capture. I left Colonel Scott's command at or near Pound Gap. I met some of my old company and they had been detached and sent to Tamsey, on special duty. I was indeed glad to meet these old comrades.

We now made our way over the mountains to Spar-

ta, Tenn. For five days we traversed this wild region. When near this place we learned through friends that there was a large force of Yankee cavalry near this place; had come last night. There were ten of us. We concluded to have some fun with these people. We were all familiar with this entire country. Our friend took us to a hill overlooking the whole country. This was about ten o'clock, and on reaching this position we saw General Long, the commander, and his staff riding into the barnyard to feed their horses. All went to the house nearby and sat down to a nice dinner, prepared for them.

This was our opportunity. While they were enjoying a good dinner we could remount ourselves on fresh horses. There were seven superb Kentucky thoroughbred horses in that stable. It would be a lasting disgrace on all Morgan horse thieves, as we were called, to let this chance slip by and not get them. Quickly placing the barn between us and the house, two of the boys reached the high fence and laying it down quickly we entered the barn, placed the bits in the horses' mouths, mounted them and slipped through the gap in the fence. All now through we moved rapidly away without being discovered. The boys laid up the rails again. We left our tired horses in the woods. I got the general's horse and rubber blanket lined with a fine robe.

We all now pushed southward; leaving the roads and travelling only by-paths, we rode far into the night by country roads. We met a native and pressed him to pilot us. We stopped and fed our horses about 3 o'clock and after resting about one and a half hours we moved away rapidly towards the Tennessee river, about twenty miles south. We kept a vigilant outlook now for we were in the hot nest of Union men, or bush-

whackers. This was in the neighborhood of London bridge. We had traveled hard almost continuously since capturing these fine horses, and had fed them but once. About five o'clock in the evening we found some fodder and corn hid in a cove in this mountain gorge; here we rested and fed and rubbed down our tired steeds, then moved once again towards the river. About dark we met some of our cavalry going to Knoxville; we were now safe within our lines and soon we went into camp.

The next morning, July 29, 1863, we entered Knoxville, Tenn., and met Mrs. Morgan, the general's wife, and told her of his capture. She was very much distressed; we tried to console her all we could. We remained here some three weeks in camp, doing nothing but loafing and eating hard tack with worms in it and sowbelly, and it was sour at that. Finally Colonel Scott was ordered west to Dalton Georgia, and from there to Missionary Ridge, near the Tennessee line.

XXIV.

BEFORE CHICKAMAUGA.

Missionary Ridge—Ringold's Gap—Remains of Morgan's division assigned to Forrest—Cavalry fight at Ringold's Gap—Forrest pleased—We refuse to be dismounted.

At this time the two armies were again concentrating. The Federal army was at Chattanooga at the foot of Lookout Mountain, some near Rossville, south of this. General Rosecrans was crossing the Tennessee River and making his base at this place. Every one was now expecting an early battle. The armies were moving to a common center. General Longstreet's corps from the Virginia army was now arriving as a reinforcement for Bragg's army, in fact General Forrest had several skirmishes with the enemy, one near Rossville gap. It was known that the enemy were nearing Missionary Ridge in force. The Confederates were advancing also. They finally came to a clash about the last day of August and fought the bloody battle of Missionary Ridge. General Polk's corps did the principal fighting here.

Our forces retired for a short distance and Patrick Cleburne's division formed here at Ringold's gap in ambush. This gap is a narrow pass in the steep hillsides. He massed his troops so that they had an enveloping fire from the circling hills, concentrating their fire upon this central position. The Federals advanced

and when the head of their columns were almost through this gap we opened upon them with deadly effect. One whole brigade and a part of another was almost destroyed in this gap, so much so that the passage on and along the sides of the road was blocked. Many were killed and wounded and the rear of this column was forced to retreat. This terrible concentrated fire of Clebourne's completely checked the enemy's advance at this point. I have never witnessed such terrible havoc in so short space of time. It was late in the dusk of evening, but the fiery, continuous flash of infantry and artillery fire lighted up the horrible scene of blighting destruction. The cries and moans of the wounded, the fierce yells and shouts, the orders of the officers of both armies and the din of this daring, gallant struggle were simply awful. The ground, the very hills, shook under the feet.

Night put a stop to the carnage. The Confederates held this gap and camped near the scene, moving off next morning unmolested.

The two armies were now shifting positions daily. Our cavalry was watching the flanks, during the interval between this and the coming conflict, destined to be fought at Chickamauga, one of the most, if not the most bloody battles of the Civil War, if not of the world.

At this time about five or six hundred of our command of those who crossed the river at Buffington Island, and while Duke was fighting at this place, and also about two hundred men who were wounded and left in our convalescent camp came into our camp. They were under the command of Major Fitzpatrick and were at this time ordered to report for duty to the redoubtable General Bedford Forrest, the magnificent and unconquerable, the brilliant, now unmatched soldier of the western army.

General Longstreet's corps had now arrived. General Wheeler's and General Forrest's cavalry were almost in daily combat with the enemy's outpost, showing plainly that a general engagement was imminent at any time.

The remnant of General Morgan's division, with the sick and wounded who had been left behind and some prisoners who had been exchanged, were collected at Gainesville, Ga. These were under Lieutenant Colonel Kilpatrick and in effective force nine hundred and twenty strong. They received orders to report to General Forrest at Warrenton. Reaching this place Forrest ordered us to Dalton. On the evening of September 17th General Forrest rode into our camp with his bodyguard. We were drawn up in line and inspected by him. He complimented us, but said that he had some hard work for us; that the enemy were on the move and we must help drive them back, as they were then massing in front of us, and in a few days he should then try the mettle of this small band of Morgan's men. "We shall move to the front in the morning," he declared, "and I want you near me."

On the morning of September 18th, while one hundred and ten of us were scouting we encountered a regiment of Pennsylvania cavalry, near Ringold Gap. Forrest was leading us. The enemy had no advance guard, but were moving slowly. Our videttes discovered them and fell back, unseen, to our main column. General Forrest placed fifty men in ambush, and instructed the officer in charge not to fire until he had heard three guns in front of him. At this signal they opened upon them rapidly. He now sent me forward to meet and attack them with ten men, slowly falling back. We charged them so suddenly that we created considerable confusion.

Forming quickly they rushed at us with yells. We fell back through the ambushment. Forrest now assailed them at close range and fired almost in their faces. They followed us through the ambushment, shooting at us almost in our ranks. Forrest rode forward, leading the fifty men; drawing his sword, which flashed in the sunlight, with a clear, ringing command charged into the advancing enemy's ranks, cutting the leader's head open at one powerful stroke. This first victim was a captain. They recoiled under the impetus of this charge. We pressed the fight. The first grapple was short, fierce and deadly. We killed twenty-one of them. They fell back slowly at first, but the onslaught was so fierce and persistent that soon they fell back rapidly. Receiving a number of deadly volleys from the ambush, they retreated pell-mell, almost frantically, General Forrest cutting down a number in their rear. The pistol practice went on. At Ringold Gap they tried to rally. Our dismounted men had now gained their horses. We resumed the charge. The enemy gave way and fled. We drove them across Chickamauga creek, four miles from where we met them. We captured eighty-five prisoners on the run, killed sixty-four and wounded forty-nine. Our loss was four killed and eleven wounded.

While returning we met Forrest's old regiment coming to see what had become of us. Recrossing the bridge, we went into camp two miles from Gordon's Mill, with his whole command.

On our return one of the general staff asked Forrest how he liked and what he thought of the remnant of Morgan's old command. Forrest was noted for his sparse praise of troops, but we all considered his reply a high compliment. He simply said, "Any man could make a reputation as a fighting general with such men

at his back. If this is a sample of their methods, I am satisfied with them. With such men I could drive the Yankees out of this country." We all felt assured that we had a friend in General Forrest. Reaching our camps we found our army advancing. Our outpost pickets were placed along the Chickamauga creek, which is very tortuous and crooked, and is spanned by a number of bridges.

General Forrest received orders to dismount all the remnant of General Morgan's command and turn their horses over to the artillery and send the men to the infantry, after the battle. General Forrest sent for all the field officers of Morgan's old soldiers and read the orders to them. He asked the question, "What are you going to do? Are you willing to go to the infantry?"

All were silent; all seemed unwilling to be the first to speak. Forrest said, "Gentlemen, what are your intentions? Answer for yourselves; this order can not reduce your commissioned officers to the ranks. What is your pleasure?"

All were still silent. I now spoke for myself.

"General, I will say that I will not be dismounted. I have never drawn a dollar as pay from the Confederate government, nor has our government ever been at a cent's cost for equipment, rations, horses or clothing for these men. These men in my company, these private soldiers, have not really been sworn into the service. We are not willing to permit this indignity. I have furnished, first and last, one hundred and eight revolvers for equipment out of my own pocket, also the ammunition. All our horses are our own private property. I earnestly protest on my own behalf and of this remnant of my old comrades and veterans, some forty-six in number. As for these gentlemen present, they can speak for

themselves; but if these old veterans are to be dismounted and deprived of their private property and without their consent, I shall tender my resignation now. I did enlist for the war, but my commission entitles me to this privilege of resigning. As my comrades cannot do this, I shall remain with them. I have done."

I noticed that the general watched me closely, his gray eyes piercing me through. It was the unanimous opinion that the officers, thirty-one in number, should sign a remonstrance against this vandalism, not to say robbery, by the commanding general. General Forrest himself said that these orders were an outrage, and that he would refuse to carry them out when the proper time came; that he would resign his position first, and seek to obtain an independent command from the secretary of war. I asked him if I might call the men and inform them of the matter. After conferring with each other, it was thought best that we should not tell them of this order until after the coming battle. I insisted and did tell my comrades that evening that General Forrest promised to do what he could to help us in this matter.

XXV.

CHICKAMAUGA.

About nine a. m. Gen. Forrest received orders to advance for an attack at early dawn. He had under him thirty-nine hundred men, encamped some two miles from the bridge, which was near Gordon's Mill. About one a. m. our out post pickets were driven in and reported that the enemy was advancing in strong force along our front; our advance-base picket lines and skirmishers were strengthened. We were very tired and lay down to take a short nap, if possible. About three o'clock a. m. our camp was aroused by heavy firing all along our front. The command was hurried into line quickly, the pickets and skirmishers slowly falling back; in a short time our infantry came up. We heard the dead limbs and brush crackling under their advance in our immediate rear. All was still as death, save but a few picket shots at long intervals. Both armies were waiting for the dawn to commence this bloody battle. General Longstreet had come from Virginia to reinforce Bragg's army with his magnificent corps of nine thousand men.

Some of our immediate comrades were asleep, resting on their arms. I fell asleep myself, being very tired from the battle of the day before. I was awakened by the terrific explosion of a

shell behind our lines, the first gun fired in this bloodiest of the many bloody battles of the war. It was almost day; I had slept almost an hour and a half, but it seemed to me five minutes. It was five o'clock. I heard a rattling, crackling sound in our immediate front, a silence, then a roll of heavy and prolonged musketry fire. "Forward March," the stern command which puts the whole army in motion. Skirmishers were thrown forward in increasing numbers; they were met by fitful, irregular showers of whizzing bullets. Our advance was slow, but steady and continuous. We passed through cultivated fields of corn and cotton, and through thick, tangled undergrowth of the woods, which necessitated a halt to adjust the lines.

General Buckner arrived from Knoxville with his corps, leaving Knoxville to uncertain mercies of a brutal soldiery. Major General Wheeler had the immediate charge of the left wing of the cavalry arm; General Forrest the right wing. General John C. Breckenridge was close behind Forrest and Buckner close up behind General Wheeler, followed by General Pope, General Hardee, General Cleburne and General Cheatham, General Wallthal and General John Helm, in columns or brigades as a reserve at close supporting distance. General Bragg went into battle with 62,700 effectives. General Rosecrans' force consisted of 98,698 effectives.

At early dawn these two hostile forces were in motion, both seeking the offensive, moving across a level but thickly wooded area, and in many places open plantations, along the devious and sluggish Chickamauga Creek. As the advance quickened the shrill notes of the various bugles acted as a stimulus to the cheering rebels. As the mists of early morning, which at first mingled thickly with the smoke of battle and obscured

the scene in our front, cleared away, the great orb of day peeped above the horizon, blood red, and seemed to stand still, as if in protest and horror at the bloody drama to be enacted on the Chickamauga, the river of blood.

General Forrest all aglow seemed transformed as he rode along the lines, grim, fixed. He was now entering the fray, his eyes all ablaze with the prize of battle. We reached a wide opening. With a sweep of his field-glass he surveyed the scene in front. There was the enemy in serried battle array, the rifles blew white smoke in fitful puffs from each regimental line as the men discharged their volleys. There were at least ten thousand blue coats in sight. At their rear was the Chickamauga.

Our advance was checked, and thirty-six pieces of artillery brought up. A storm of shot and shell, shrapnel and canister, intermixed with grape shot was now rained upon the massed forces directly before us, near Gordon's Mill, which was riddled with bullets. The enemy took shelter under the banks of the river. The entire valley was hidden under a thick veil of drifting smoke. During this cannonading, General Forrest had not been idle. He sent an aide to inform General Breckenridge that as soon as firing ceased he could charge the position with his entire cavalry force. Having collected the advance and skirmishers he formed his lines ready for the dash. The enemy was falling back rapidly across the stream.

At the head of his command General Breckenridge swept across the open field at a headlong charge. Forming hollow squares, the enemy met us, a short, deadly grapple; a hand to hand combat with bayonets and swords, we soon thinned their two squares which were

broken. We captured six hundred prisoners in this contest at a severe loss. Many saddles returned without riders. Neither side could use artillery as this would endanger friends and foes alike.

While retreating, the enemy recrossed the river which was deep, marshy and very boggy, with dangerous quick-sand in its bed. The weight of a man's body would sink him out of sight in a few minutes.

Turning our prisoners over to the field guards, General Forrest sent for his six regiments and two battalions, massing them in the edge of the woods. He held a short conference with General Breckenridge. Our battery opened again, playing upon the two bridges which crossed the stream, one above and one below the mill. The battle was now raging all along our front. About three-quarters of a mile to the north of our position was another crossing of large logs which barely showed above the surface of the water. To this point General Breckenridge sent a brigade under General Helm, to attack the flank and rear of the enemy, who were engaged in our front; when he should hear the signal of three guns in our immediate front, he was to attack the position which was the key or salient point of both armies; if General Rosecrans was driven from this position his line of retreat from Chickamauga would be in danger, as also the water supply for his army which of itself was very important to fighting, struggling soldiers. Our lines were adjusted, the assaulting column massed and the leading officers assigned to their places. General Forrest chafing under his repulse, rode in front of our line and in a short speech told us this position must be taken by direct assault and by the hardest fighting; that we must cross that bridge at all hazards; that we must cross that bridge

like a tempest, a tornado or a whirlwind. He called for volunteers for this hazardous but glorious work.

I was the first of the five hundred and seventy volunteers to ride into the front; General Forrest surveyed this gallant little force critically for a few minutes. He rode up and saluted us with his sword and said, "Captain you are the first to volunteer and being an officer, I assign you the first post of honor. You shall lead these men across that bridge; I shall be close behind your heels. Once across, deploy right and left, attacking anything and everything in your front."

The enemy had now massed fifty pieces of artillery, commanding approaches to these two bridges, the infantry in the lower bottoms was lying flat on the ground. This was our old friend, General Crittenden's corps; massed four lines deep. As instructed we formed the advance columns of four by right of companies. At them we went, in a furious headlong charge. Our column was close to the bridge when the enemy's guns opened upon us; there were three planks removed from the bridge on the other side, but our horses cleared this at a bound, each company deploying right and left as they passed the bridge. On rushed the charging squadrons. A rain of iron and lead, mingled with flame and garnished with a wall of steel, met us on this plain.

Fragments of shell and grape with canister in a withering storm smote our advance; the cheering shouts, the stern commands of officers, the clashing of steel swords and the butts of muskets, the long continued roll of musketry, the hoarse savage roar of half a hundred field artillery all added to the horrid din. We fought in eddying circles of hand to hand combats and fierce grapples in widening areas. The infantry coming up, charged bayonets. General Helm attacked

the flank and rear, the Confederates had also gained a footing at the lower bridge and were now in a death grapple. Our lines constantly gained ground. The earth was covered with dead and wounded. Wider and wider the battle extended, the two armies sending forward re-enforcements one after another. The wild and exulting rebel yells broke forth all along the lines, announcing the success of our attack. We gained some important successes also on the wing, pressing back the enemy's lines. Our artillery under Colonel Rice Graves caught the enemy in the flank with terrible effect.

The Confederates forced the fighting along the entire line, the enemy contesting every inch of the ground, retiring only after a fierce, tenacious battle. Many on both sides were killed or wounded with bayonets as the bridges were crossed. The Confederates rushed forward, crushing everything before them. The wildly neighing horses, wild and frightened, were running in every direction; the whistling, seething, crackling bullets, the piercing, screaming fragments of shells, the whirring sound of shrapnel and the savage shower of canister, mingled with the fierce answering yells of defiance, all united in one horrid sound. The ghastly, mangled dead and horribly wounded strewed the earth for over half a mile up and down the river banks. The dead were piled upon each other in ricks, like cord wood, to make passage for advancing columns. The sluggish stream of Chickamauga ran red with human blood. It was in fact, the "river of blood." I had been in sixty battles and skirmishes up to this time, but nothing like this had I ever seen. Men fought like demons, as if determined to conquer or die. It was late in the evening as dusk began to gather and the sun was sinking upon one of the bloodiest fields of history, that the enemy commenced slowly to with-

draw. Many of the brigades were under enfilading fire, as the two wings of the army had been forced back upon each other. In the last charge upon the retiring foe, Colonel Rice Graves was hit by a twelve pound shell which cut him in twain and killed his magnificent charger. He was leading his splendid battery to an advanced position to answer a furious cannonade from the enemy's battery covering their retreat. The grand, the magnificent career of this born soldier, ended here. His death was a very serious loss to the entire army. His voice was of such a quality and force that it could be distinctly heard above the roar of infantry roll, and the fierce bellow of the artillery. His voice was stilled forever, but he was only one of the many brilliant soldiers that Kentucky offered upon the altar of their country on this bloody field as a sacrifice to the Confederacy. The shadows of night brought with them a cessation of the lingering, fitful and spiteful roll of musketry.

Of the 570 I led in the charge across the bridge 362 were killed or wounded, about two-thirds of the whole number. I suffered from a gut wound and a wound in my left leg, which was crushed below the knee joint. I received these wounds about an hour and a half after crossing the bridge. The gut wound was received while on my horse, and the wound in the left leg while on the ground. Two horses were killed from under me. Our losses were very heavy, but those of the enemy greater. The losses of the enemy in the first day's battle, on the 19th of September was 8278 wounded, 2279 killed, with 1500 prisoners.

On September 20th the battle was renewed at early dawn; although my hurts were serious I was very interested. We could easily guess how the struggle was going; the constantly receding ebb of battle told us that

the enemy was being driven farther and farther from the stricken field of the first day's battle; the roll of the musketry could be distinctly heard and the sonorous rebel yell, indicating continued success. About noon the Confederates gained a notable victory in the capture of Missionary Ridge, with seven thousand prisoners, and a field battery of twenty-four Parrot guns. General John C. Breckenridge's division made three separate charges before capturing this ridge as it was fortified with numerous rifle pits and redoubts. Near this position General Helm was killed, while gallantly leading his men. The Confederates also broke the center of the enemy's line.

The earth seemed to tremble from the tremendous vibrations and shocks of battle. The continuous and increasing volume of musketry and artillery fire told of the titanic struggle, fierce and bloody. Hoarse grew the roll of receding musketry above which could be heard the exulting rebel yells of victory. At a distance this yell had in it some quality that made it terrible—when mingled with the storm and din of battle, its intensity, its savage, exulting, ringing tones cannot be described.

After the capture of this position and Snodgrass Hill, the enemy receiving fresh troops under General Thomas, concentrated and stormed the position to preserve its line of retreat. General Thomas held this position with bulldog courage and grit. While General Rosecrans was conducting a disorderly retreat of the broken and beaten fragments of his army to Chattanooga, General Forrest charged the straggling masses a number of times, capturing some four thousand of them. He asked General Bragg for 8000 men to press the enemy before the latter could rally his routed army, but General Bragg, with his usual imbecility of methods and slow,

hesitating action, let slip this greatest opportunity. His whole army, with few exceptions, despised and hated him, and justly so, as on more than one occasion he had soldiers shot without usual formality of trial, for the most trivial offenses. A soldier with a chicken in his possession that during the fierce battle had flown far into the woods at least a mile away from any house, met General Bragg and staff and body guard. The general ordered this young recruit shot, then and there. This soldier was a recruit, not familiar with the regulations of army life or of its sterner duties. He was from Kentucky, and this was doubtless enough for Bragg to know. Bragg's unpopularity became so marked and universal in his own army that he was removed. Shortly after this battle his incapacity for supreme command became evident. He was superseded by General Joseph E. Johnston. Bragg had absolutely thrown away three battles, the last chance of the struggling Confederacy, namely: Perryville, Murfreesboro and Chickamauga. His campaign in Kentucky was an absolute failure, and his glaring inexcusable delay and his failure to follow up the grand victory that his soldiers had gained on the 19th and 20th of September emphasized his incapacity in a most decisive manner.

The refusal of Bragg to permit Forrest, with his cavalry and 15,000 infantry to follow the retreating Federal army to Chattanooga, made Forrest furiously angry and caused him to denounce Bragg to his face.

Bragg ordered Forrest under arrest. Forrest refused to be arrested. A bitter personal quarrel followed and Forrest half drew his sword from its scabbard and doubtless would have cut Bragg down but for the interference of staff officers. Gen. Forrest now offered his resignation and vowed and swore he would not serve under Bragg

any longer. General Bragg had sometime before this ordered Forrest to report to General Wheeler for duty or orders. Forrest refused to do so. General Wheeler, when he was assigned to the supreme command of all the cavalry was but twenty-four years old and very few of our cavalry men or commanders had heard of him. He proved to be a gallant soldier. General Forrest called it cowardice to refuse to follow up this splendid victory. He felt that Perryville, Murfreesboro and this third victory in less than one year were practically thrown away by this tyrant.

Forrest's valuable service, little short of brilliant, could not be spared. All the brigade division and corps commanders went to him and implored him not to leave the service. President Davis was present at headquarters. He granted Forrest an independent command, free from interference, after a futile effort to patch up matters. Forrest, now free, collected some eight hundred men. From this nucleus he soon formed a fine body of young men from many quarters. Everywhere and every-time he met the enemy he defeated him.

He rose supreme to every situation; everywhere he astonished friends and foe alike.

The fighting was over, and an order was received for the remnant of Morgan's old command to be dismounted and sent to the infantry. This General Forrest absolutely refused to carry out over the protest of both officers and men, and the order came very near causing a mutiny. The remnant of our command was given its choice to join General Forrest, or stay with General Wheeler's command. Most of our boys went with General Forrest, for it was at this time thought proper to reorganize the army. An order was issued that the soldiers should be reorganized, placing the men from different states in companies,

regiments and brigades, thus having them with their own state's troops. It was thought that this was an unwise and also an unnecessary proceeding, causing much dissatisfaction and confusion.

XXVI

AFTER CHICKAMAUGA

Wounded and unconscious on the field—Aroused by a robber—
Help comes—Left to die—Forrest and my father come and
save me—Abandoned by the hospital surgeons—My father
saves my life—I operate on my own wounded bowel—Grati-
tude for my nurse—Convalescent—"Aren't you my papa?"—
In love with my nurse—Back to the service.

When the roar of Chickamauga had rumbled into silence, I realized that my dream of being twice wounded had become a painful reality, and that my actual wounds were much like those that I had seen in vision of slumber.

I led this charge (on the bridge) and reached the opposite side and reformed the small remnant left of the advance that started on this dash, some seventy remaining out of five hundred and forty. At this supreme moment, I received a wound in my left side, at the same place the pain had struck me in my dream. I reeled in my saddle, but steadied myself and, leading my men, dashed into the ranks of the enemy; not thinking that I was much hurt. I now received another wound, this in my left leg below the knee, just as I had felt it in my sleep. My horse was also killed at this same time.

With my shattered leg, I tried to rise but could not. My wound in my side was also serious. I fell among the many of these dear, gallant soldier boys. If I died it would be a soldier's death in a sacred cause. The excessive loss of blood caused me to lose consciousness.

I heard the roll of musketry and the thunders of artillery gradually receding further and further away in my semi-consciousness, and then it seemed to come near again. I then lost consciousness again. The questions in my mind were "Is this death?" "Will my father know?" The thirst, oh the thirst! It was awful. A drink of cool water, oh for a drink of water!

I lapsed into a cold stupor, in which I lay I don't know how long. I was aroused by a terribly excruciating, twisting pain. I had on a new pair of cavalry boots. I was being robbed of my effects. A ghoul, a robber of the battle field dead, was abroad. He had already taken my watch and money and my right boot, and was now trying to pull off my remaining boot, tugging at the one on my wounded leg. The pain had brought me to my senses. I had always carried two double-barrel deringer pistols in my hip pockets. I reached behind me slowly, drew one of these pistols and took deliberate aim at the robber's head, and fired. He fell back as if dead, and then recoiled in horror, feeling that a corpse had come to life.

I had fired too high, and merely grazed his scalp to the bone, ploughing a furrow through his hair. It brought me help however as an ambulance corps was attracted by the shot and came directly to me, and took charge of the miscreant. They found his pockets loaded with plunder of the battle field including my watch and about 25 others; his pockets full of rings stolen from the dead. He was placed under guard.

I was examined by the ambulance corps and left for dead. They frankly told me that I could not live an hour, and there was no use to waste any time on me. My horse had fallen on me and pinned me to the ground, but some of the infantry had pulled him off my body.

They dressed my wounds, placed me in the shade, gave me a canteen of water and passed on to other wounded soldiers. I heard the awful moans of the wounded and dying, especially the anguished cries of a South Carolina soldier, who was calling for water. I crawled to him and gave the last of the water in my canteen. He emptied the canteen without taking it from his lips, and bowed his thanks to me. I now began to think how I was to obtain more water. I could not walk. I thought for some time, I tried to crawl but could not; I began to roll over and over.

I finally reached the river Chickamauga. I had hurt both my wounds, my leg and my side were very painful. I began to fill my canteen. Looking at the water, closely, I saw that it was half blood, or nearly so. I stopped. After all, I might be mistaken. No this was surely blood, but I must have it or I would die of thirst. I started on my return. It was very hard work, and took a long time; my head was bursting with pain. I reached my young friend, who was whispering, "water." I handed him the canteen, he drank half the contents, and revived shortly. I drank some, and my side seemed to begin to bleed. I lost consciousness.

The ambulance corps came again. I was so still they thought me dead, turned me over and then back again. I was too weak to move or speak, even to open my eyes. They left me, believing me dead. I was conscious of everything. I lay for some hours in a stupor. The distant sound of a stray picket shot at intervals told me it was night. If I could but see my dear old soldier father again before I died! Finally, the cold, bright beams of the nearly half full moon shone upon the scene. A distant dog howled a sad requiem for the dead and dying. I was, oh, so cold, and chill. I spoke

to the South Carolina soldier, and asked him if he could possibly do so, to send word to General Forrest or any of the Kentucky officers.

Hark! I hear the approach of horsemen. I hear General Forrest asking some questions. He dismounts and kneels beside me, feels my heart beats, feeble enough. He now stands over me, and they gently raise me on the ambulance litter, and place it in the ambulance and drive it to the hospital. The surgeons examine my wounds and shake their heads, and go away to wait on the living. My father comes, examines my wound in the side and takes his silk handkerchief and with a ramrod from a gun gently pushes the handkerchief into the wound, lets the handkerchief remain and withdraws the rod. This stopped the flow of blood and thereby saved my life, for I was surely bleeding to death. I was given some soup and soon fell into a refreshing sleep.

I was very hungry the next morning. I was given soup and soon rallied. After five or six days, was feeling very much better. My young South Carolina friend had told where I could be found, and they came for me on the sixth day, bringing the robber for identification. He was hanged like a dog, a just fate. My comrade told me of the second day's fighting; it was a continuous forward movement on the part of the Confederates, driving the enemy from one position to another and finally breaking through the center of their army, near the foot of Snodgrass Hill, thus driving their army like a wedge, turning their right wing, crushing it and driving it helter skelter from the field.

My soldier friend Lieutenant Higdon, and I were placed in a hospital at Spartansburg.

It was found that both wounds were very serious,

as both bones in my leg had been crushed, producing a compound fracture, and all the surgeons said it would have to be amputated. It was finally decided to do this after the rush was over. They sent my comrade to tell me this important news. I replied that it should not be done. I would not submit to it. I would rather die. I had already fixed for this emergency. When the doctors came they began to make preparations for their work, and stepped forward now. I had my hand on my pistol under my pillow. They threw the blanket off and started to place me on a table. At this I protested and told them to go away from me or I would shoot, at the same time drawing the double-barrel derringer pistol. I held it cocked in his face and told him pointedly to leave me or I would shoot him. They tried in vain to convince me if it were not done, I would die sure. I said, "Then let me die; I will not submit to it." My comrade said, "Gentlemen, you had better leave or he will shoot some of you. He has two pistols and has always carried them for this very purpose." They left very much disgusted with me. The next day the old father of Lieutenant Higdon came for me in the old family carriage and the young soldier insisted on having me go home with him. I was taken along, it was a long weary ride, and required seven and a half days to make the trip. The wound in my side was very painful and I asked to be taken to the hospital, as the bullet was still in my body and I wanted it removed, if possible, soon as it could be done. I was conscious that if it was not removed I would die, as I was losing strength every day.

It was now a month since I had been wounded. The surgeon in charge told me the bullet could not be taken out and that he would not attempt it.

I had been in the practice four years with my pre-

ceptor, who was a fine surgeon. I had assisted the surgeons often when crowded with work. From day to day I called my case to the notice of the surgeon. He still flatly refused to do the work for me. I now made up my mind to do it myself, with the assistance of a young widow nurse, who was in the hospital. She had lost her husband in the first battle of Bull Run and thereupon had become a nurse for wounded and sick soldiers. I told her of my plans and told her, too, that I was dying by inches every day. I asked her if she would bring me the necessary instruments, while the surgeon was gone to his dinner. She said "Yes, and I will help you, too." I told her to get some hot water, a basin of cold water, a pitcher of cold water, some carbolic acid, two pairs of scissors, one curved pair, a sharp knife, a blunt, curved hook. She had all these ready when the doctor started to dinner. I asked her to bring me a bullet, a minnie ball. I got very busy at once. The nurse also brought me six surgeon's needles threaded with cat-gut sutures. I placed the bullet between my teeth to bite on while doing this work, for I knew it would hurt badly.

I took up the blunt, curved hook and slowly introduced it into the wound by a slight rotary, oscillating movement from side to side. I rested a short time, for it was very painful. I pressed it further in until I felt that I had gotten the hook over the bowel. I slowly drew the bowel toward the opening, which had sloughed considerably, and left a large hole in my side. The cut in the bowel could be plainly seen. I now placed a roll of bandages in the loop of the bowel between it and my side, to keep the bowel from slipping back into the cavity. Then I took the curved scissors, snipped off the sloughing, ragged edges to freshen them. I was gritting my teeth upon the bullet. Cold perspiration was pour-

ing off my face and body. I must not and could not stop now.

There was a horrid fascination about it. I was suffering torture. I held my breath. The widow handed me the curved, threaded needles; I dreaded these more than the cutting, but with a renewed determination, I placed six stitches in my bowel; I then tightened these alternately, so as to have the fresh edges fit closely without puckering. Having drawn all up tightly, I took sponges and moistened them in hot water and bathed the bowel, removing all the blood clots. I took a large syringe and washed out the cavity thoroughly. After cleansing the gut wound I placed eight stitches in the outside wound.

The operation was finished. The cold perspiration was standing in great beads upon my face and body. I was frozen almost to death. The work finished, I looked up into the face of this heroic, beautiful woman. Both of us fell in a dead faint across the cot. The doctor stood in the doorway and saw this last scene. He came forward, swearing like a madman, picked up the beautiful widow and carried her to her own room. Unconscious, I lay oblivious to passing events.

I learned, after my return to life, that the doctor said: "Let the fool die, if he will"; he was also heard to say some very tender and endearing words while bending over this dear young widow.

After a while the surgeon came to my cot and said in a very gruff tone, "You have played hell, haven't you. I hope you are satisfied." I replied, "Doctor, I am not entirely satisfied, but will be as soon as I am well and strong enough to slap your jaws for your insults. I would do so now if I were able, you vulgar puppy."

About supper time, the nurse came and brought me

supper. She looked very beautiful to me. She had saved my life and I—well, I was very grateful.

I was healthy and vigorous at the time I received these wounds, and my recovery was uninterrupted. I am sure that mine was one of the few recoveries from such a bowel wound. Most patients would have given up without an effort, and died. At this period surgeons regarded wounds of the bowels as necessarily fatal. When I was wounded, I had not drawn any rations, nor eaten anything, save some parched corn, for five days. I feel certain that if I had been well fed my wound would have killed me.

I received the most diligent and kind attention. On the 15th of November, following, I began to hobble about on crutches. My leg was also healing rapidly. My friend, Captain Fulton, took me out riding. The warm sunshine, fresh air and exercise were very beneficial to both of us. I was, from this time on, a welcome guest in any home in this fine little settlement.

But the sad gloom of the terrible, blighting war was plainly visible in this and all other Southern towns and cities. The women of the South made as many sacrifices and endured almost the same amount of hardships as did the soldiers in the fields. They were constantly busy making caps, shirts, pants, coats, knitting socks, scraping lint, rolling bandages, and doing all the very necessary things for their absent husbands and sons in the field. Many families had wounded relatives and friends to nurse from one month's end to another. They learned to do these things, as there was no other way to obtain supplies for the army.

There were no young men in town, all were in the service. There were some very old men. I met many young widows whose husbands had been killed. Dark,

indeed, was the past, and still darker was the future for these hard-worked ladies.

I was frequently asked to entertain these sewing parties with some of the thrilling experiences of the cavalry service under Morgan, and especially those of my last campaign in Ohio. I was rapidly growing stronger, the wound in my side was nearly healed. I could bear my weight on my game leg, whose strength I tested many times a day. My recovery was considered almost a **miracle**.

I was frequently teased by the ladies about the sad faced, little widow, who helped me in this operation, and she about me, which she evidently did not like. I had formed at this time a deep interest in her little daughter, Effie. She was so sweet and sensible, bright and innocent, that her prattle and lady-like manners gradually stole my heart. She was my constant companion.

I had now begun to take horseback rides every day on her mother's saddle mare, a fine gaited animal. I took my little chum with me. She enjoyed these rides very much.

One evening I was invited to supper with the widow's aunt, and I found a number of the ladies of the town present. Supper over, all retired to the porch and parlor. My little chum came up to me and said, "Aren't you my papa?" in a voice bewitchingly sweet and loud enough to be heard all over the parlor.

Heavens, I thought I should choke! I could not speak. All eyes were upon me—even the widow was looking into my eyes. My face flushed hot. My eyes met hers. I was, to say the least, uncomfortable and embarrassed. The ladies enjoyed my evident confusion. I picked up my little chum and tormentor and kissed her

repeatedly, at the same time looking at her mother. All the ladies laughed and railed at us both. She was as much embarrassed as myself. To tell the truth, I loved not only the child, but, unconsciously, up to this moment, the mother as well. I was uncertain as to this matter until now, but this little prattler had awakened the conscious thought and emotion, a very strange one to me. The poor, affectionate, little creature craved a father's love; her manner, and earnest, pleading tones, stirred me, and all these prying eyes harried me to the limit. She was three years and six months old, very precocious and bright, and could ask questions that would baffle old heads to answer.

So here was more trouble for me. I had never thought for a moment that this young, beautiful, cultured woman, who was very rich, could ever think of me as anything but an unfortunate soldier. I was perplexed with myself. I must stay and suffer the torments of uncertainty. After three or four days, I was alone with this gentle, cultured, sweet woman, who had nursed me so tenderly and constantly for nearly two months. She seemed to be under some unusual restraint. Finally, turning her magnificent eyes upon me, she said, "Captain, you seem to have been in a sad mood for these last few days. Is there anything that troubles you?"

I told her that I was seriously involved in a matter that I did not know how to manage or dispose of; that I was hopelessly at a loss what to do under the circumstances and must ask her advice. Going close up to her, I said:

"My dear, I am desperately and devotedly in love with you. I have been a most tortured creature since the scene in your aunt's house. I first loved your dear,

little girl; she stole my heart from me and then gave it to you. I did not know at that time that I loved you. Since that hour I have loved you more than myself. Can you give me at least one hope for an answering sentiment? I am but a soldier of fortune. May I, can I, hope to win your love, or even your patient kindness? This is a great surprise to me. Your patient kindness and the sweet, trusting, innocent child have led me to this." She replied, "You are a soldier, and almost a stranger to me, but I must confess that I have had and still have, a more than unusual interest in you, in your fortitude and the brave struggle, the remarkable recovery from your desperate wound. All have claimed my attention and interest. You have endured enough to excite the interest of any one. If I were certain that you would not be taken as the other was taken, I could answer with more definiteness." Laying her hand upon my arm, tears streaming from her beautiful eyes, she exclaimed:

"Oh, this terrible, cruel war is breaking our hearts."

I shall never forget her sad, woeful tones. She was indeed a very sensible, practicable, bright woman.

"I could love you," she said finally, "but I dare not."

She presented me with a copy of "Lalla Rookh," which I have kept ever since. We understood each other fully and spent some very happy days. I never can forget her tear-stained cheeks. I wrote to her frequently and received letters from this lovely, beautiful creature.

I now felt well enough to report for duty. I had been wounded, and away from my comrades for three months.

I told my nurse that I thought of leaving in a few days for Richmond, to see my brother in the Virginia army and to spend the Christmas with him, as the latter was only a few days off. She invited me to remain and spend the holidays at her home. She told me she had severed her connection with the hospital that very morning, and was going to her home to rest awhile; that Doctor Ashford, the surgeon, had become so cross and disagreeable that she did not care to be near him.

I then remarked, "If you leave, I shall go away at once, as I have come to the conclusion that the doctor does not like me for some reason, since our surgical operation together. He has been almost insulting at times."

The doctor came out and said, "Captain, I understand you are thinking of leaving us soon."

"Yes," I replied; "today. Please arrange my papers at once. I have come for them."

"You certainly are not in earnest about this, are you?"

"Doctor, do you think I am joking? Please make out my papers in due form, at once. I shall thank you. I shall call for them in one hour."

I arose and started for the porch. I turned and said, "Mrs. Thornton, will you walk with me as far as Colonel Higdon's?"

So moving on towards his house, she said, "Captain, you have not told me that you would accept my invitation to remain and spend the Christmas at my house; we should be glad to have you remain with us." All the while the sweet chatterbox was talking and prattling as we went. I now said, "Yes, with much pleasure, and I thank you, too."

She was a kinswoman of Captain Sheldon to whose home she went. He told us that he was ready to return to his command. He belonged to General Longstreet's corps. He left us the next day for the front. I never saw him again.

I spent the holidays with these patriotic, hospitable people. This gracious and beautiful and cultured woman presented me with a beautiful saddle and a thoroughbred mare, with a fine bridle.

I remained until New Year's day, and then took my departure for Virginia to visit my brother, William W. Berry, who was serving under Stonewall Jackson in the Eighth Georgia regiment. I spent a week with him, and met all the noted officers of the grand Virginia army, particularly those matchless men and soldiers, General Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, the two Hills, Ashby, Stewart and the incomparable Pelham of Alabama, who was considered the finest artilleryman in the army. I also saw Jubal Early, Fitzhugh Lee and Jeb Stewart. I went to Richmond and received my commission as captain of cavalry. I left for Kentucky on special duty, with the recruiting service, reaching the station January 24, 1864, where I met my brother, Captain Samuel O. Berry.

XXVII

WITH FORREST

Assigned to staff duty—Winchester—Again wounded, captured and sent to Rock Island—I escape—Returning to the south—Outrages by Burbridge—Recruiting—Fight near Bardstown Junction—Meeting Forrest—Forrest's victorious campaign—Fort Pillow—Brice's cross-roads—I am stabbed in the throat but kill my assailants—The battle—Personal characteristics of Forrest—A furlough and a visit to my brother.

I determined to cast my fortunes with the daring and dashing Forrest. He had endeared himself to our comrades in the old squadron by his determined stand against the order dismounting us, thus preventing its execution. Free from the orders of General Bragg, under whom he had sworn he would not serve another day, and in charge of an independent command, which he organized into two regiments, his success from this hour was brilliant and phenomenal. Nothing seemed to check his victorious career. He was constantly receiving recruits, whom he armed with captured weapons. He promoted men to command under him solely upon their merits and efficiency. His eyes seemed to take in everything at a glance. His motto, "Get there first—with the most men," worked like a charm. He always led his soldiers, was always where the fight was thickest and hottest and never seemed to be fatigued or tired.

I was assigned to staff duty on my return. His command was receiving accessions from all over the country. Wherever he went, many old, seasoned, wound-

ed soldiers joined him from choice. General A. Beauford sought and obtained permission to join him, with his fine brigade. General Forrest seemed to magnify himself as the battles of Williamsburg, Loudon, Knoxville, Sweetwater, Philadelphia, McMinnsville, Murfreesboro, Shelbyville, Sugar Creek, Johnson, on the Tennessee, Percy, and Laverne, followed in rapid succession without the loss of a battle. At all the places he assailed the enemy's force was superior in numbers to his own. He attacked without halting his battalions; he formed his lines while moving, sending his most trusted chiefs to attack from different directions. All his battles were fought and won by dashing, furious charges and at close quarters. The suddenness of these attacks often paralyzed opposition. His name became a terror among the enemy. This period was marked by severe and bitterly cold weather.

During December and January, 1863-1864, his command was in the saddle constantly. On February 2, at Winchester, we met a superior force of infantry, artillery and cavalry—General Long's division of cavalry, 5,000 strong. Forrest's effective force was 2,600. He attacked the enemy with such impetuosity and fury that he drove them in confusion six miles, capturing and destroying 2,500 stands of arms and 38 wagons.

I was again seriously wounded, shot through the left lung, and fell into the hands of the enemy and was left to the tender mercies of the Yankee surgeons. This made thirteen Yankee compliments, or wounds. I was taken to Chattanooga and placed in the hospital, on the 21st. I tried to make my escape. For this infamous crime, as the enemy called it, I was sent off to prison at Point Lookout. I suffered terribly on the trip. I was placed in the hospital, where I was recognized as

one of the men who had escaped from Camp Morton. After ten days' stay at Point Lookout I was removed and sent under guard to Rock Island. I was handcuffed to my guard to be sure that I should not escape.

On the night of the 17th, after leaving Cincinnati, both being very tired, I said to my guard, "I shall take a nap." He replied, "I shall do the same." I pretended to sleep, until my guard was sound asleep. I very cautiously slipped my hand from the handcuffs, raised myself up, and looked about me. The cars were rattling along at a lively rate. One of the guard's pistols were lying on the seat beside him; the other one on the floor in front of our seat. I picked them up, placed them under my belt and quietly stepping over my sleeping guard, walked leisurely to the door. I stood for a moment, then opening the door I stepped out onto the platform. The whistle blew for Herndon and the train slowed up. I leaped to the ground and was slightly stunned. Striking off through the woodland, I came to a country road, along which I hurried as fast as my strength would carry me. I found that I must rest. I pushed on toward the Ohio River, glad to be free. I had no means of knowing the time of night until I heard the chickens in a barn yard begin to crow for day. I trudged along slowly in a Southern direction. My lung was still sore, and my wounded leg was giving me much trouble. The night was cold and I had to keep moving to keep myself warm. Day came on apace. I met a negro man on horseback, and asked him the distance to Herndon. He said it was twelve miles. Then I asked him how far it was to the river at the nearest point. "Seventeen miles, Boss; dat's about de distance." "Where do you live, old man?" "I live near Madison, Boss, I does." "How far is that place?"

"Twenty miles, Boss. You mus' be a stranger in dese parts, Boss, ain't ye?"

After making the necessary inquiries about the roads, direction and distance, I covered the old man with my pistol, bade him dismount, took his horse and told him to stay where he was for one hour, when I should be back; or if I was not back he might look for his horse somewhere on the Ohio River. I had some very important business to look after. I made off quickly as I did not want to be caught on the north side of the river. After riding rapidly for three hours, not meeting with anyone, I heard the whistle of a boat. Pushing on, I soon came in sight of the river.

I dismounted, hitched the horse near a gate, went down the road one half a mile, crossed a woodland and reaching the river, carefully scanned its banks on both sides far and near. On the opposite shore, far below me, I saw a small boat crossing. I hurried down the bank and came in sight of the man in the boat about the time he landed and attracted his attention. He waited for me. I desired him to place me across the river. But to this he objected, saying that he had not the time to spare. I asked him if I could have the boat; to this he consented. This did not suit my plans so I took him prisoner, had him row me across the river and held him until about dark before allowing him to return. I then made my way on foot to Dr. Jim Thayer's house near Carlton, Ky., where I was among friends, as the doctor was a brother-in-law of Captain Tom Taylor, who was in our command. The doctor sent off and got me a horse immediately and also sent his son to Carlton and bought me a pair of pistols and ammunition. Thus equipped I set out for further adventures and for Dixie Land.

Crossing the Kentucky River above Big Eagle, in

Owen county I traveled neighborhood roads and stopped with good friends at the home of Mr. John Ladd in Henry county, between Pleasureville and New Castle. During the two days I stopped here I slept most of the time as only a tired soldier can. I had had no sleep for four nights. In this neighborhood I found some of our wounded men, who were left in the state on the Ohio raid. They were tired of hiding and anxious to go South. It was very hard to hide from the numerous scouting parties of the enemy, moving in all directions. There was no shelter of leaves in the woods.

A few days before this time General Burbridge had sent two Confederate soldiers from Lexington to the Pleasureville depot and had them shot, in retaliation for the death of Captain Sparks, who was a Captain in the Home Guards and provost marshal of the old town, Pleasureville. This creature had made himself extremely obnoxious by tyrannizing over the people, arresting citizens, and sending them off to prison, plundering them of their property, or exacting blood money from them to keep out of prison. He was a patriot tool of the bloodthirsty Burbridge. This man was killed in battle with Confederate soldiers in fair open fight. Shortly afterward, during the early months of summer, this brutal monster and fiend sent four more Confederate prisoners from Lexington down to Frankfort where they were also shot without trial or charges, for alleged killing that never transpired. This is an account of the most wilful cold-blooded and cowardly outrageous murder that ever disgraced the annals of time, or besmirched the name of men or a state. These four men were sent from Lexington, taken across the bridge near the city limits of South Frankfort, stood up by their coffins near a stone fence on the side of a hill in a pasture near the Shelby-

ville Pike. At the time of the execution there was a cowardly, brutal and infamous creature too cowardly to enter the army who had stayed at home to save his miserable carcass. Coming down the pike he saw these helpless victims standing before their coffins; saw the flash of the guns and three men fall dead; he saw the fourth spring to his feet, run to the fence, leap over it into the pasture, and escape from the firing party before the latter could reload. Although grievously wounded he was making his way to the woods; poor fellow, he did not know how close he was to the cowardly assassin. When reaching the stone fence at the pike he placed his hands on the top of the fence and was climbing up, when he was met by this cowardly creature who pointed a double barrel shot gun in his face. His head was literally blown off. Sanford Gains was not a soldier, had never even joined a Home Guard. His name and memory will be forever execrated; made infamous by this dastardly deed. He became a hated, loathsome, ostracised man, even by his own family and class and died a miserable death.

Leaving my friend's house at night I made my way through Oldham, Shelby and Spencer counties. I found my old friends Jonathan Davis and Nick Anderson in a dense thicket. From this covert was received a company sent from Henry and Shelby counties. During April I had the satisfaction of enlisting sixty-four good soldiers all mounted and each equipped with four pistols and a double-barrel shot gun, ready for any kind of service. Many of these men were recruits. Twenty-three were veteran soldiers who had made their escape. The terrible suffering and the harsh treatment they had passed through, and the punishments they had received had rendered them desperate. Most of these men vowed they

would die before they would ever surrender again. Conscription measures had become more rigorous and hundreds of men were hiding in the brush.

I learned from a reliable source that General Forrest was moving into Kentucky and determined to meet him. Leaving Spencer county late in the evening, we encountered Captain Bridgewater's company. I charged them furiously; a short, brief grapple ensued, near the Old Nelson Forge between Bardstown Junction and Boston. We killed and wounded forty-three and chased the rest into the Bullitt county hills. Moving on we passed around Garnetsville through Meade, Hardin, and Hancock counties. Near Hawsville, we learned that General Forrest was at Waverly and was moving on to Paducah. We camped near the Tennessee River and I sent ten men under a guide to find a boat. They found one and we at once crossed the river. As the last man reached the west bank we were fired upon by three companies of Federals under Lieutenant Colonel Ward. We took shelter behind trees and returned the salute with vigor, killing a number and driving the rest to cover. Sending the boat adrift, we moved rapidly forward to meet General Forrest's advance columns.

He attacked Paducah with spirit and closed all avenues of escape from above and below, entering the town on a furious charge. He captured 1700 prisoners and 2000 stands of arms, also quantities of army supplies and 80 army wagons. He had an army of 5000 under him which was constantly increased by recruits. His losses had been considerable during the three weeks of his operations in middle and west Tennessee and western Kentucky. He enlisted no fewer than 4700 men, all of whom he armed with guns captured in his wonderful campaign which was one of the most brilliant actions in

which he had engaged since he had taken charge of an independent command. He moved into west Tennessee where he received two more regiments which made something over 11000 under his command, effectives equipped without a dollar's cost to the Confederate government. He had not met with a single reverse in his belligerent career since October 1, or since he was his own master. During this period he fought forty-six battles, captured 31000 prisoners, and destroyed over \$10,000,000 worth of property for the enemy and was destined to win still more brilliant and remarkable renown and victories. Truly this unlettered modern Ajax or Hannibal was a constant astonishment to friends and foes alike, especially foes. Starting with two small, skeleton regiments, he was now at the head of a victorious little army of his own making, that had supreme confidence in itself and also unbounded confidence in its matchless leader. This unlettered, uneducated man had so continuously expanded and developed such unusual capacities as to astonish all men. His compatriots look upon him as a wonder. Meeting every necessity, he mastered each increasing demand of the situation. Opposition seemed to melt before him, his capabilities seemed to expand in every trying ordeal. Taking everything into consideration, he stands as a colossus among many wonderful men which the civil war developed. The brilliant talents displayed in his dashing career of 17 months were almost beyond belief and a correct history of his exploits and achievements would read like a romance.

He planned to assault and capture Ft. Pillow, held by three regiments of negroes. He marched with his victorious veterans, sent a flag of truce and demanded surrender. While he was waiting for a reply, his outpost

pickets reported that the enemy was advancing in his rear, in strong force, and they added that he was cut off and surrounded by the enemy.

General Forrest regarding the soldier with some scorn, said, "Well, ain't we in their rear, too?" His whole visage changed instantly. "Captain, tell General Beauford to coop up the niggers, and keep them in the fort there, until we whip these people coming up." I saluted and rode to deliver the order. The two rear brigades were turned about with promptness, with six pieces of artillery; in one hour the inclosing Federals were almost destroyed and flying back to Memphis with trailing colors. General Forrest now sent General Horton in pursuit. The enemy in the fort put up a white flag in token of surrender. General Beauford's men had ceased firing and many of his men climbed the mounds near the breastworks. General Beauford had sent a staff officer to ascertain what was wanted, or to receive the surrender. At this moment the garrison took arms again and opened fire upon the men on the banks, killing several and wounding others.

General Forrest has received unstinted abuse and vilification for what Northern newspapers and writers are pleased to call a massacre at Fort Pillow but the fact remain that these faithless, shameless men, had broken faith, they had surrendered, then taken arms again. There was nothing left to the Confederates but to defend themselves, which they did as they always did. No one was to blame but those blind misguided creatures, those poor negroes. They were officered by a Northern fanatic who urged them to do this dastardly deed.

When General Beauford saw his officers and men fired upon, he mounted his horse and led his command over the embankment, and said, "No quarter to wretches

like these." The scene that followed inside the fort beggars description. Sheets of fire and flame, bayonets, clubbed muskets, revolvers, swords, flashed and rung among the maddened soldiers who shot the frantic negroes and slew the men who had urged the negroes to this rash act and who now rushed pell mell about and over the embankment and redoubts only to be impaled on the bayonets of those outside the fort. The air was full of bullets and flying missiles, mingled with the dying groans of these poor creatures, and still the horrid din went on. The infuriated men grappled each other's throats. Many of these poor wretches jumped into the river, only to be shot in the water, which seemed to seethe and boil with bullets. They sank out of sight to rise no more. General Forrest did not order this last assault; he did his very best to stop the useless butchery and sacrifice of life. He used the flat of his sword on the back and shoulders of many of his own men before he finally put a stop to it. Two regiments of soldiers turned upon him and threatened him with loaded guns if he should strike another man. He sent his aides for two regiments and threatened to shoot the first man that dare fire another gun.

This is the true story of this affair. This and many other desperate defeats of Federal arms had now aroused the authorities to the importance, the necessity, of speedy reprisal, to defeat this war Hercules, who had crushed four armies superior to his own and commanded by four West Pointers, house-made, or book-made soldiers. They now scanned the list of the rough and ready, sturdy soldiers, who had never known defeat but had more fame and success. From among these they picked an old soldier, a West Pointer, a fine, unbeaten soldier, but who was destined to become another victim of misplaced

confidence. General Sturgis was sent to destroy this thunderbolt of battle.

General Forrest was apprised of the measures on foot for his benefit. General Sturgis selected 18,000 picket men from General Sherman's army, to be sent from Memphis. He would march this well-equipped force against General Forrest. Forrest's losses had been severe in a series of skirmishes and battles recently and his forces at this time being somewhat scattered he concentrated for this emergency, by sending couriers to detached commands to meet him at Clinton, some 50 miles from Memphis. He retreated slowly to a dismal **swamp**, leaving six fine regiments behind in ambush. This swamp was impassable for about twelve miles, except by the log road. He continued his retreat beyond this and halted. He met his reenforcements near a sluggish, and boggy stream known as Mud Run. Crossing **this**, he marched half a mile beyond and halted, near Brice cross roads and formed his lines parallel to this stream. With his staff he carefully examined the situation and learned through field glasses that the enemy was still crossing the swamp on the corduroy bridge. Everything being in readiness, he now called for fifty volunteers. The enemy after crossing the bridge had thrown up breastworks of logs and dirt. The enemy was seen defiling from right to left as they crossed the bridge and took their position in line.

While examining these lines on the opposite side of the stream, a Yankee Colonel with six men tried to capture me; I started to move away and was so close to them that I could distinctly hear the General tell them not to fire on me as it would develop their lines; to capture me if possible. There was a large cotton field in their front. Moving up faster they called upon me to sur-

render and at this divided into squads, two going behind and two in front and two directly at me on a charge. I suddenly put up my field glasses and drew my pistol. It refused to fire. I had a point blank shot at the Colonel but missed fire. Coming at me in a headlong charge the Colonel gave a tierce point thrust with his sword and its point entered the left side of my face just under the angle of the jaw and passed through, transfixing my tongue and coming out on the other side of my face. I threw myself back upon my horse's hips. Having drawn and cocked the second pistol in my left hand, I killed the Colonel at the first fire, and he in falling from his horse drew the sword from my face. I killed five men still laying back on my horse. Then recovering myself in my saddle, I shot and killed the other man's horse and wounded the sixth man. The two others started to run and I also killed one of them from his horse. This was all done so quickly that you could hardly count the shots. All these six men fired at me but missed. They had fired too quickly, also too high, the bullets passing over me. My horse was slightly wounded.

Our horses were in rapid motion when this fight occurred. General Forrest hearing shots in rapid succession, came forward at a swinging pace, at the same time sending volunteers across the field with instructions to march in open file upon the enemy's works until they could see their eyes. When they heard the order to fire they fell almost flat upon the ground. They charged furiously upon the enemy's works before they could reload; at the same instant other bodies of reenforcement charged the enemy's works; deadly hand-to-hand contest ensued for an hour. The ground was strewn with the dead and wounded. The enemy having fled in confusion, General Forrest reached my side and saw the dead and

wounded soldiers lying around me. The clear bugle notes sounded a charge all along the line. The artillery came sweeping by; the storm of battle, fierce and deadly, was raging along both sides of this swampy stream. The sound of bugle notes, and the rapid succession of three shots from the artillery were the signal for the ambushment to open. For four hours this fierce hand-to-hand combat swayed from side to side. It seemed that all the noises of the age had come back to mingle with this portentous strife. Nothing could stop this impetuous onslaught of Forrest. His sword cleaved the skulls of eleven men in this terrible melee. Wherever his avenging blade sought the enemy they gave way, dismayed at what they saw. These stricken soldiers were rallied three times by General Sturgis, only to be pressed and forced back upon the causeway near its entrance to the swamp. Our artillery was planted so as to enfilade the masses of the enemy crossing this corduroy road, with grape and canister; the ranks melted rapidly before this blighting fire of iron and lead. Many stricken fugitives fled, only to be overtaken and killed. Thousands of them were crowded off the causeway into the boggy mire where men and horses sank out of sight almost immediately. Late in the evening the chase was stopped for the want of more material. General Sturgis had entered this battle with the battle cry of "Remember Fort Pillow," carrying a black flag with the avowed purpose to exterminate the whole command.

Two days after this terrific conflict an old man, dressed in shabby, coarse clothing, might have been seen to enter the city of Memphis. It is hardly believed that this was the proud old soldier who had been an active factor on many a blood-stained field. This shabbily dressed old man was no other than General Sturgis, who

had gone forth to wipe the stain of recent defeats from the records of so many of his brother officers.

I must remark in this connection, that this battle is passed over in the annals of the war with a few lines of Federal history, not more than twenty. It was in bare truth one of the most bloody, disastrous and distinct defeats to the Federals arms of the entire war. Out of 18,000 picked men sent against General Forrest there were never more than four hundred effective men who ever again reported for duty. There is one very good reason for this to be found in the fact that General Sturgis on this occasion displayed at the head of his brigades the black flag with the device of a skull and cross bones. General Forrest and his men were not the kind to refuse this challenge. He was one of the few **men** who saw the savage trend and brutal nature of the invader. He said that war was destruction and death, and this meant killing and that there were just so many to be killed; therefore, the sooner it was over the better for all concerned. He fought fast, hard and furiously. Almost a giant in strength, he never seemed to tire and rested while riding his powerful gray chargers. His pursuit and capture of General Sturgis' command demonstrated his powers and endurance; having been continuously in the saddle for five days and nights of hard marching and fighting before he started after Sturgis, who had three days' start of him. He pressed forward with an inferior force of 1750 men. General Sturgis had 2784 picked men with fresh horses and could get fresh horses on his way. General Forrest followed him day and night without stopping except to feed his horses, overtook and compelled him to fight; rear and flanks he continually assailed him by night and day. After seven days of continuous combat and harrassment, he compelled

him to surrender 2700 men; Forrest's force numbered 350 tired and fatigued, worn-out men. All the rest of his men and horses were completely exhausted and left by the way side. This tremendous strain was terrible upon these hapless men. But this flexible spring steel and rubber man, seemed as fresh and alert, as ready for new effort as when he started. He thus destroyed six well equipped armies sent against him inside of fourteen months.

He told me once that he had been in 184 battles and skirmishes. I met him first at the battle of Chickamauga and served with his command first and last about fifteen months. He was a man of firey, impulsive temper, but with many generous impulses; he had high courage and hated a coward more than he loved a brave man. Almost without education he had learned from nature's books the full import of surrounding conditions. The war found him a poor man struggling for an honest living. It left him a gaint in the game of war. Personally, he was six feet, one and one-half inches in height, very muscular and had broad, square shoulders; he was of light complexion, had a very fine head, piercing gray eyes, a heavy firm jaw, a finely shaped nose, regular features; he walked with an active, springy step and made the impression of force, power, and determination. When in good humor his visage was pleasing, his face intelligent looking and his demeanor attractive; but when angry this man certainly was not a pleasant object to look upon.

I was in this last battle with Sturgis. I was faint with loss of blood when I was taken from the field and thought I was done for, and would certainly receive my last furlough. But not so, thanks to a strong vigorous, healthy body, and sober and temperate habits. I recovered

from this terrible wound. I did not then, nor have I used any tobacco or coffee.

Being sent to the rear to recuperate, I obtained a furlough of ninety days and went to Virginia to visit my brother, Major Wm. Berry, of Jackson's old brigade, Colonel Bartow's regiment, the eighth Georgia volunteer. He had joined this command at the beginning of the war as a private, and had obtained the rank of major. I had not seen him since before the war began. I found him bronzed from many months of exposure in following the grand old hero, Stonewall Jackson. He was glad to greet me once more. I spent fourteen days with him. After leaving him I went to Richmond and never saw him again. He was killed in the desperate battle at Malvern Hill. I met my brother, Capt. Samuel Berry. I had received a promotion from General Forrest as a major after the battle of Mud Run. I received my commission at this time from him. I was assigned to detached duty and sent into Kentucky to recruit.

XXVIII

MORGAN'S ESCAPE

In close confinement—Captain Hines's plan—Fooling the guard
—A ruse to secure information—Cutting their way out—The
escape—Morgan makes an acquaintance—A clean get-away.

Leaving Richmond together, my brother and I informed General Forrest of this special detached service telling him at the same time that he might expect at any time to see General Morgan just starting into Kentucky. Having made his escape from the Ohio penitentiary he was making his way back into the southern lines from the Ohio River.

I cannot do better than give the details of this wonderful experience as I received it from one of my comrades, Captain Ralph Sheldon, who was one of those who escaped. General Morgan and seven of his officers were in this wholesale penitentiary delivery. These high-strung, spirited, free-rovers were imprisoned in felon's cells, deprived of light, and fresh air, and continually subjected to harsh cruelties and brutal insults. A number had been confined in the dungeon for trivial offenses. Grown desperate, they planned escape. Morgan was very restless under close imprisonment. Several plans were brought forward, only to be abandoned.

Captain Tom Hines devised a plan which was adopted. This was to tunnel out. Captain Hines had heard that an air chamber was constructed under the lower row of cell immediately under or upon the ground floor which accounted for the dryness of the cells on this floor. At the first opportunity, he entered into a

conversation with an old man by the name of Harg, who was assistant deputy warden. This old man was the only one of the officials who had anything to say to the prisoners. He was enthusiastic upon the substantial character of this prison. Captain Hines lead the conversation into this channel and learned that his surmise was correct. If he could cut through the concrete row of cells immediately under or upon the ground floor of the cell and reach this air chamber without detection he would have an excellent chance for future operations.

He communicated his plans to General Morgan, who approved them. Five other men were selected, whose cells were on the first floor as assistants for this work, which was commenced with knives abstracted from the tables. These knives, square at the end made an excellent tool for this labor. Placing pickets to prevent surprise, they hacked and chiseled away through 18 inches of stone, concrete, and cement. They concealed the rubbish in their handkerchiefs, blankets and beds. They soon had a hole in the floor large enough for a man's body to pass through. The iron bed steads which stood in each cell could be lifted up. Each morning, when Capt. Hines swept his cell he threw the dirt into the aperture over which he placed a rug when the guard came around. The latter did not examine the cell which looked neat and tidy. One kick at this speck of carpet with its hypocritical neatness, would have disclosed the plot.

After the air chamber had been reached, ten others were let into the secret so that the work might constantly go on night and day. Four men worked while one stood guard. Candles were ordered; without these it would

have been impossible to finish the work; a code of signals was adopted to meet all contingencies. The walls of the air chamber were built of large stone; three of these were removed, and a tunnel run straight to the outer wall. They were fortunate enough to discover an old rusty spade with a broken handle in the yard on their way to breakfast. They must have this spade at all hazards. This was now a priceless object. At the earliest opportunity it must be transferred to the air chamber. One man was to secrete this spade about his person. He wore a long overcoat. Six or seven men, who were his accomplices, became very frolicsome while the men were washing. The man selected fell on the spade, slipped the spade under his coat, buttoned his coat and carried the spade to the breakfast table with him, where he sat wonderfully straight. After breakfast he carried it to the hall and transferred it to the air chamber to shovel the dirt from the tunnel.

It was discovered, after removing a large block of stone, that the tunnel passed under an immense pile of coal. This difficulty must be remedied. The question was how. No one could tell how far or in what direction to run the tunnel to avoid obstruction. In this emergency General Morgan engaged Scott, the deputy warden, in conversation about the remarkable escape of some prisoners a short time before. Scott was fond of telling about this, describing how these men climbed up the balcony in front of the cells to the ceiling and passed through the skylight to the roof of the prison. Scott declared that he did not believe that there were two other men on the continent who could perform this feat by ascending these balconies. "There is a man who can do it," said General Morgan pointing to Captain Sam Taylor, "small as he is he can do it." This caused an excited dis-

cussion, ending in Scott giving Taylor permission to try it. He immediately commenced the ascent, springing from one balcony to another until he reached the top; and being one of the men selected to escape he comprehended the object of this feat, as it afforded him a chance to glance out of the windows at the ground beyond. As he swung himself up he casually looked down. He studied the position critically and was able to direct the tunnel aright. Once during the work Scott called for one of the men who was at work in the tunnel. General Morgan's presence of mind saved them from discovery. He said, "He is lying down, sick, I believe." At the same time he handed Scott a memorial which he requested him to examine as Morgan was going to send it to Washington. It was something about removal to a military prison. This flattered Scott's vanity. He took the paper and scanned it for some minutes and returned it, saying, "I think it will answer." So it did, for, by this time, Captain Hockersmith had been signalled to and made his appearance and complained of being sick.

During the time the work was going forward, the men slept with their heads and hands covered or concealed. This was done to accustom the night guards to take their presence for granted without actually seeing them. The guards made their rounds every two hours during the night, taking a lantern close to each cell, filling the cell with light to see if the occupant was in bed.

When all the tunneling had been completed, other preparations were made. The prison walls round the yards, from which they were to emerge were twenty-five feet high; means had been provided for scaling them; the coverlids of several beds had been torn into strips and plaited together into a strong rope of thirty feet and a

poker converted into a hook to which the rope was securely tied. This rope was now stored in the air chamber, ready for use.

All who were to escape procured citizen's clothes and got a time table of the Little Miami railroad. They knew the time the train left Columbus and when it arrived in Cincinnati. For this schedule Morgan paid fifteen dollars, the only money used in effecting this escape. It has always remained a puzzle and a deep, dark mystery to the Federal government and to the world how and when and from what source these prisoners received the money they had despite the strict search instituted when they entered the prison wall. There were seven men who managed to secrete their money so that it was not found. This was divided among the seven who where to escape, as follows: General Morgan, Captain Tom Hines, Captain J. Bennett, Captain Sam Taylor, Captain Hockersmith, Captain Ralph Sheldon, Lieutenant Gus McGee.

Each man was locked in a separate cell. None could get out of his cell without an interview or understanding with the night guard. It was, therefore, necessary to cut an opening through the floor of each cell, in order that the seven might escape. These openings were cut from the air chamber upward through the floor of each cell, each man leaving a thin crust of the cement, for if all were cut through the risk of discovery would become increased. To all appearance they seemed as sound as ever. Each had procured a strong sharp knife, an effective weapon in case of surprise or of an attempt to stop them while escaping. Everything was ready for the trial. They waited for rain several nights, hoping to elude the guards on such a night and also the vigilance of the prison dogs, which were loose nearly

every hour in the night. These would be driven by the rain into their kennels, which were situated on the far side of the yard from that on which they would emerge.

A very curious thing happened at this period. General Morgan received a letter from an old Irish woman living in Lexington, Ky., warning him not to make his escape. If he did great evils or ills would be sure to result to him. She alluded to his kindness to the poor people in Lexington before the war and claimed to be informed of the future, by some supernatural power. On the 26th of November it was learned that there was to be a change of military commanders. Well knowing that during inspections which would follow there was danger of discovery General Morgan determined to make his effort that night. His own cell was in the second range from which it was impossible to reach the tunnel, but the cell of his brother Colonel Dick Morgan had been prepared for him, and when Scott tapped on the stove as usual, the sign for each man to retire to his cell, this exchange was made. There was sufficient resemblance between them to deceive a man who did not observe closely, especially if they had their faces turned away. Both Scott and night guards were deceived this night. Small bits of coal and cinders had been sprinkled before the locking up time on the floor of the first range, so that however lightly a man might tread he could not help making a noise. It had been arranged that just after the twelve o'clock visit of the guards, Captain Taylor should descend into the air chamber underneath. Six long hours of suspense elapsed after the locking in. Six long hours the guard went his rounds, making an awful noise, the coal bits cracking and bursting under his feet as he passed along the lower range. Sixty odd men lay awake, silent and excited, with heart beating louder and the blood

rushing faster through their veins than if they had been approaching a battle. Perhaps the coolest of all this number were the seven who were about to incur the risk.

The hour had now arrived, the clock struck twelve. The clang of the bell seemed to the men to be in the hall itself. The night guard passed with his lantern; a few minutes elapsed while the men lay still lest the guards should slip back, then, at the signal, they sprang from their beds, hastily stuffing flannel shirts with material prepared before for dummies to represent them in bed, covered them carefully. Stamping upon the crust of each cell the floors gave way and all descended into the air chamber and passed out to the terminus of the tunnel.

The first one cut away the soil, which had not been touched. All emerged into the open air of the yard. It was cloudy and rainy; the sentries and dogs had sought their boxes and kennels. They moved cautiously and on tip toe across the yard; if detected, their knives must save or revenge them. Discovery would have been bad, but it would also have been unhealthy for the discoverers as they were determined to be free and were desperate men.

They reached and climbed the outer wall in safety, by means of the rope and grappling hook thrown over the coping of the wall; they climbed hand over hand until all had reached the top; the rope was hung over to the outer side of the wall and they let themselves to the ground, one by one. After reaching the ground they tried to release the hook from the wall, but it could not be done. This caused the discovery of the escape at daylight two hours earlier than it otherwise would have been discovered. The men scattered in pairs, and made good their escape. General Morgan and Captain Hines went straight toward the depot and bought tickets for Cincinnati. When the train came in they got on it and see-

ing a Federal officer, Morgan seated himself near him and engaged him in conversation. Morgan produced a flask of whisky, inviting him to take a drink, which was accepted.

Just then the train passed the penitentiary. "That is the hotel where Morgan stops, I believe," said the Federal officer. "Yes," answered Morgan, "and will stop, it is hoped. He has given us his fair share of trouble and he will not be released. I will drink to him, 'May he ever be kept as closely as he is now.' They passed a pleasant night together. When the suburbs of Cincinnati were reached about daylight, it was time to get off. Hines pulled the bell rope and they went to the platform and put the brakes down tight with all their strength. The train slackened and they sprang off.

Near a lumber pile, three soldiers were sitting. One of them said, "What in the hell are you jumping from the train here for?" "What in the devil is the use of a man going into the city when he lives here? Besides what matter is it to you," was the reply. "Oh, nothing," said the soldier.

Passing on towards the river and reaching it, they gave a boy two dollars to put them across quickly. Making their way unseen to a friend's house near Covington they obtained horses and reached Boone County. Harrison, Henry, Oldham, Shelby, Scott, Nelson, Anderson, Spencer, Mercer, and Boyles counties were traversed. On to the loved Southland they journeyed with many exciting and touching incidents, narrowly escaping capture at several places. They reached the Confederate lines after seven days' hard riding.

XXIX

MY LAST SERVICE WITH MORGAN

A skirmish with Burbridge—I receive three wounds—Death of Morgan.

When "One-armed" Berry and myself reached Abingdon, Virginia, Morgan's advance had moved in the direction of Pound Gap. We procured horses and reported to him, showing him our commissions. We found Pound Gap garrisoned with one regiment of infantry and two of cavalry of General Burbridge's force. Colonel Howard Smith of the advance brigade charged them from this strong position and captured many in the running fight that followed. At Louisa we encountered another detachment of Burbridge's force; after a sharp skirmish we dispersed them. Six long, weary days we toiled over these rugged, broken mountains. There were in the expedition nearly six hundred dismounted men who made this toilsome march on foot. Three hundred and fifty horses broke down, completely exhausted. The hardships were great.

Colonel Robert Martin commanded the expedition. A nobler, braver, or more dashing soldier never fought for a cause. He generously walked most of the way, giving up his horse, first to one and then to another private, whose feet were so sore and torn that they could not walk. His unselfish devotion to his men won for him the sobriquet of "Generous Bob" Martin. On the seventh day, late in the evening, we reached Mount

Sterling, where these tired, foot-sore veterans went into camp. At daylight they were attacked by a force of twelve hundred cavalry, who dismounted, creeping close to their camp. The enemy had passed between Colonel Martin and his men. He had slept in a small house near camp. The first intimation of the enemy was a volley poured into the camp. Colonel Martin, roused by this fire, mounted his horse, without saddle or hat and rode directly through the enemy's ranks. Reaching his camp, which was in some confusion, he formed his men under a hot fire. He led them against the enemy, which he drove before him with a whoop, capturing their horses, with wild exulting yells. Attracted by the continuous roll of musketry, other battalions were sent to their aid. This battle lasted one hour and a half. Our losses footed up 21 killed and 19 wounded. The enemy's loss 36 killed and 52 wounded.

I received a slight wound in my foot, which, though not serious, was exceedingly painful. We moved on to Winchester, thence to Lexington. In a sharp fight, I was again wounded, once in my right leg and once in my right cheek. My brother tried to place me in a safe place and prevent my capture, but failed; I was betrayed. He took my commission, however, and made his way to Spencer and Nelson counties. I was sent to the hospital. Morgan moved on to Georgetown, Paris and Cynthiana.

This was the last time I ever saw General Morgan, as my duties after this time kept me in the state until near the final close of the struggle. He was not as successful on this raid as he had been. Leaving Kentucky, he returned by way of Falmoth, Connersville,

Clayville, Sardis, Mays' Lick, Flemingsburg, Popular Plains, Moorehead, West Liberty, Licking Station, Paitsville and Piketon, back into Virginia and East Tennessee to his department assignment. After some months of sharp fighting he camped on September 3rd, at a small town, Greenville, in East Tennessee. He was sleeping at the house of Mrs. Williams, the mother of the young woman who betrayed his whereabouts. His camps were nearby. The house and garden, which was large and walled, was surrounded. Morgan vainly made several attempts to escape. Three of his staff and two orderlies say that he surrendered and was afterwards killed by these ruffians. The rough treatment his remains received attest the truthfulness of this statement. There are still many of his old comrades living who believe he was killed after he had surrendered.

Thus ended the life of the noble, generous chieftain, General John Morgan, beloved and admired by all who knew him. With severe heart aches, we mourned his death. He was killed on the morning of September 4th, 1864, after three years' service. His renown as a cavalry chieftain will endure as long as time shall last.

XXX

BACK TO FORREST

Wounded and captured—I escape—Betrayed and recaptured—
Escape—Recruiting—Again with Forrest—Again wounded
and captured—Sent to Rock Island.

After Morgan left Lexington on his return to Virginia, I was sent to the hospital. When the Yankee surgeon came to me he said, "Your wounds are not serious, though they may be a little painful. You should not be here; I believe I know you. Were you not wounded at Cynthiana; had your leg broken?" I did not reply. "I heard that you made your escape from Camp Chase. Is this so?" I did not say anything, but let him do the talking. The next day I was bundled into a wagon and taken to the depot, where I met some thirty of my comrades. Placing us in cattle cars they sent us to Louisville.

I determined to take French leave of these Philistines at the very first chance. We left Lexington about ten o'clock, passing through Frankfort about 3 p. m. When the cars reached Benson, two of the boys jumped and escaped to the hills, under a shower of bullets. We were nearing Bagdad station, not far from Christiansburg. There were some cattle on the track. The whistle blew loudly, causing some excitement ahead. Both car doors were open. The guards were green recruits. All the guards and prisoners were in the car together. While the guards were looking out of the door, I jumped from the train, which was still

running. I made haste to a horse standing hitched to a post in front of a store, pulled myself onto him and rode down the road as fast as he could carry me. The guards began firing at me, but I kept to the woods and made my way under cover of darkness to Sam Bryant's place where I stayed until my wounds healed. From thence I started to join my brother near Fairfield. I stopped near Simpsonville. Here I was betrayed and captured and taken to Louisville, receiving a severe wound in my right shoulder.

I gave the assumed name of Tom Henderson, was placed in the hospital on Third street, in the barracks, near where the Norton Infirmary now stands. The officers' quarters were on the west side of Third street, near Oak street. The hospital was near some stables where the officers' horses were kept. There were several fine horses among them. My wounds were healing nicely and I was afraid I would be sent away soon, as the surgeon asked me if I felt like traveling. I told him "no." He simply remarked that he thought I would be moved to prison. I was sure that this would be done.

I watched the hospital steward when he went into the drug office. I drew on my coat, placed my hat on my head and walking to the stables, entered by the rear door and saddled the best horse. I led him out and propped the door shut from the rear. I rode slowly away until I reached a cornfield, between Floyd and Preston Stations, where I remained until dark. There were soldiers at the fort on the Preston street road, and soldiers near Third street, so I steered my course between the two, and made my way to Mr. James Phillips' home, five miles from the city, hiding in a dense thicket for four days. I suffered from my wound

which was painful and inflamed. Bidding these kind friends farewell, I turned to try again the unknown future. I had obtained through the kindness of Captain Phillips six pistols, with ammunition. If I was to be captured I would make somebody feel that they had run up on a Berry with briars. I had to swim the South Fork which was bank full. This did not hurt me, as it was the 28th day of July and the weather was hot. Next evening I crossed Salt River. I went to my old friend, Judge Jonathan Davis, in Spencer county, where I learned of my brother's whereabouts. I rode to Dr. Evans' farm near Nazareth and there found Jim Evans and Miss Alice. We scoured the country for recruits, who were hiding in the bush. From Henry to Meade, from the Ohio River to Lancaster, we recruited three fine companies by the 15th of September. My brother, "One-armed" Berry had become a terror throughout the State. We rode and fought until November. The leaves began to fall so we made arrangements to go south for the benefit of our health. On the 2nd of the month, "One-armed" Berry had 320 men. Making my way down through Meade, Breckinridge, Hardin, Hancock, McClain and Davis counties and thence to Morgantown, on the Tennessee River, passing around Hartford, I received information that Adam Johnson was in the vicinity of Columbus, Kentucky. I joined him and found him preparing to return south. When we reached the vicinity of Brownsville, Tenn., the next day we met a force of Pennsylvania cavalry. We charged them promptly. We heard that General Forrest was moving on Clarksville. I left Colonel Johnson and started to find my chosen commander. On the second day after leaving Colonel Johnson we rode into Abe

Buford's camps at Waverly. I here learned that General Forrest was going to attack Clarksville. We marched with General Buford's brigade. I had known this man from boyhood as we both lived in Woodford County, not far from each other, Uncle Jim Berry being in the same business as Buford, racing and breeding race horses. It was during my earlier years that I learned to ride, as I rode many races for Uncle Jim and at the time knew Captain Abe Buford. I never imagined that we would be soldiers together. As we rode forward, we became reminiscent, going back over the old, happy days of prosperity. This was the only time I had ever known him to unbend and become cordial and social in his manner.

Reaching General Forrest's camp, I went directly to his quarters. He was surprised to see me, and received me with that reserve that was characteristic of him. I presented him with my recruits, one hundred and sixty-two. I briefly told him of Morgan's raid through Kentucky and showed him my commission from the Secretary. I had informed the recruits when enlisting them that I should take them to General Forrest's command, and turn them over to him. They would then be assigned to the regiment that they chose. I received hearty thanks for my efforts. He told these young soldiers he should take special care of them, but had plenty of hard marching and fighting for them.

At early dawn information was received that the enemy was approaching in strong force from the direction of Paris. Forrest determined to meet an attack there. On his advance he encountered the enemy. Forrest ordered his whole force to charge and sweep all before them. Taking the center himself, his charging columns broke through the enemy's lines and turned on

the right wing, from the rear and almost destroyed it. The left wing retreated. I received a serious wound in my left hip which paralyzed my leg for some days rendering me unable to ride or be moved. I was consequently left at Paris. Hood was forced to retreat.

I was again captured, carried to Clarksville, placed on board a hospital transport and taken to Evansville, Indiana, and from there to Rock Island, Illinois, where I met many of my old comrades. Some were dying of poisoned vaccine virus which the surgeons had placed in their arms. Members of our old command lost arms from this cause. Hundreds of Confederates, poisoned, in this prison, died of small pox. There were sixteen thousand prisoners at this place at this time.

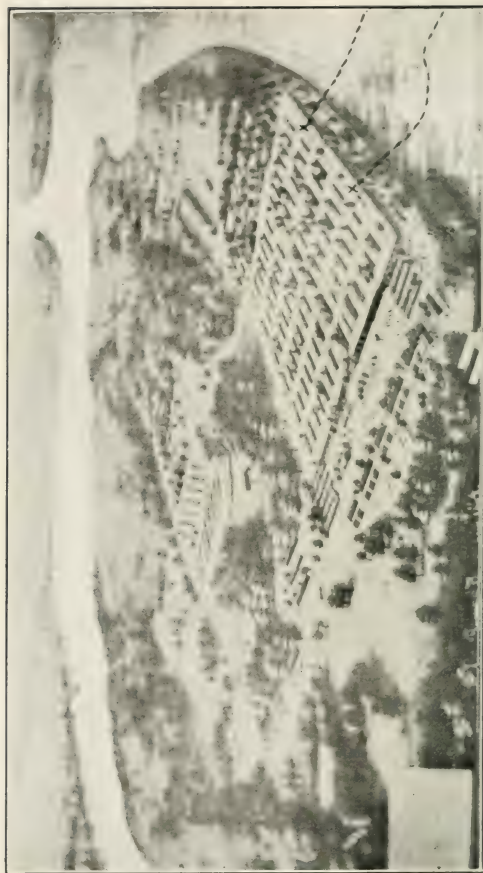
XXXI

ROCK ISLAND

The horrible punishments in this prison—The Seven Confederate Knights—My experience with Colonel Carrier—Escape—Friends in Davenport.

If some of the calamity howlers and the authorities at Washington could have looked in upon Rock Island, and then Andersonville, and have been compelled to make a choice between the two places as a permanent abiding place, I am very certain they would have chosen Andersonville, without any hesitancy. I am very sure that Andersonville did not contain within its walls half the horrors that existed for months at Rock Island. I was at Andersonville in the early summer of 1863. The prisoners received the same rations that their guards received. The water supply was deficient, and bad, but there was no harsh treatment that I ever heard of and only such measures were taken as would insure their safe keeping.

I shall simply give my own personal experiences at this den of crime and infamy during the seven and one half weeks I remained within its walls. I reached Rock Island December 2nd, 1864; during my stay I witnessed more human suffering than in any other ten years of my checkered life. I had already been in five prisons, from which I had escaped. I thought I had witnessed suffering and personal hardship at Camp Morton, Camp Chase, and at Point Lookout. I fled from these as most men would flee from a pestilence. I was young



ROCK ISLAND PRISON.
(Dotted lines show route followed by Captain Berry in his two escapes from this prison.)

and healthy, and hardship seemed to agree with me, but I must say in all candor that my experience and the treatment I had received had not prepared me for the scenes of suffering that daily met my eyes at Rock Island.

This prison is situated on an island in the Mississippi River, opposite Rock Island, and just opposite Davenport, Ia. The climate at this place is frigid and cold during the long winter months, and even those who are acclimated, and equipped with warm clothing to protect them from the keen, cutting winter winds suffer from it. What must have been the intense suffering of those who had always lived in a warm climate, with only summer clothing, often with no undergarments, shoes full of holes, light socks, trousers full of holes at the knees, and seats out, half starved, not having sufficient wholesome food to keep the scurvy down. I have seen men shot at for picking up scraps of bread and meat out of the barrels and from scavenger carts. Colonel Carrier, commandant of this prison swore a great oath that he would "starve the d—d rebels to death if they did not join the Union army."

Colonel Carrier built a prison in the southwest corner of the prison yard, large enough to hold seven thousand men, and from this time on until I made my escape, he employed a systematic and brutal method to carry out his threat of starvation. He had a placard placed all through the barracks and streets of the prison, stating that he wanted seven thousand men to join the frontier service, pledging such recruits not to send them to fight in the South, but to send them to fight the Indians on the frontier. At the same time he commenced to cut off the usual allowance of rations, first an eighth,

then a fourth. The corn bread was not more than half cooked and had so much soda in it that but few of the men could eat it. Half the beans were withheld; the baker's bread, most of it, was so sour it could not be eaten. During this pitiless cold weather several men froze to death, their blood being so impoverished and thin that life could not be sustained. An order was given that no two prisoners should stand and talk in the streets; accordingly guards instructed the sentries on the parapets to shoot any offenders guilty of a violation of this rule. Many were thus killed or wounded. Many were whipped with heavy belts with buckles, the prints of the buckles being left on the bruised flesh. Others, again, were compelled to sit in banks of snow raked up to the arm pits; others were made to ride "Morgan's mule." This was a long scantling with an edge uppermost, which the hapless victim was made to mount and there sit perched for two hours, the frame work was seven or eight feet high. Many men were wantonly shot for approaching the dead line.

But the most brutal and most awful of these terrible punishments remains to be told. There were two of them. I was the unfortunate victim of both. One, the practice of tying men up by the thumbs, was as follows: The victim was caught and cords tied tightly around his two thumbs. A peg or spike was driven into a post or wall of the prison, seven or eight feet above the ground or floor. A pulley was fixed to this with a strong heavy cord; this cord passed through the pulley and the cords about the thumbs tied close together, and to the cord from the pulley. The victim was now made to stand on top of a four inch block and stretched up by this pulley, after which the block was kicked from under his feet. The miserable man usually

fainted dead away, turning livid in the face in a few seconds.

The other, almost as bad, was the sweat box. The victim was placed in a box barely large enough to admit a man's body and the lid drawn down tight, shutting out all fresh air.

These two last methods of torture were frequently resorted to by this monster in human shape, the commandant. The question will arise: Why were these severe measures used? This is easy to answer. These men had been rendered desperate by starvation, maimed from poisoned vaccine virus, beaten with heavy leather belts, with buckles on them, frequently suffered from riding "Morgan's mule," being tied up by the thumbs, the sweat box and bad food. Other causes of distress were small pox, measles, pneumonia, vile curses and personal abuse, robbery of both food and clothing sent us from our homes. Cowardly threats of starvation and its brutal systematic, studied application, to these poor wretches brought about the desired end and thousands of these men joined the frontier service. Is it any wonder or surprise that these high-strung, brave men became desperate, and ready to attempt anything that might relieve them?

Many tunnels were dug under the barracks toward the outer walls of this black hole of death. Numbers of men were caught outside these walls and shot to death. This was of almost daily or nightly occurrence. All caught inside were punished by tying up by the thumbs. Hundreds of men had a wild, vacant look, caused by intense suffering.

The prison dungeon was a horrible, terrifying place. I was kept there four days and nights, to make me tell

the secrets of the 7 C. K. of the Mystic Order. This was an oath bound society of Confederate prisoners, who pledged themselves to stand by each other under all circumstances and die in prison rather than take the hated oath of allegiance and join the United States army while the Confederate government was in existence.

It was during the time while I was confined in this horrible dungeon that my hair began to turn white, and within forty-eight hours it was completely so, and began to fall out; so terrible was my experience.

It may be of interest to know that the badge or device of this society was a star with seven points, and our motto, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*," meaning, "It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country." In the center of the star were the emblematic letters, "7 C. K."

A weak-kneed traitor who had broken his oath and joined the Federal army on the western frontier told Colonel Carrier that I belonged to this Order. When I was taken before Carrier, the human beast, he said: "Berry, I know all about your various plans and your schemes to escape, also the secrets of the '7 C. K.'s', including your signs, grips and badge. You had better tell me all about these things, and I will not punish you any further."

"Colonel," I replied, "if you know so much about all these things, why do you ask me to tell you? I have nothing to say, and would not tell you, to save your life or mine. You need not bother me further."

I told him that if I lived to get out of prison, and we should meet, there would be a settling of scores. He then put me into a sweat box, barely large enough to admit my body, and turned on the steam.

I was an especial object of hatred to this cowardly monster, the commandant. I presume that I deserved some of my severe punishments. I received notice one day to pack my belongings, as I was wanted at the Colonel's quarters. This was after the call had been made for volunteers. Somebody told Carrier that I had escaped from several prisons, and was making preparations to storm the prison walls. Upon hearing this, Carrier ordered the sergeant to make me bring all my effects with me, as he was going to send me to Johnson's Island, as I was an officer, and had no business in this place. I packed up all my traps, which were not many, went along with the sergeant. I felt what was coming. A presentiment gave me warning. The Colonel was all politeness, sweetness, gentleness. While he was talking of my departure to another prison, he had an officer searching my effects. He asked me many questions. I looked him in the eyes a moment without speaking, and then, very deliberately said, "I should be delighted to get away from such a prison, and such a keeper." This was too much; he threw off all disguises.

"Where's that pistol you carried into this prison with you?" "I have no pistol; there are my effects, if you can find any pistol in them you're welcome to it." "I have direct, absolute knowledge that you have a loaded pistol in your possession, and you shall produce it or suffer the consequences." "Colonel, I am your prisoner; you searched me yourself when I came here. If you did not find it then how do you hope to do so now? Find it if you can; I don't fear you. If I could have a chance to fight you and twenty such scoundrels I should be only too eager; if not, I hope to live long enough to kill you. You are butchering my friends and comrades by the hundreds; I despise and defy you." I was furious.

Unarmed as I was, he appeared to be afraid of me, but raising himself he sent me away and back into the prison. As I stepped from the door he yelled after me, "I will break your spirit or your neck, young man."

I was desperate. I had this very day bribed a soldier who was a friend of mine in boyhood days. I had a long talk with him on several occasions. Today he had proposed to let me and six other prisoners out if I would raise him one hundred and forty dollars. He said he was going to quit the service, desert, and needed the money to get away. His beat was on the north side of the walls, next the river. He told me that his relief would come at 10 and 2 at night, and showed me where his beat extended.

I knew that I was a doomed man, unless I should get away. I had been in negotiation with a lady and her daughter in Davenport, a Southern-raised woman from Warsaw, Ky. She had been in the prison several times. I had sent and received letters underground from both these noble-hearted women; I knew where they lived and how to find the house; I was resolved to get out of this black hell of death.

We had already torn up some quilts and made ropes of them and bent a small iron bar into a hook ready to be fastened to this rope ladder. The moon did not rise until about 3 o'clock in the morning. I informed my comrades of my plans and told them of the interview with Colonel Carrier. I also laid before them the imminent danger and risk we were taking, of the hourly death scenes we witnessed among our friends. I feared that this pretended friend would betray us after he got our money. I had made up my mind to end all or be a free man again.

Seven men agreed to try to escape, but when the

time came, two of them backed out and did not go with us. Well for them, perhaps, that they did not, as the sequel will show. I was impatient for the time to come but waited for the appointed hour and signal, and found the sentry on the parapet. It was fifteen minutes of two; the clock struck slowly, distinctly. The night was dark. I had practiced throwing the hook over the edge of the top bunks in my barracks, which was the height of the prison fence. I had one hundred and twenty dollars in my outside coat pocket to hand the sentry, also my pistol handy for instant use. We all now stealthily crossed the deadline to the fence; I threw the hook over, and it caught fast at the first effort. I climbed to the top and slid down upon the parapet on the outside of the fence. This walk was on the outside, four feet below the top of the fence. Jim Evans, Billy Wilson, Jim Todd, Jack Moseby and myself were in the party. Evans reached the walkway or parapet, Todd and Wilson were on the top of the fence, Moseby's head was just appearing above the fence. I handed the sentry, whose name was Davidson, the bribe money. At this moment I saw the glint of musket barrels by the light of the moon, which was just rising. I fell flat and pulled Evans down after me. The volley killed two and seriously wounded others. Wilson and Todd were killed. All was confusion. Instantly after the volley I whispered to Evans, "Come, follow me," and leaping from the parapet ran toward the river. Another volley was fired, the smoke obscuring every object. Reaching the bank, I fired four shots at the mass of blue coats.

The weather was intensely cold; I had an overcoat, which I pulled off. We both now walked out upon the ice, which commenced to crack and pop with long, vibrating noise. We walked in a half circle several times,

then near the edge of thin ice where the running water had not frozen, then slowly back. We sprang up and down. At this a large flake of ice broke loose, floated out into the rapid current, and carried us down stream. We were afloat on the Mississippi River.

I kept my overcoat on my arm, as I did not care to have it on me in case we should have to swim. We had to trust to fate. When we passed under the railroad bridge, I expected to receive a volley. Looking back in the direction of the island and prison we could see lights moving in all directions. These were lanterns in the hands of soldiers looking for us. We floated down about two miles below the bridge and the current forced us to the Iowa shore, near a small creek. Our weight sank the block of ice beneath the water so that it was forced under the shore ice, which gave sufficient strength to the outer edge of thin ice next the running water to bear our weight. We walked on towards the Iowa shore. Finally we found a deep gulch in the prairie, cut by freshets. This gulch was filled with round bunches of weeds, known to many as "tumble weeds," because they are almost round and when dry the high winds break them off and drive them rolling and tumbling across the prairie. We entered this gulch, making our way to the head. On reaching the end we found the soil had been washed out six or eight feet under the thick sod. This was an excellent shelter from the bleak winter wind, which whistled and sighed among the weeds, which we gathered and placed close together for a bed. My feet were soaking wet in my thick boots. I had to put on my overcoat and button it closely about me. Notwithstanding this I was becoming very cold. I said to Evans, "Suppose one of us at a time keep watch over the fields and prairies in every direction, to prevent sur-

prise. When day comes we must not show ourselves above the surface; we can't tell what may happen; I would rather die than to return to the black hole again." At this moment I resolved never to surrender again, so long as the war should last.

Day was now dawning, the hours had fled since two o'clock. I thought of my dead comrades, of the dying, suffering companions left behind, to linger out a miserable life of torture and woe; I thought of the unnumbered cruelties to helpless prisoners in all the prisons I had been in, but they all were pleasant, luxurious homes compared to the incomparable, brutal cruelties of Rock Island. This coward must have studied this subject all his life. The great orb of day was appearing dimly above the horizon. The day, the 19th of January, 1864, dawned cold and clear. The wind was chill. Evans and I watched for any stirring from the prison. The noon hour came and passed; it was my watch. I could see wagons slowly moving toward the foot of the island; they stopped near the grave yard and some long boxes were lifted out. I learned later that these boxes contained the remains of the two gallant soldier boys who were so infamously betrayed and butchered. I often asked myself, for what was I spared? Why were my comrades taken from my very side and I left?

In the evening the snow began to fall, reminding me forcibly of my experience at Camp Chance. It was slow at first, but in about an hour it fell faster and faster. Darkness was approaching, and I said, "Evans, come let's be off; we shall be covered soon if we remain here." Taking the river for a guide we moved cautiously toward Davenport, where I was sure we could find shelter and food. I had eaten nothing for

three days, having been so wrought up by the exciting experiences.

Reaching the limits of the city we made our way to the place where I had been told the house stood. Going boldly through the gate into the yard I tapped on the door. It opened; there was our friend. She said, "Stable." Mrs. Culberson motioned me to go around the house. There were two large lamps lighted in the yard. I turned back into the street, found a narrow alley next the yard which I followed. Reaching the stable, I met Miss Culberson under the shed. She led the way by a side entrance to the house. We, stepping as lightly as we could, followed her. She took us to the attic of the house, and entered a nicely furnished room. She turned about and spoke in low, almost sobbing tones, saying, "You are safe here; I am so sorry your comrades were killed; this is indeed a terrible, cruel war. Here is some cold water; I see you are both nearly frozen. I've been expecting you all day. There are clean clothes for you both. Mamma will be up in a half hour; I will also call later."

Leaving us she went down stairs.

I found that my boots were frozen on my feet; also my trousers up to my knees. I stepped into the water in the bath tub, which soon thawed them out. I had Evans draw them off for me, then I took a bath in some fresh water. I was feeling better and more comfortable than I had for months; I was still numb and growing sleepy when a soft knock was heard on the door. Evans opened it; Mrs. Culberson came forward and greeted us both kindly. Her lovely daughter had a basket of supper in her hands, which she began to arrange. Madam told about the two dead comrades and the wounded. She also told us that the authorities be-

lieved Evans and I were drowned in the river, as it was reported to the colonel that we were seen to sink beneath the water of the Mississippi. It is touchingly sad to hear of one's own death and to be drowned in ice cold water, in the dead of winter at that. We were dead to the world, at least until we could hear from home. Mrs. Culbertson's husband was at Washington looking after some interests for the Davenport and Iowa Central Railroad, of which he was president. We ate supper, to which, it is needless to say, we did ample justice; we did not leave a scrap. I told of my prison life, my set-to with the colonel. "Yes," Mrs. Culbertson said, "he told us of that; he says he would not like to meet you. They are going to send the men to the frontier who enlisted in the prison in a day or two."

I wrote to Sam—"One-Arm" Berry—to send me some money, a suit of citizens clothes and a pair of pistols. On February 1st I received a box sent to Mrs. Culbertson for me. I had spent a very pleasant time at the home of Mrs. Culbertson. She was a noble, generous Christian lady; I shall ever cherish her memory with lasting affection. I donned my suit, belted on my pistols and bade adieu to those good Samaritans.

I had made myself familiar with Davenport from the window of the house during my stay. I walked directly to the depot and bought a ticket for Chicago. On entering the ticket office I saw two Yankee officers of the prison lounging on the seats, and four private soldiers. I took in the situation at a glance; I felt like closing on them, but prudence is always the first element of duty and of valor, but I had been so harried, abused and compelled to submit to and witness such cruelties by these cowards that my blood almost boiled, I walked out upon the platform, waiting for the train,

which arrived on time. I boarded the car, among the first who took a seat. As the train moved out near the bridge I noticed Miss Jessie Culberson waving adieu from her side window. May the Deity bless and prosper all such. "What a happy world this would be if all mankind was like these noble, generous creatures," I thought as she disappeared from my view. I looked upon the island of death, where so much misery and crime was practiced, while crossing the bridge to Rock Island City. We reached Chicago late in the night.

XXXII

BACK TO THE SOUTHLAND

Incident in Cincinnati—We capture horses and find a friend—A capture and a recovery—A new company recruited—Fight near Owensville—Ride through Georgetown—More recruiting—Attacked but victorious—Surprised—Our murderous resistance—Burning of Georgetown female college.

When Evans and I left Mrs. Culberson's house we left one at a time. We never looked at or spoke to each other, as there were spies everywhere. Every stranger was shadowed and his business pried into. In Chicago we took a cab directly for the Cincinnati depot. Boarding the train we pulled out and reached Cincinnati about 9 a. m. Taking a bus for the Burrett house I ordered a room. I told Evans that we would have to be careful and watch our points. After a refreshing bath I took a walk down the street. I purchased six pistols and ammunition, placing four in my belt and the others in my grip-sack. I had a shave and hair-cut. Returning by another street I went to my room, where I met a man whom I knew instantly; he had killed one of my comrades, and made his escape. He was a deserter from our army and now a United States detective. I covered him with my pistol and disarmed him. I said to Evans, "Let's be away or we shall have more of the bloody sleuths upon our heels." We could not kill this wretch, but we could lock him in the room, and let him get out the best way he could. This man's name was Murphy. He killed Captain McGinnis, who had him arrested for stealing a watch from a prisoner. When placed under guard, he was not disarmed; he watched for Captain

McGinnis, who was at this time adjutant general of the command. The killing occurred on the day of the battle at Green river bridge. As Captain McGinnis rode by this man Murphy shot him dead, and made his escape. This was the first time I had met him since. I did not feel warranted in assuming the risk of taking him with me, so I locked him in the room and hastily crossed the river to Covington.

We walked on until finally we found ourselves some distance from the city. We heard horses' feet. It was some Federal scouts coming. We walked to a gate, opened it and walked in; the lieutenant spoke to us and passed on. After passing they disappeared around a bend in the road. We continued our walk and about a mile and a half from here we met three soldiers whom we halted and disarmed, and took their horses. We placed the two on one horse, took a by-road through the country, traveling steadily and rapidly for two hours with these now thoroughly frightened soldiers. They believed we were going to kill them. We halted and made them dismount. I told them that we were Confederates, but that they were free. Bidding them good evening we rode away, leaving them to make their way back as best they could. We now pushed on faster, for we were well mounted. We reached the vicinity of Williamstown.

In the direction of Covington we met a farmer who claimed the led horse and told us such a straight story of its capture that we asked him his name; he told us "Sanklin." I then asked him if he had a son with Morgan. He said he did and that he was then in prison at Rock Island. We had found a friend. We told him who we were and about our escape from that place. He directed us where to go so we could rest a few days—

to his place, where we stopped with him three days. He sent a guide to lead us through the country. Reaching Owen county, we felt we were at home, as this county had sent more men to the Confederate armies than any other in the state, and fewer to the Union army. We were now in the big hills. We stopped at Henry Spence's place. Here we met Captain Southall, a recruiting officer of the Confederate army, an old comrade, and a number of the old squadron. He was a brave, gallant soldier, a hard fighter, a man who never knew fear. There was at this time a regiment of mixed troops at Covington—two companies of negroes and three companies of white cavalry. Captain Southall had gone to Carrolton the day before and asked me to meet him in a large woodland. Evans was sick with pneumonia. Leaving him in careful hands I started to meet the captain. At this period we seldom traveled the roads; when we did it was only for very short distances. While traversing this woodland near sundown, along a bridle path, the trees thick and woods dense, suddenly from behind a large beach tree I was confronting a musket. The muzzle of this gun was so close to my head that the opening looked as large as the mouth of a six-pound cannon. Behind this ugly-looking muzzle was the blackest negro sergeant that ever wore the blue. His eyes looked fierce and savage. "Halt, dar." I halted. I was made to dismount. He kept his gun uncomfortably close to my body. I handed him one pistol. He set his gun by the tree, I shoved my pistols at him, one, two, three, four, five. He looked surprised and astonished at the number. There was a purpose in this. He fumbled at his belt. One of the weapons hung against his clothing. He took his eyes off me and looked down, but when he again looked up he was looking into

the muzzle of a cocked revolver. It was my inning. He recoiled and threw up his hands, exclaiming, "Oh, boss, don't shoot, I s-surrender." I bade him unbuckle his belt, step backwards and to the right about face, march. I halted him twelve feet away and then picked up my pistols, returning them to the holsters, and taking his musket up I mounted my horse, marched my negro sergeant into the woods and waited for my friend, Captain Southall.

The moon rose clear, sending its silvery rays through the branches. About eight o'clock I heard the hurried footfalls of a horse coming through the woods. A low signal announced his arrival. I joined him and we made our way back to camp. The captain had with him six recruits, all well mounted, and reported some more to follow on the morrow's night. I turned my capture over to the captain, as I did not wish to kill or to be encumbered. Our soldiers never regarded negroes as soldiers, only as property. This negro had been run off from his master in Tennessee and smuggled through to Olean, Ohio, when a boy. He had managed to obtain an education. Joining the army he was made a first sergeant in the Twenty-ninth Ohio volunteers. I gave him to the captain, who took him south. During the early days of March we moved up into the western border of Scott county, picking up recruits as we went. Near the stamping ground we were met by 37 men, and by 18 more at Arch Edger's. There were also nine old-caped prisoners and thirteen more who had arranged every detail for a return south.

Captain Southall drew up these men in line; they were counted and found to number 94, with 31 old veterans among them. We moved out from camp with guides and riding through the night reached the vicinity

of Mount Sterling. The men were enjoined to keep absolutely quiet as there was a strong garrison six miles away, and scouting parties on all the roads. At early dusk we moved towards Owensville, around which we made a detour as there was a strong force here. Going through farms we crossed the main road east of this place three miles, but reaching a narrow lane were fired upon from high banks on each side of the road. The blaze of the guns met across the road; the light was so bright that we could see the enemy's faces. Our column returned their fire. Each double-barreled shotgun poured such volleys of buckshot into their ranks as we charged through the lane that they were satisfied to leave us for the night at least. The firing did not last more than five minutes, but it was long enough for us to kill 28 men and wound 43 and kill and wound 19 horses. Our loss was two killed, seven slightly wounded and four horses killed. My horse was killed. Captain Southall pursued his way to Saltville; I returned to Scott county. I met an old Confederate, Archie, near Leesburg, which all the old soldiers and citizens in this region called "Little Richmond." All the people in this entire country from Williamstown, Owenton, Frankfort, Georgetown, Lexington and Shelbyville were intensely Southern. There had occurred at this place a number of deadly contests, always resulting in the rout or serious defeat of the Yankee scouts. I met in the woods near Archie's an old soldier who had been seriously wounded at the last battle of Cynthiana. I asked where he was going. He replied he wanted to go to the stamping ground, but the distance was so great around Georgetown he did not care to go so far. I made the proposition to him to ride through Georgetown and kill a few Yankees. "All right." This man was Mose Webster.

We reloaded our pistols fresh. I had a new Sharp's rifle which I had taken from the negro sergeant. We were splendidly mounted on fresh horses. We came upon pickets at the two-mile post. We were dressed in citizen's clothes. There were only two of them; we captured and dismounted them, and taking their horses, moving down the road toward the pike toward Lexington, we slung their carbines, straps and guns over our shoulders and made our way down the street. At the first street east of the courthouse we met six Yankees mounted, evidently the picket relief. They eyed us closely and seeing the guns they moved toward us. We drew our pistols, opened on them a rapid, deadly fire, killing four and wounding a fifth. They also fired at us, but we wheeled towards the courthouse. Charging down the street we checked our horses in front of the court house and each emptied a pistol into the excited struggling mass of soldiers, each of whom was trying to get inside first. Those in the court house rushed to the windows to see what caused the turmoil. Bethinking themselves they took arms and opened on us. We frightened these almost out of their wits.

With not a scratch or a hair turned we killed nine and wounded four. We had accomplished our mission and now had a run for it. Turning our horses' heads to the west we dashed down the Frankfort pike at breakneck speed: on we sped like the wind. From behind us the leaden hail flew at and over us. Up the steep hill we went. At the top we must render an account as there were eight men on the new relief pickets, waiting our coming. As we neared the top I said, "Webster, hold your fire until at close quarters. Pick your man, don't fail." Drawing a revolver in each hand I took my reins in my teeth. As we came near,

they all fired at once, but missed. We were now close, and fired together. Three empty saddles, five empty saddles, and ten dead horses; the other three men fled; we close after them. By this time the company had mounted and were after us in hot haste. We followed and were also followed. The three fled as if the demons were at their heels. I wounded one of these at long range with my Sharp's rifle. They kept the Frankfort pike. We turned to our right and took the pike running to what is known as the Great Crossing three or four miles from Georgetown. A bridge crosses north Elk Horn, a stream above Big Springs, that rises in the town of Georgetown. The banks of this stream at this point are steep, here we proposed to fight them if they should come on, as Mose Webster had four pistols and a repeating rifle giving him 32 shots; I had six pistols and two rifles, one eight, the other a sixteen repeating rifle. The six revolvers give me thirty-six shots, and the rifles twenty-four shots, making sixty shots for me. From behind the abutments of this bridge, we determined to make them pay dearly if they attacked us. They came at a rapid pace. I brought my Sharp into use, emptied three saddles, which checked the advance until the stragglers closed up. On and on they came, closer and closer. Our repeating rifles kept up a rapid fusillade from the western end of the bridge. Webster proved himself a fine shot, killing eight horses, with four men killed or wounded. There were three roads that entered this bridge from the west; we had to keep a sharp outlook for other scouting bands of Yankees. We fought this company, the Tenth Ohio, with sixty-five men, for an hour. When they withdrew there were thirteen killed and eight wounded and seventeen horses killed and wounded.

Night coming on, we made our way into the Eagle hills. The next day we reached our old companion, Jim Evans, who was much better, but not able to travel, I left him a few days, to go over into Henry county with Captain Wainwright, also a recruiting officer. Gathering thirty recruits, we started back into Owen county. We were attacked by a company under Captain Buckley. Charging furiously we drove them through Port Royal, killing a number. Returning we crossed the Kentucky River, not far from the famous Drennon Springs. I was gone a week and on my return I found Evans, "One-arm" Berry, and eight others waiting for Captain Wainwright; we all left for Big Eagle where there were fourteen men waiting to join the Captain. Crossing over the divide we reached Little Eagle Creek, picking up recruits. Captain Wainwright moved up to the vicinity of the stamping ground. At this place eight more recruits joined the Captain. With over sixty men, he moved his camp to the vicinity of my old friend, Captain John Carter, about two miles away. I wished to introduce my brother to him. He had been plundered and robbed right and left; this man was considered the legitimate prey for every thief and Yankee company that passed his way. The infamous Burbridge had robbed him of horses, hogs and a large drove of fat cattle. He greeted us with cordiality. I presented my brother. Very early in the morning I was up. I heard horses moving on the pike a short distance away. Looking more closely they proved to be Federal soldiers. Stepping to the north window, I saw the house was being surrounded by them. I quickly aroused my brother and Evans, also Wainwright, telling them we were surrounded we were in for it again. I remembered my cruel treatment at the

black hole, Rock Island. Evans and I pledged ourselves to die rather than surrender.

The house was a two-story log house, weather boarded with two bay windows on each side. In front there was but one opening—the door. The windows, two in number, were five feet from the ground; the kitchen, also of logs, was detached from the house. Captain Carter might be depended upon in any emergency; he always carried two and often four pistols, and had in his house seven double-barrel shot guns. Captain Cook dismounted his men down in the ravine behind the tobacco barn some two hundred yards from the house. He sent his lieutenant to demand a surrender; if this request was not complied with in five minutes he would set fire to the house. Captain Carter made answer, "Come and take us," that he might have his house, and barn also when he took it, but not before.

Cook opened fire upon the windows and sent men forward with bundles of tobacco and dry shingles, and clapboards to apply the torch. Immediately Evans and I opened fire on these house burners, killing six of them. Others took up the bundles and threw them against the house. We shot the blazing fagots away. Then all made a combined rush for the house. By this time the four of us had descended to the hall. We threw the door wide open and as they made a rush at it, they met a solid sheet of flame and lead. They recoiled. It was now our time to charge, each with a double-barrel gun with twenty-four buckshot in each barrel. In quick, rapid succession the leaden storm caught them. After discharging our guns, our pistols came into action. The rattle and roar of the volleys told fearfully upon

the retreating, dismayed Yankees. Following them, we kept them on the move.

We had placed our horses in the middle of the tobacco in the barn; we now hurried to mount. Cook, thinking we were trying to get away, returned to the fight, rallying about twenty of his men, who now pursued us close to the barn to set it on fire. We drove them back with serious loss. They began to waver. Carter again opened on them with his shotguns. Captain Cook was close upon "One-arm" Berry and received for his pains three bullets in rapid succession, which placed him at our mercy, seriously wounded. Seeing their captain down, his men fled to the pike. As they reached it we were close behind, having secured all our horses. Hearing sounds on the pike to the north, we looked and saw Captain Wainwright with his men coming down in a run. He took in the situation at a glance. Soldier, as he was, he charged the fleeing enemy, following them four miles. Out of the sixty-nine men picked to kill and exterminate us, there were within a radius of seventy-five yards fifty-three men killed and wounded in the yard, rear and front, and about the stable, and in the narrow lane were dead and wounded men and horses. Captain Cook begged "One-Arm Berry" to finish him and end his suffering, and what he termed his disgrace. My brother and myself had both been touched, but only slightly, but we were sure to hear from this. Captain Wainwright, returning, took up his march for the Licking hills on his way south. "One-Arm" Berry, Evans and myself vanished to the upper Eagle Hills. This was the 12th day of March.

I took Cook's pistols. We slept in the woods that night with but one saddle blanket. On the night of the 14th, while eating supper we were surprised at

Arch Edges, an old bachelor. How he did love a frolic, a foot race or a fight. It was all the same to him. His house, open to all Johnnies, is on a round hill about a mile and a half west of Leesburg, and built in the same way as Carter's house, except that it had one story, and faced the east. There was but one opening, or entrance. The house was of logs and weather-boarded. While eating supper, we were somewhat startled by a shot. Going cautiously to the door, I saw a company of Federal soldiers dismounting and deploying. In dismounting one of them had caught his gunlock and it was discharged prematurely. At the same time a little negro came running in and said, "Masse Arch, de Yankees is a comin'." There were five young ladies at the table, who commenced wringing their hands and crying. I said, "Boys, shot guns to the front." The door was opened and seven soldiers, Yankees, darkened the door. One, two, three, fire! The ringing, resounding shots, almost deafening, with groans and curses, followed. All these went down quickly. Captain Baker led his men with a rush at the salient angle of the door. There was some snow on the ground, giving us a clear vision of what was going on outside. We heard the officer shout, "Charge the door!" "Charge the door! Follow me," he said. We waited for them. With a rush they came, the young lieutenant leading. Oh, What a pity he must be killed. Six more quick, rapid solid volleys rang out. A quivering mass of mangled humanity sank before the door. Before charging them, we reloaded our double-barrel shotguns, twenty buck shot in each barrel, also our revolvers. We leaped across the wounded and dying, determined and vengeful, and opened on the recoiling and fleeing bluecoats.

The scene at the door on this ever memorable night

of January 18, 1864, often rises up before me. We shot to kill, as did all this fearless band. Every shot seemed to take effect. In front of the door and along the hillside were lying numbers of dead and dying men. The frightened horses broke away from their riders and ran off through the woods and down the road. The enemy fled through the woodland. The scene was sickening. We gathered up many pistols and broke them against the trees. We did not finish our supper. We now made our prisoners gather up their wounded and place them under shelter; also, their dead.

We bade Arch Edges and the ladies farewell, and made our way in the direction of the Williamstown road. On reaching the pike about two o'clock, we saw a large light illuminating the sky about a mile south of us. Riding forward we could see it was a large building burning in the vicinity of Georgetown. This fire proved to be the Georgetown female college. We were close enough to hear the crackling of the burning building. Riding forward we could distinctly make out the whole situation. We saw the young ladies students running about wringing their hands in their night clothes, their hair streaming about their shoulders and backs; and numbers of them sitting on their trunks crying. We rode still closer and saw the negro soldiers carrying off trunks. We rode into the campus with a pistol in each hand, opened fire upon these negro prowlers, and killed a number of them. We asked the young ladies if these negroes had set fire to the college. Many a voice answered "Yes."

On the opposite side of the creek on the hill stood a large crowd of people, with many negro soldiers among them. When we opened fire on the thieves many dropped the trunks and fled; we shot them as they ran away.

Having driven them off, we turned to go, but were surrounded by these beautiful young creatures, who were pulling the hair from our horses' manes and tails, and also clipping the locks from our heads. We came very near being captured, as the enemy saw our plight and commenced to cross the creek. We had to force our way through this wall of loveliness and beauty. We rode all night and made our way into Woodford County. Daylight found us in thick brush and woodland, tired almost to death, having been in the saddle for the last sixty-four hours. This period was crowded with much excitement. I was only too glad to rest and stretch out my weary body. Feeding my charger and rubbing him down, I thought over the wonderful and rapid changes in a few short hours. It really seemed years to me, so much had happened in one night. These were indeed evil and bloody years. Hunted, proscribed and harried, I could not stop and be butchered like a mad dog or a wild beast. We rested until nightfall, and then traveled all night. Next morning saw us in Shelby County. We here found some of our old friends, among them Jerome Clark or "Sue Monday," also Henry McGruder, Enloe, Texas, Tom Henry, Bill Mareman, John Hudgins, Bill Morrison, John Suder, Bill Walch and "One-Arm" Berry.

XXXIII

ESCAPE FROM CAMP MORTON

Attacking the wall with cordwood—I am one of the few to escape—Back to Kentucky—Fight at Simpsonville—A brutal murder.

At this place I wish to set down the story of the escape of Confederate prisoners from Camp Morton and Indianapolis, where about 8,000 were in custody. It was a most singular and remarkable occurrence. I was at that time prisoner here, having been captured near Bardstown, in Morgan's second trip, early in November, 1862.

These soldiers were all intelligent, educated men, who were captured at Fort Donaldson battle, many of them Kentuckians, Tennesseans and Alabamans, with a few citizen-sympathizers of the South. Their fare and treatment was of such a nature at this time that there was much dissatisfaction and complaint, also protest. These soldiers were becoming very restless. They were disgusted and in an ugly mood, and began to organize into companies, battalions and regiments. It now became evident that these measures were taken for future and serious purposes, that the real object was to storm the prison walls and capture the guards' guns and fight their way to Kentucky and liberty.

Having formed their plans and appointed officers or leaders, all of them provided themselves with heavy sticks of cordwood. Thus armed, they secretly mustered their forces at night about half past one o'clock November 19, 1862. At the agreed signal, all these desperate soldiers, some 5,000 strong, rushed forward against

the prison wall on the west side, which gave way with a crash like the sound of many cannon. The rush for liberty was very exciting. The guards on the parapet walls were thrown violently to the ground. The crack of musketry, the hiss of flying bullets, the commands of officers of both sides, the shouts and yells of all produced a pandemonium. A short struggle, a serious grapple for possession of the guards' arms, all was soon ended.

Unarmed men, however brave or desperate, cannot fight men armed and under control. Many of these desperate brave soldiers were killed and wounded. Nearly all were recaptured and returned to prison. Few of them made good their escape. I was one of these fortunate ones, with two others of my friends, John Beatty and Henry Hooper. The guards were doubled and cannon placed to cover all points of the compass. Thus ended one of the most desperate and notable attempts at escape in all history.

We all separated and each one of us went his way to find that protection we sought. After leaving the prison we ran swiftly to White River, plunged into the water, which was very cold; snow was falling rapidly. Reaching the opposite bank, we thought our troubles were over. But not so. As the White River here is very crooked and makes a wide bend or detour and doubles back upon itself, we had to swim it again, the second time this night. The weather was very cold. We thought that we would surely freeze, as our wet clothing froze stiff on our bodies. But we pushed forward during the night, and kept moving along, though it was slowish traveling in the snow. At daybreak we found a warm shelter under the roof of a good friend, a Southern sympathizer. Here we dried our clothing

and rested for two days and nights, and when we left this good Samaritan's shelter he furnished us with money and a pair of Colt's army pistols, a gift or contribution to the cause of civil liberty. He also took us in his carriage to the depot some fifteen miles, and saw us safe aboard the train south.

Reaching Louisville at night, we took our foot in our hands, and started for the tall timber, avoiding all public roads. At daylight we found ourselves eighteen miles from the city, tired and leg-weary. We now took shelter in a large barn near Shepardsville, Bullitt County. We did not know whose place this was, but we kept a sharp lookout. Finally, at early morning, we saw an old man coming to the barn whom we knew, he had a son with our command, and was very much surprised to see us. This old gentleman was none other than Colonel Bob Shepard, who now invited us to the house and his good wife prepared a nice breakfast for us. All his negroes had been stolen or had run away, leaving him and his good lady alone, stripped and bare. He listened to our recital of our escape with intense interest. We asked him if we could find horses. He said he would furnish one, and knew a neighbor who would give us another, and would also give a fine shotgun for good measure, with plenty of ammunition. We told him we also needed six army pistols; we already had one apiece, but needed two pairs for each of us. He told us that he could and would send a lady friend to the city for these and plenty of fixed ammunition for same. We also sent for cavalry boots and overcoats, as the weather was bitter cold. Having arranged these matters, we offered him the money to pay for these, but he refused to accept a dollar, and said that he knew a club of Southern women and men who would be glad

and proud to contribute this equipment as a patriotic duty to help along the cause.

We remained here resting after our hard march for four days.

On the evening of the fourth day we were invited to this neighbor's home to meet the lady who went to Louisville to secure the equipment for us. She proved to be the sister of Colonel Phill Lee, who afterwards commanded the famous Second Kentucky Recruit Regiment, Colonel Hanson's old regiment. This elevated patriotic lady brought us warm underclothing, uniforms, cavalry boots, socks, blankets, overcoats, hats and gloves, six pistols and two fine Spencer sharpshooter rifles. We enjoyed a sumptuous supper, and remained here until after midnight, nearly two o'clock, before we could drag ourselves away from these noble, generous people. God prosper and preserve all such as these.

Leaving this place we were under the guidance of a true Kentuckian, who led us to the Salt River and found us a ford and went with us to a safe retreat, where we were among friends. The next day our old time friend and standby, Uncle Nimrod Conn, came to us. He was much surprised to see me again. This was the sixth time I had made good my escape from the Yankees. I was ready for any duty that destiny should bring. Two days after this date, March 14, 1863, my brother, Captain Samuel O. Berry, came to this rendezvous. He was sent into Kentucky and informed me that I was also detailed on this special duty to assist him in this service. We now went vigorously at this dangerous work, as the enemy were very active, since Morgan's last raid.

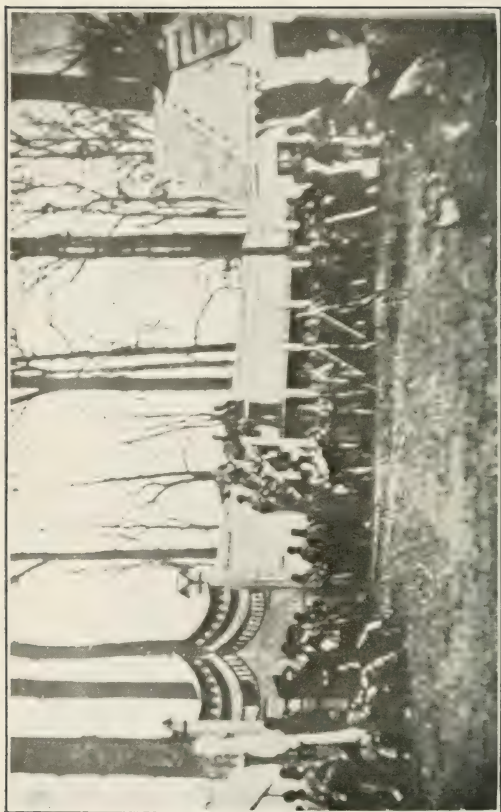
To return to the events of 1865. We were informed that Captain Ed Terrill, of General John M. Palmer's

body guard, was raiding in Spencer, Washington, Shelby and Jefferson Counties, killing citizens, arresting many of them, and stealing cattle and horses.

Captain Berry gathered around him a number of men whose families had been brutally treated in various ways, eighteen in number; also of General Morgan's men who had been cut off, and a number who had been wounded and left behind. With these and the eighteen men, some thirty-two in number, we now marched to Nelson County, thence to Spencer, Jefferson and Shelby Counties.

Reaching the vicinity of a small village, we received word that a force of Yankees had left Camp Nelson in Mercer County with two hundred head of fat cattle and was driving them to the city of Louisville, and was stealing all the cattle for miles on either side of the pike as they came along. Near Shelbyville, Kentucky, we received definite word from our Uncle Louis Berry and Mr. John McGraw that **this marauding band** of white and negro soldiers had stolen a hundred head from Uncle Louis and forty head from McGraw. Hastily mustering our force we awaited the approach of these cattle thieves. There were sixty white soldiers and two hundred and twenty-five negro soldiers, if I may so call them. This thieving business was going on all over Kentucky at this time. Horses, cattle, hogs, sheep, jewelry, furniture, was being shipped out of Kentucky by the drove and car load. Everything portable was taken during this period by these Yankees.

I had a negro boy servant, Tom, who belonged to our family, who was faithful and trustworthy at this time. He was sent into the ranks of these thieving marauders on a work mule with blind bridle, trace chains, back band, collar and harness. He was instructed



CAMP MORTON (Indianapolis, Ind.)

to fall casually in with them and learn the number of soldiers, cattle, and gain all the information possible, then leave them and report to us..

Near Simpsonville, near the county line of Shelby and Jefferson counties, we had prepared ourselves with long tin horns, ten in number, which could be heard a mile away. These ten men, who had these horns, were placed half a mile apart and on either side of the place the Yankees were marching with the stolen cattle, five men on a side. These men were instructed to blow these horns at intervals of twenty minutes, and each pair on either side was directed to answer each other's calls along the line of march, but were all instructed to keep well out of sight and reach of the Yankee column, and when within one mile and a half of Simpsonville to hurry forward to that place ahead of the Yankees to a point previously named. The march was slow, as they had over four hundred head of cattle, divided up into small bunches, some twenty or thirty in each in charge of eight or ten soldiers. Moving thus, they were divided and scattered along for over two miles. Our negro came to us and reported these conditions. They were mystified by the almost constant blowing of those tin horns. They had not seen any one, and asked our negro boy what it meant. He told them they were dinner horns.

We now made our plans to attack them. All our men assembled at the place designated. The advance passed the village which was at the crossroads and came straggling into the village. The captain commanding this force commanded a halt here, as there was a fine spring at this place. The cattle were browsing and eating grass along the roadside. The captain was drinking in the saloon with a number of his men, and had

no pickets out. We watched them some time, all unconscious of our presence. We now charged them furiously with the rebel yell and were in their midst. The poor fellows tried to rally but in vain. Some did rally, about twenty of them, and gave us two volleys, and then broke and fled. We were in their midst firing right and left. The large drove of cattle were soon stampeded and sent flying over the hills and fields in confusion and fright, bellowing as they went. The fight lasted about forty minutes.

The enemy were never able to recover any order or organization, as we pressed them vigorously at every point, and scattered them and the cattle all over the country, and we followed some of them for several miles. We had thirty-two men in this fight and lost one man killed and seventeen wounded. The enemy's forces consisted of two pieces of companies, white soldiers, sixty men, and 180 negro soldiers. Their losses were seventy-nine killed, one hundred and fourteen wounded. We now went to work and collected the stampeded and scattered cattle, which took us several hours, and drove them into the hills and sent word to the owners where they could be found. This battle raised a furious howl among the Yankees and Union men all over the state.

When we fought these soldiers it so paralyzed the captain that he did not pretend to fight but slipped out the side or east door and hid himself during the melee, under the platform. The space was so small where he entered that we could not believe it was true. Thus it is that most all plunderers and thieves are cowardly, and usually will not fight. It is almost beyond belief that so small a number, a mere handful of men, should be able to compass such results.

From this place we marched to Spencer County, and thence to Nelson County. This was the last time I saw Lieutenant Henry McGruder and Sue Monday, whose right name was Jerome Clark, a son of Beverly L. Clark of Simpson County. These two gallant soldiers went to Meade County on detached duty a few days later to Nelson County.

There happened near Bloomfield a murder, that for viciousness and brutality stands unparalleled in peace or war, even for this brutal period. I mean the killing of my negro boy, Tom, by Bill Marion, one of our soldiers. After the fight was over we were riding along and Tom happened to be riding by the side of Bill Marion. Lightly touching his leg with his hand he said, "The fight was a hot one, wasn't it, Marse Bill?" At this Marion turned on him and denounced him in the most bitter language, and told him then and there he was going to kill him, but was first going to order his coffin. Tom humbly apologized to him, but no, he would not accept it. He rode to Bloomfield and ordered his coffin, paid for it, came back to camp, and early in the morning we were informed that Bill Marion had killed Tom and had mounted his horse and left camp at a gallop. He first told him that he had come to kill him, that his coffin was ready for him, that he had paid for it; that he had told him he would kill him, and did so then and there. He was on his horse and having killed the boy rode out of camp at a gallop. I never knew anything of this matter until it was over.

I never saw Bill Marion alive after this, as he was killed that very day by Captain Bridgewater's men. He did not live eight hours after this brutal deed, but was killed in a fight near Chaplintown, Ky., about four o'clock P. M. the same evening. No one knew his real

or right name; all he ever told us of his life was that his mother and two sisters had been brutally mistreated, stripped and whipped with hickory withes until the blood ran down their legs, and were left tied so they could not release themselves. All three were found unconscious, his mother died soon after. His father was killed, his sisters lingered between life and death for months after.

From that hour this man was the most desperately reckless man of all the desperate brave men of this class. No man could or was ever allowed to surrender to him. He killed all he met. I have often heard him avow that he had not a friend in the world but his pistols. This man's experience was but another illustration of many other such. He was driven to desperation by the outrageous cruelty of any army of plunderers who did not scruple to include helpless women and defenseless old age. I do not now recall a single exception of any man who was with Captain Samuel O. Berry, Charles W. Quantrell, Sue Monday, Jerome Clark, Henry McGruder, John Erebal, Tom Henderson, the Brothers boys, Texas, Evans, Haller, Sutler, Wilson, Henry Davis, King White of infamous memory of whom I shall have more to say in the future, Willie Merriman, Teel Smith and many others whose names have passed to the great beyond, all had histories to tell of brutal, inhuman treatment of relatives and friends.

What are self-respecting men to do under such conditions? All these men were respected, law-abiding citizens before the war. Is it not natural instinct of all men, yea, animals, to defend themselves? The tiger in their nature had not been developed yet, not knowing it until developed by being hunted, they also became hunters. The bloodhound and tiger instinct is devel-

oped, becomes active, dangerous and destructive. It was thus with these men. This hunt became the entire business of these desperate men. Doomed they might be, what matters that? They could at least make it interesting, even entertaining. They argued that all men have to die. It made little difference so they died like men with face to the foe. So it was with these men. These conditions were made or fixed by our enemy. Which one of them was the more inhuman?

XXXIV

LAST DAYS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Recruiting—A war of extermination—Fight on Salt River—Every man wounded—Thirty days' rest—A Christmas dinner—An attack on Bardstown—Defeated—Burning of Rolling Fork Bridge—Sue Monday—Two men against forty—A close call—More recruiting—I report to Forrest—Lee's surrender.

After a few days rest and shoeing of horses, we went to work recruiting. My wounds nearly healed, I went down into Bullitt County. Captain had received into his camp one hundred and eighty men; many young men were hiding in the brush to avoid the Yankee conscript officers, and now came to us in droves, four, eight, ten, twelve and fifteen at a time.

I now took charge of these recruits and started south with one hundred and eighty men. We had an excellent guide for this trip. We traveled only by night, lying by during the day. We reached our lines without serious incident or mishap. We found General Morgan at Alexander, Tenn. His advance outposts were a few miles towards Lebanon. The command had been very active, had a number of skirmishes and some hard battles, at Sparta, Smithville, Snows Hill, Dry Creek, Alexander Blacks Shop, almost continuous fighting for four months. I reported to General Morgan and turned over these recruits. He was glad to receive these fine young soldiers at this time. After resting two days I was ordered back into Kentucky. Taking my old guide, we traveled only at night,

crossing the Cumberland River near Castillian Springs. Three days and nights travel found us again at our old camp.

Captain Berry had sent one hundred and thirty men south in my absence, and had three skirmishes with the Yankees and had received a serious wound. I found him suffering intensely from this. Dr. John Cook was looking after him. The war as it progressed became more fierce and deadly and bloody. Whether it was known generally or not, I don't know, but it certainly was understood by those who were most concerned in it, that it was war to the knife, and knife to the hilt. It was a well understood proposition that two hostile parties meeting meant extermination, and the commanders of this department, at least of Kentucky, Generals Buell, Palmer and Steve Burbridge, instructed Captains Terrill, Bridgewater, Colonel Buckley, and all subordinates, not to encumber themselves with any prisoners, as they were troublesome and expensive. They might accept a head of a general or leader or chief, or a noted man if they could obtain such without too much trouble.

Few of these men were fighting from choice, but necessity. They were forced, driven from their homes, to take refuge in the brush, and caves, hunted like wild beasts. Men who do not want to fight and are forced to fight most generally make a desperate fight when they get into it. So whenever we heard of a man who had been robbed and insulted, plundered of everything portable, we managed always to recruit such men, and it is needless to add that these men in a very short time were most formidable foes, guerillas. From the very nature of these surroundings these men were the hardy yeomanry of the country, fearless, honest, daring, self-

respecting, all taught early in life how to shoot with unerring accuracy at full speed with revolvers in both hands and bridle in their teeth. A charge, fierce, rapid and deadly, firing right and left with both hands at the same time, this is the way these men fought. Such was their horsemanship and such the terrible accuracy of their fire, that in all history they have no equal. Nor did a Federal line during the war, man for man, withstand their onset; even with two to one did not make it much better. Our little force frequently attacked three, often four to one, driving them in confusion from many fields.

In a battle on Salt River near where Nelson Creek empties into this stream, we had been driving Captain Terrill with 52 men; Captain Berry with 23 men. We met Captain Bridgewater's company of 41 men, reinforcing Terrill, making 93 men against 23. The fighting was brisk and furious. For a short time Captain Berry held the enemy with ten men. Lieutenant Sue Monday, Henry McGruder, Evans, Brothers, Texas, Halee, Henry, King White, became the aggressors and charged. Every man of us was wounded and in the midst of the melee King White's horse went down, the rider under him. Bullets were as thick as hailstones. White called for help, and not in vain. Captain Berry stood behind his dead horse and fought them back while I pulled White from under his dead horse, rescuing him from this storm of death. The killing went on all around us in the road, struggling in a hand to hand combat. Both sides had now exhausted ammunition. We now withdrew from this bloody field. We had six men killed and all the rest, 17 men, wounded. The Yankees lost 25 killed and 28 wounded. Thus ended this fight.

As for King White, after this rescue of this traitor

and deserter from both armies, he betrayed my brother, the one who had saved his dastardly, miserable life on this occasion at the risk of our own. Sam and I both received serious wounds, and retired to our old camp in the hills to look after our hurts. Some were slight, some serious. Our old faithful standby, Dr. John McCloskey, came to our aid and soon had the satisfaction of seeing all the boys on the way to recovery. He was faithful, skillful, ever ready to render any aid in his power.

After thirty days seclusion and efforts with these wounded soldiers, our friends of Nelson county had not been idle, for when we were ready to ride again we mustered our force and found 52 men ready for service. We again rode forth to meet any fate that might be in store for us. We took the road to Fairfield and met the enemy there, routed him in a headlong charge. Bloomfield, Taylorsville, Fisherville, Chaplintown followed in rapid succession. Captain Terrill was sent flying through Bloomfield to Smileytown, having scattered his company. The next day we heard of him at Taylorsville, stopping at this place to have his horse shod. John Ennis, who had just finished shoeing his horse, dropped the foot and said to him, "How is that?" Terrill drew his pistol and shot him dead, mounted his horse and rode away. Two days later he rode into a field near Louisville where Mr. Kirk Walker was plowing, shot him dead and left him as he had Ennis. These men were respected citizens in their communities, were Southern men, at home attending to their private affairs, but butchered ruthlessly without warning or cause.

Many of these reckless and desperate young men would find whiskey and drink excessively during such times, and were hard to control. They would do many foolhardy and desperate things. We had been invited

by Doctor Evans and Miss Rhoda and Miss Alice to eat a Christmas dinner. While at the table someone proposed to capture Bardstown. Nearly all of them were under the influence of wine and whiskey, with one or two exceptions. This proposition was made in a boastful way because they were in the presence of these young ladies. Dr. Evans rather tried to discourage this enterprise, knowing that Captain Taylor had under him 65 men in a brick court house with loopholes in the walls inside. I tried my best to prevail upon Captain Berry not to try this foolhardy enterprise. He, too, was in his cups. I could not dissuade him.

The court house stood in the center of the square; four streets cross and center into this square, and can be approached only by these streets. The attack was made by 55 men with disastrous results, four men killed, 13 wounded, Captain Berry seriously, most of them slightly and some fatally. The doors on the west and south sides were reached and battered down, killing nine men inside and 19 wounded. I was also wounded here. The attack failed; we were repulsed.

While slowly retiring I saw my brother was shot, falling from his horse amidst a shower of bullets. I rode back to him, dismounted, lifted him upon my horse, mounting behind him. Six men came to us, keeping back the enemy. During this time King White was conspicuous for his absence. Retreating slowly, for brother was suffering intensely, we met old Capt. Lancaster in his buggy. Placing Sam inside I formed the men and charged the advance, driving them back a mile and a half, and killing some of them. This stopped the pursuit, which gave us time to find a safe retreat for brother.

My dear old friend, Dr. Evans, father of my prison

companion, this noble son than whom no truer, braver soldier ever lived or fought for a cause, now rendered him skillful service, and soon restored him to the saddle. My own wound healed slowly. This made fourteen wounds I had received. As soon as we could we sent some friends to Louisville for ammunition.

A description of our rendezvous might be interesting to many. This place was near the west boundary line of Nelson county and the east line of Bullitt county, thickly covered with cedars, forest trees, with a covering of about three thousand acres of land. Within this **area there are a number of large caverns** capable of sheltering two hundred and fifty men. When hard pressed, wounded and without ammunition our soldier boys could find a retreat and shelter, safe from pursuit and inclement weather, an ideal place for hiding, with plenty of pure water and supplied with food in abundance by our good friends. To this safe retreat our wounded were taken.

Recovering from our hurts we now led our restless rough riders to Boston, Nelson County, and to Rolling Fork Bridge which we burned after a sharp battle for its possession. We caught them outside the stockade, a hand to hand contest took place here, which was of short duration, as we surprised them, and as guns against six shooters is always an unequal contest and can not last long. The same old story repeated so often on many a bloody field. Reaching Boston we rested and fed our horses. It was at this place that Jerome Clark was first called Sue Monday. It came about in this way:

While here he met a very beautiful, fascinating young lady, whose name was Miss Sue Monday. She had come to this village, which is at the Lebanon Junction on the Louisville and Nashville railroad, and was

inside a store shopping. Clark picked up her riding habit, put it on and mounted her horse sideways, lady fashion. Riding all over town he exclaimed, "I am Sue Monday!" This pleased the fancy of the young lady, also the boys. Clark's youthful face, beardless, his long black hair reaching to his shoulders, his small hands and feet, trim, erect figure, graceful actions, all combined and made him an object of curiously entertaining interest to all who saw him. He really looked very much like a young lady at that moment. From that time on he was called "Sue Monday," which name became a terror to his enemies. His father's property was destroyed by the savage maurading red-legs, his family insulted and brutally treated. The same old story repeated many times over.

It was fight every day during these belligerent, desperate, bloody days. Leaving Boston we tried our fortunes in Mead, Harden and Hancock counties. During this ride we captured the James Lyttle, a steam boat, at a landing about Hawsville. Boarding her we found Yankees who fought viciously, three of them were killed in this fight. King White stole \$2,300.00 from the captain. Clark and Henry McGruder were both seriously wounded; hard hit, they could not travel and had to be left behind. Making our way back to Nelson County I found my brother, Captain Berry, ready to take the field again. We had stirred up a swarm of enemies, and many enemies were everywhere scouting on all the roads; hunted and hunters were on their mettle. It was thought best to scatter for awhile or for me to take all new recruits south. It was now very necessary for someone to go to Louisville for a supply of ammunition. Rude and Texas volunteered for this hazardous service. They were young, vigorous and alert and dressed in

women's clothes, and left us. They were gone seven days, and returned with a large amount of the very needful ammunition.

During this period of rest for the boys we were on Dr. McClosky's place near Bloomfield. Late one evening brother Sam and myself were riding briskly toward Fairfield, ascending a steep hill from the southward. Reaching the top we heard a horse cough and looking ahead we saw Captain Taylor at the head of forty Yankee soldiers. He also had reached the top of the same hill, on the same road; they were marching southward toward Bardstown, on a very narrow road, all too narrow now to suit our fancy. Here was a serious dilemma. What must be done? Quickly, neither party slackened pace, closer and closer came the blue coats and the gray, both with drawn pistols, each taking, as it seemed, instinctively, the left side of the road, thus bringing the right arm next to the foe, each ready for quick, deadly work, if need be. Two rebs against forty blue coats. Faster and faster moved each hostile party, turning each in our saddles as we passed each other hurriedly, for we did pass, without firing a shot at each other. The reasons for this were simple and obvious. Brother Sam and I could not afford to attack forty men in a narrow roadway. Our meeting was sudden and unexpected. So close were we that to have turned round and made a run for it would have been sure and certain death to us. The only chance left us was to put on a bold front; with drawn pistols, ready cocked, and horses moving rapidly, we determined to sell out as dearly as possible. Captain Taylor was so surprised when he saw us so close to him, saw our pistols all ready, that he quickened the motion of his column, and passed us almost before he knew it, feeling sure that if a shot was fired he would

be the first to feel it. As for me I drew a long, deep breath—several of them—after passing this column. Without a word we moved off at a brisk gallop.

Half a mile from this hill we entered a woodland, taking our old trail, we traveled to Salt River, before reining in our horses. We now took a much needed nap and to our detriment, for while eating our meager breakfast we were surrounded by Captain Bridgewater's troopers. They drove us through an open field where we were compelled to jump a garden fence. Here was a gate passing into a front lot with two corn cribs, near the bank of the river. This was a mule feed lot, half an acre in extent, with high fences all around it on three sides; on the north side of the steep, perpendicular bank of Salt River, some twenty feet high. At this time the Yankees were entering this lot. Thus from two sides they came, cutting us off. We took shelter behind the two corn cribs. It was raining bullets. We had six pistols each and a double-barrelled shotgun, cut off. We had thirty-eight shots apiece from behind these cribs. We held them at bay for twenty-five minutes. I had also a Sharps repeating rifle. With a pistol in each hand we entertained these troopers. We killed eight horses and eleven men and seriously wounded Captain Bridgewater. At bay with all the tiger in my nature aroused, feeling that perhaps this was my last fight, cut off, we peppered lead into the blue mass with delight, remembering only all the cruel, brutal treatment. We could hear the rain of bullets against the cribs. A number tried to rush us. At this we turned loose our double-barrelled shotguns on them. Eighteen men and some horses went down. At this moment I said, "Brother, let's leave this place now." Mounting our horses we turned their heads towards the perpendicular bank, giv-

ing them the spur and the tight reins, leaped down the bank into the water with a splash. Coming up to the surface, we hugged the steep bank and turned down stream, thus avoiding the enemy's bullets, should they come to the steep bank. Swimming down river out of reach, we crossed over on the opposite side to the friendly cover of a thicket.

The enemy was mystified. We watched from a distance. For some time they did not know what had become of us. We now made our way into Bullitt County, thence to Captain Phillips in Jefferson county. The next night we went into Louisville, and sent to a good friend and asked him to buy us one hundred revolvers and ammunition for them. These were brought out in market baskets; also some medicines. We travelled all night, reaching the old Parricut Springs or close vicinity. Here we were compelled to remain all day and saw two scouting parties of the enemy pass along the road in the distance. At early twilight we moved our supplies on a large mule toward Keesby's Ford, through the woods. Before attempting to reach this place we carefully explored the banks of the river, but finding all clear we moved out across into old Spencer County, reaching our friend's, Judge Johnathan Davis', place and a friendly thicket. Here we met a glad welcome from our waiting, anxious comrades. In the distribution of the revolvers, there were many exchanges of wit. During this day we loaded the pistols. Our recruits were fifty-six in number. We now moved to Dr. McCloskeys' big pasture after nightfall. All the men came in except the seriously wounded. It was deemed best to start at once for the south, with these recruits. There were also some old veterans, who had made their escape during the winter. They were ready to fight again with more deter-

mination than ever before, suffering under their treatment and smarting still from harsh insults.

We had men who were familiar with the country to the Georgia border line. All had on blue overcoats. Moving on unfrequented roads from Dr. McCloskey's, we went round Bloomfield and passed over the same old trail that Captain Morgan did on his first march from Camp Charity. We crossed Muldroughs Hills the first night, resting until 3 p. m. Passing around Columbia at night, we went into camp some ten miles from this place, feeding our horses. After resting, we moved on down to the vicinity of Burksville on the Cumberland River, crossing above this place at Stagalls ford, thus avoiding it, as there was a Federal garrison there. We sent forward videttes and found this ford guarded by twenty men, with whom we exchanged salutes. Pushing forward without halting we went into camp near Black's Shop. This was the scene of many exciting and interesting episodes, while the army was at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, only twelve miles from that place. Feeding our horses, we moved out, leaving Woodbury to our left, Readyville and McMinnville both east of us, and reaching the rough, broken region between Tullahoma and McMinnville. We sought the blind roads, and pushed for Duckers vicinity on the Chattanooga and Murfreesboro railroad. We crossed below or south of this place, in the direction of Shelbyville, leaving this place to our left, our objective point being Johnsonston on the Tennessee River.

We were now near General Forrest's lines, safe with these young soldiers, having in their march of five days and one night travelled 320 miles, stopping only long enough to rest and feed our horses. We reported to General Forrest, who was bronzed by the continued

exposure of the sun. He had had much hard fighting recently. His force was much reduced but all were seasoned soldiers and hard fighters. He expressed his pleasure at receiving these fine young soldiers and thanked me for my efforts in bringing them safely through the enemy's lines. Two days after this he fought the battle of Johnsonton.

I was now detached and sent with dispatches on special duty with 25 men to General Jeff Thompson, near Jackson, Mississippi. Not finding him at this place and hearing that he had joined General Dick Taylor, then near McDonald, Louisiana, I arrived at this place only to hear of disasters coming thick and fast. It was here that I heard first of Mr. Lincoln's death and also of General Lee's surrender, and also of General Joe Johnson's and they also said that General Price had surrendered and that General Dick Taylor was negotiating a surrender. All this came to me like a clap of thunder from a clear sky. I knew that General Lee had evacuated Richmond, also Petersburg and was trying to effect a junction with Joe Johnson. There was intense excitement. I saw strong men weep with intense sorrow, like children. Wild rumors were rife on all sides. I heard that my old father had been shot in Camp Douglas. I made up my mind promptly. I had no home, no kindred left—all of them dead—no country. I determined to become a soldier of fortune. What mattered it where or in what army I served? I should now follow from this time forward a saying I said to myself: "Young man, go fight the battles of life; if you have none of your own, fight somebody else's battles, and if, perchance, you are not hung or shot, you will be promoted perhaps." Acting upon this idea, I formed my

resolutions at once, as all was now lost. There was no Confederacy.

News that the Confederacy was falling, which came to me when I reached the headquarters of General Forrest at Johnsonsonton on the Tennessee River dashed all my hopes. I had just arrived with a number of splendid men which my brother and myself had recruited in Kentucky. We had travelled 320 miles in five days and one night, constantly among the enemy, to reach Forrest.

XXXV

WITH SHELBY IN MEXICO

At Piedras Negras—A season of dissipation—The Mexicans demand our horses—What happened—Brush with Mexican soldiers—Southward—A midnight encounter—Lampasas—An insult and a duel—Lenores—West challenges Thrailkill—A cock fight—Gillette's wager—The duel—Thrailkill fires in the air.

After numerous conferences we agreed upon plans—plans that would carry us to a foreign land. With Forrest we found a number of Colonel Terry's old soldiers, who knew the route through Louisiana and Texas to Mexico. We were eager to be off as quickly as possible before the enclosing net spread entirely around us. Calling the men to horse we entered upon a new enterprise, a new life, trusting, at first, mostly to relieve ourselves of Federal environments.

We made our way to Houston, Texas, thence to the Rio Grande to join Joe Shelby, who, also, had determined to leave the country, and cast his fortunes in the tropical regions of Mexico. Across the Rio Grande, at Piedras Negras, we found General Shelby with 2,200 scarred, battered veterans, who had, after a few days negotiations with Bes-Sca of the state of Coahuila, finally sold his surplus arms, ammunition and cannon for a round sum, making him comfortable.

In an interview with General Shelby I told him of my plans and, showing my commission, asked his protection, influence and help in obtaining my passport, all of which he granted, and more. This was the first time I had had the pleasure of meeting this dashing, natural-

born leader and soldier. He assigned us a place until further arrangements could be made for us. General Shelby had been here only two days. He kept his men under his eye constantly. After a little speech he dismounted them, warning them not to commit any excesses.

The tropical sun beat warm upon the white sand, producing a glare that was almost blinding; the dust settled in thick curtains upon houses, streets and in the drinking water. The men scattered in every direction, seeking sights and pleasures, careless of consequences. Cafes were full; wine and women abounded. Beside the bronzed faces of the soldiers were the tawny faces of the *senoritas*; in the passages of the drinking houses the men kissed the women; great American oaths were heard, harsh at times, but even in their simpleness they were national. But a tragedy was making; there in the torrid heat, the white glare and the fervid kissing under the roses. There were three men, interlopers, ostensibly men of the western army, who had been fed and sheltered and who had never tempted Providence beyond a prudent point. They had joined the expedition somewhere in Texas. Having the heart of sheep they were dealing with lions, but they did not know it. To their truckling they were about to add bravado; to the magazine they were about to apply a torch.

There is a universal Mexican law which makes a stock brand a Bible, from which truth there is no appeal. Every horse and every cow in that country is branded and every brand is entered of record, as the deed of legal conveyance. Some of these brands are simple, some unique, and some intricate, but all are legal, especially when *alcaldes* and soldiers are about. The logic of ownership is very simple. You prove your

brand and take your horse or cow, no matter who rides him or who holds it.

In Shelby's command there were more than two dozen magnificent horses of high class, fit for a king's race, for that matter. Some of these bore a brand of an unusual fashion. Some of these had been obtained along the line of Shelby's march, and had been dealt with as horses that belonged to our cavalry. These three men wanted to secure possession of these horses. Helped by their knowledge of the Spanish language and the laws and usages of the country, they had gone among the Mexican soldiers, poisoning their minds with tales of American rapine and slaughter, depicting in vigorous rhetoric their long, weary march with the American marauders and thieves—their companions—all of which was done that they might get possession of their dearly beloved horses. They said they were at the point of leaving the country, and did not wish to be deprived of their lawful property.

This command of General Shelby had aspired to found an empire, but ended with an exodus. In his expedition were many guerrillas who had served under Quantrell and Bill Anderson, notably myself, who had enlisted under the name of Tom Henderson, first assumed when I escaped from Camp Chase in 1862, Joe Macy, John Thrailkill, Erasmus Woods, W. M. Yarevell and my cousins, Richard Berry and Ike Berry, who were brothers.

The Mexicans listened to these tales, and were fired by greed, not generosity, when they swore a mighty oath to the Holy Virgin that the Gringos should be made to deliver up to these worthy men every horse that bore their brands. The Berrys, John Rudd and Yarevell were mounted upon such brands, and claimed them by no

other law than that of possession, not a weak title for fearless men.

Drill was over, and the men were drinking and having a good time. The hot, fierce glare of the sun was still on the earth. The noise from the cafes was louder. There was a musical, rippling undertone of women's voices—women with dishevelled hair and tropical eyes.

Ike Berry had ridden one of these branded horses into the street running past regimental headquarters. He was a short, stoutly built man, a very Hercules in strength, free of speech and of frank, open nature. He sat with one leg crossed upon his saddle, smoking a pipe. In battle serious he was always laughing; only in eating was he serious. What reverence he had came from appetite; the crumbs that fell from his long slender hands were his benedictions. Many other branded horses were standing hitched close by. A company of Mexican soldiers came into the street. Behind them was a young Mexican captain, handsome as Adonis, eyes to the front and guns at trail. Jim Wood noticed them as they passed along, as did I and many others. He spoke to an Indian girl and also to Martin Kitzer, as he was toying with this Indian girl, dark and beautiful. Old Joe has delivered the arms. It may be that we shall take them back again.

One of the men went straight to Ike Berry, as Berry sat cross-legged upon his horse, and laid his hand upon the horse's bridle. Berry knew him and spoke to him cheerily, "How now, comrade?" A short answer, and curt, "This is my horse; he wears my brand. I have followed him to Mexico. Dismount." A long white wreath of smoke came from Ike Berry's pipe. The pipe seemed to protest. The old battle smile was on his face, and those who knew him best knew that a dead

man would soon lie in the street. Many of his friends started to him at this time. He knocked the ashes from his pipe, musingly placing his disengaged foot back into the stirrup. He rose up all of a sudden, the very incarnation of fury. There was a white gleam in the air, a heavy saber that lifted and circled, and when it fell a stalwart arm was cut away. The ghastly stump, not over four inches long, spurted blood at every throb of the heart.

The man fell as one paralyzed. A shout arose. The Mexicans spread out like a fan and when the fan closed it had surrounded us. Yarell alone broke through and rushed to General Shelby, who was sitting with an Englishman. One glance convinced Shelby that Yarell was in trouble. "What is it?" asked Shelby.

"They are after the horses."

"What horses?"

"Why, the branded horses, of course."

"And after we have delivered the arms, too. Mexican like; Mexican like," said Shelby.

He arose as he spoke, and looked out on the street. Revolvers were being fired. There in the white heat of that afternoon the shot sounded like the tapping of a woodpecker on a dead tree. Afterwards a steady roll of rifle shots told how the battle went.

"The rally, the rally!" cried Shelby to his bugler, as he dashed down to where Berry and his companions were surrounded by Mexicans. We had come to them as friends, and eaten their salt and they had betrayed us. They would strip us like barbarians. It was war again, and war to the knife.

The wild, piercing notes of the American bugle call were heard in clear, penetrating, defiant notes that told of sore stress among comrades, and pressing need of

speedy succor. The laughter died out in the cafes, as a night wind dies when morning comes. The bugles sobered all who were drunk with drink or dalliance. Its voice told of danger, near and imminent; of a meeting of men who were not afraid to die. Men swarmed out of every doorway, poured from under every portal, and furious and ravenous for blood. They saw the Mexicans in the square, the peril of Berry and those nearest him, and they asked no further questions. A sudden crash of revolvers came, close and deadly; a yell, a shout and then a fierce, hot charge.

Ras Wood, a guerrilla, with a short Enfield rifle in his hand, stood in the street looking at the young Mexican captain with his cold, savage grey eyes, in which never a light of pity was shown. In the press about him Wood kept his rifle pointed straight ahead as fixed as fate. It looked as if he were aiming at a flower. The dark olive beauty of the Spanish captain was superb.

"Spare him; spare!" shouted a dozen stout-hearted soldiers in a breath. "He is too young, too handsome to die."

In vain; a sharp, sudden ring was the response. The captain tossed his arms high in air, as if to catch something above his head, and fell forward on his face, a corpse. A wail of a woman rose upon the sultry evening air, such as may have been heard in King David's household, when back from the tangled brush they brought the beautiful Absalom dead. The work that followed was quick enough and deadly enough to appall the stoutest heart. Seventeen Mexicans were killed, including the handsome captain; also the two interloping Americans who caused the encounter. The third one, strange as it may appear, recovered from his ghastly wound and could tell at this day, if he still lives,

of the terrible powers of that American soldier who sheared his arm away, as a sickle might reap a handful of wheat.

There were many Mexican guerrillas, native born, who fought the French, as I know from personal experience, and who also robbed the rich, and preyed upon the passerby, and who also hovered around our flanks as we marched boldly to the south of Mexico. General Shelby forbade us to fight them. He could not take time, he said, to brush away gad-flies, and have his time taken up every day with mosquitoes. He would guard his camp at night, and shelter his stock from stealthy approaches. For several nights these tactics were followed. The native guerrillas became emboldened in the face of such action. On the trail of a timid or a wounded thing they were veritable wolves.

Our long gallop it seemed could never tire them. Their night tactics were superb. Upon our flanks, in our rear or our front, was one continuous musketry roll, which harmed nothing, though it angered like the singing of mosquitoes in one's ears. At last they brought about a swift reckoning; one of those sudden, awful things which leaves behind little save a trail of blood, a moment of furious, savage killing.

Our column had advanced to within a two days' march of Lampasas. Some mountain speers ran down to the road to a cluster of palm trees near the wayside. The palm is a sad, pensive tree, much sadder than the pine. It has a voice solemn and sorrowful, much like the sound of muffled ceremonies when the corpse is given to the ground. Even in the bright sunlight they are dark, even in the tropics; no vine clings to them, no blossom is born to them, no birds sing vespers in them and no fluttering wings make melody for them. Strange and

shapely, coldly chaste, they seemed like human beings, but desolate things, standing all alone in the midst of a luxurious nature, unblessed of the soil, unloved of the dew, and even of the sunshine.

One night in a grove of these lonely, desolate trees, the column halted, for one night only. Above and beyond them was a pass guarded by crosses. In that treacherous land these crosses are a growth indigenous to the soil. Wherever a deed of violence is done, a cross is planted; wherever a traveller is left in a pool of blood, a cross is reared; wherever a grave is made for the murdered one, there is seen a cross. No matter who does the deed, whether Indian or don, a cross must mark the spot, and as the pious one passes by he lays a stick or a stone reverently at the feet of the sacred symbol, and breathes a silent prayer, and tells a bead or two for the soul's salvation.

To the left of a wooded bluff ran down abruptly a stream. Beyond this stream and near the palms, a grassy bottom spread out, green, soft and grateful. On this beautiful blanket of grass the horses ate their fill. A young moon, clear and white, silvery, beautiful, hung low in the west; neither sullen nor red, but a tender moon, full of the beams that lovers seek, and full of the voiceless imagery, which gives soulful passion to the voice of the night, and pathos to the dejected and deserted swain.

As the moon set the horses were gathered up and tethered, amidst the palms and then a deep silence like the silence of death fell upon the camp. The sentinels were beyond its confines, and all inside of the camp slept the sleep of the tired and the healthy. It may have been midnight. It certainly was cold and dark with the fires all out. There was a white mist like a sheen creeping

up the stream and settling upon the faces of the sleeping men.

Out on the far right front a single shot rang out, clear and resonant. Shelby and two others lifted themselves up from their blankets. In undertones Shelby spoke to Thrailkill and myself, "Who has the post at the front and right?"

"Joe Marcy."

"Something is stirring," continued Shelby; "Marcy never fired at a shadow in his life."

The three men listened intently. One a grim guerilla with the physique of a Cossack, and the hearing of a Comanche. The two others sat with all their senses alert. One had in his keeping the lives of all these silent sleepers, who lay still, inert, grotesque under the silvered sheen of the mountain mist. Nothing was heard for an hour. The three men went to sleep again, but not to dream.

Suddenly the mist lifted and in its place swept a sheet of flame, so near to the faces of the sleeping men that it might have scorched them. Three hundred and fifty Mexicans had crept down the mountain side to the edge of the camp and stream and had fired pointblank into the camp. It seemed a miracle indeed, but not a man was touched. As they lay flat upon the ground, wrapped in their blankets, the whole volley meant to be murderous, had swept over them.

General Shelby was upon his feet. We heard his voice, clear, steady and faultless, and without the slightest tremor, "Men, give them the revolver, charge!"

Often, when men awake from sleep they grapple with spectres. Amidst the shadows of the palm trees, the Mexicans were shadows. They were invisible where the powder pall was on the water, where the mist had

been, and men, half-clad, barefooted and still heavy with sleep went straight for the mountain side, a revolver in each hand, Shelby leading. From spectres the Mexicans changed to bandits. No quarter was given or asked. The rush lasted until the game was flushed; the pursuit until the mountain top was gained, over ragged slopes and rocks, and cactus with its dagger teeth. The hurricane of bullets poured like a torrent. The revolver volleys were deafening. Men died, but made no moan, and the wounded were recognized only by their voices.

After all was over the Americans had lost in killed nine men, and in wounded sixteen, most of the latter slightly, owing to the darkness. In their attack the Mexicans had tethered their horses on the further side of the mountain. Most all of these horses fell into our hands; also the bodies of the two leaders, Juan Aueselmo, a renegade priest, and Antonio Flores, a young Cuban who had sold his sister to a wealthy Mexican and then turned robber. These, with sixty-nine of their followers were killed and one hundred and twenty-three were wounded. Thus ended this midnight attack.

It was noon the next day before we resumed our march, with the sun shining upon nine fresh graves of the dauntless young Americans sleeping their last long sleep amidst the palms and the crosses until the resurrection morn.

Reaching Lampasas we found a grand fandango in progress. The bronzed faces of the foreign strangers attracted much curiosity and comment. But no notes jarred or slackened, nor were dances checked. General Shelby did not care to trust his soldiers too close to the city, so he camped beyond the suburbs, unwilling to tempt his men too severely, where there was so much to risk by exposure to the perils of so much beauty and

nakedness. Vigilant camp guards were mounted to keep the soldiers within camp, As the night deepened the men's devices increased, until a goodly company had escaped all vigilance of the guards, and found refuge with the sweet and swarthy senoritas, singing "Oh, Via Amis E res alura say coraxon."

At this place there were three soldiers who stole out together in mere wantonness, so full were they of the exuberance of life. Obedient soldiers, usually, they were soon to bring back with them a tragedy that stands without a parallel in the history of their lives. No one saw these three soldiers leave camp—Boswell, Walker and Henderson—but the whole command saw them come back, Boswell slashed from chin to waist, Walker almost dead with a bullet hole through his cheeks and tongue, Henderson without a hurt, but sober, having over him the sombre light of as wild a deed as any that stands out in the lawless past of all lawless bands.

After reaching the fandango, we had danced until the lights glowed with an unusual brilliancy, and until fiery drink had consumed our discretion. It was late at night. They had eaten, with much drink, and over us was the glamor of enchanting and beautiful women. They were now walking on space toward camp, singing snatches of bacchanalian songs, laughing boisterously, with the moonlight flooding the streets. Passing a doorway, they saw a beautiful girl, her dark beauty looking out coyly from its fringe of dark hair. The men spoke to her and she, in her simple fashion, spoke to the men. In Mexico this meant nothing. They halted, however, and Henderson advanced, and laid his hand on the girl's shoulder, then around her shoulders. She wore a rebosa. This garment answered for a bonnet, and bodice. When removed, the head is uncovered and the bosom exposed.

Henderson meant no harm. He laughed and asked her for a kiss, and before she had replied, he attempted to take it. Her hot Southern blood flamed up at this familiarity, and her eyes grew furious in a moment. She drew back from him in proud scorn. The rebosa came off, leaving all her head and bosom bare. Her long hair fell down over her shoulders, neck and bosom. "Audacities," she cried, a low feminine cry, as a signal. This was followed instantly by a rush of men with knives and pistols.

These three Americans had no weapons; not dreaming of danger, they had left their arms in camp. Boswell was cut three times, but not seriously. Walker was shot through both cheeks and tongue, and Henderson, who caused the trouble, was unhurt, but this sobered him. No pursuit was attempted. After the Mexicans had done their work they left as quickly as they came. Wary of reprisal, they hid themselves. But a young man followed close to Henderson without speaking a word. At first he was not noticed. Upon reaching camp, Henderson saw him and turned and asked him why he followed him. "That you may lead me to your General; I want satisfaction," was the reply.

When made acquainted with their hurts, the General dismissed the three men to the care of Dr. Tisdall.

We were camped in a wide bottom, close to the river on one side and low mountain ranges on the other; where our blankets were spread was a grassy valley. The moon was shining, the air balmy. From the grape gardens and apricot orchards the air was fragrant; it was delicious to breathe the air. Lampasas was indeed a gay place. No soldiers were sleeping; all seemed to enjoy the delicious odors. General Shelby relaxed under the solace of the season. Commonly, he never re-

laxed, even a little ,of his severity. The story of the melee was told, and told truthfully, as the narrator was too brave to lie about it. As an Indian listens for the footsteps of one he intends to scalp, the young Mexican was listening to the recital. When it was finished he went close to General Shelby and said, pointing his finger at Henderson, "That man has insulted, outraged my sister. I could have killed him, but did not. You Americans are brave, I know. You will be generous as well, and give me satisfaction."

General Shelby looked at Henderson, whose bronzed face, all the sterner in the moonlight, had upon it a look of curiosity. He did not know what was coming. "Does the Mexican speak the truth, Henderson?" asked Shelby. "Partly; I meant no harm to the young woman. I am incapable of that. Drunk, I know I was, and reckless; but not wilfully guilty, General."

"You had no business to touch her." Shelby regarded him coldly. His voice was stern and biting. The soldier hung his head. "How often must I repeat to you that the man that does such things is no follower of mine? Will you give her brother satisfaction?"

Henderson drew his revolver almost joyfully, and stood up, proudly facing his accuser.

"No, no, *senor*; not the pistol," cried the Mexican. "I do not understand the pistol. The knife, *Senor*. General, is the American afraid of the knife?" The Mexican held his knife displayed as he spoke, in the moonlight. It showed white and keen in contrast with the dusky hand that grasped it. Not a muscle in Henderson's face moved. He spoke almost gently as he turned to the General, "The knife! Oh, be it so. Will some one of you give me a knife?"

A knife was handed to him, and a ring was formed

with over five hundred soldiers outside circle of the ring, many bearing torches, which cast a red glare over the arena, flooded with the softer beaming of the new moon. The soft, velvety grasses were under foot, the moon was not yet full, the sky without a cloud, and sweet, delicious perfumes filled the air; all was calm and peaceful on this balmy night. A hush of excitement and expectancy fell upon the scene. Some soldiers who were asleep were allowed to sleep undisturbed. All who were present seemed under the influence of a dream.

General Shelby did not forbid the fight, though he knew it was a duel to the death, for one or both. It could be seen by his face that some of the desperate spirit of the two antagonists had passed into his soul. General Shelby spoke to an aide aside, "Go for Dr. Tisdall, for when the steel has finished the surgeon may be needed."

At this moment both men stepped fearlessly into the arena. The traits of the two nations were uppermost—the Mexican made the sign of a cross, and the American tightened his belt. Both may have prayed, but neither audibly. No seconds were chosen; none needed. The Mexican took his stand near the center of the arena and waited. Henderson grasped his knife firmly, and advanced. He was almost a head taller, and the stronger. Constant familiarity with danger for four years seemed to give him a confidence which the Mexican may not have felt. Henderson had been wounded many times. One wound was barely healed, but this took none of his manhood from him.

The night wind began to rise. The torches flamed. Neither spoke. The long grass rustled under foot, shortly to become crimson. Some fourteen inches in-

tervened between them. General Shelby stood looking grimly at the two men as he would at a line of battle. Never before had he gazed upon such a strange sight. The great circle of bronzed faces was eager and fierce in the glare of the torches, something monstrous, yet grotesque. The civilization of a thousand years were rolled back, and we were in a Roman circus looking into the arena, crowded with gladiators.

The attack was as the lightning flash, the knife gleaming cold and keen. The Mexican lowered his head, set hard his teeth, struck fairly at Henderson's breast. Henderson made a half turn, face to the right, threw his left shoulder forward as a shield, received the steel into his shoulder to the hilt, and then struck home. God! how pitiful! A stream of blood spurted into his face. The tense form of the Mexican bent forward as a willow in the wind, surged helplessly, and fell backward lifeless. His heart had been found. General Shelby said, "Cover him from sight. No need of Dr. Tisdall for him."

A piercing wail of women startled the still night air, and these grim bronzed soldiers gave a shudder of regret. A dead man on the green, velvety grass, a sister broken hearted, and alone forevermore, and a freed spirit somewhere out in eternity, in the unknown and the infinite.

John Thrailkill's turn now came in a most strange way. It may be that fate that often thinks what small things it may employ to make or mar, to save or lose, a life.

Leaving Lampasas and its regretful experiences, after a few days' we journeyed by meadows, and by rivers, and great groves of orange trees, wherein mocking birds sang songs to each other, and to the soft

sunshine. Late one evening we went into camp. I used to love to sit and listen to John Thrailkill talk round the camp fires. On this occasion he was telling of brave deeds and stories; of the brave days that were dead. Many were sitting silent, dreaming, perhaps, of the northern land left behind, with its pains, losses, and its disappointments; of the dear friends; of that far land of forests and beautiful rolling prairies. It may be, of a mother's white face, or of a father, or of children at play in the old orchard. This man Thrailkill had never slept under roof or tent since the war commenced. He was a guerrilla who had never measured the length or breadth of bed during the four years of strife. Some woman in Platte county, Missouri, had made him a black flag, under which he fought. This was worked into the crown of his hat. He was the most excellent pistol shot in this noted band of experts. I have never seen or heard of anything so quaint in recklessness and dare-devil bravado since the Crusaders.

He talked much, but he had also fought much. He told of border battles, fierce and bloody broils, and desperate deeds of valor, wherein at most desperate odds he had done some desperate deeds. As the night deepened, this guerrilla was generous with his share of stories of killing. A comrade at his side doubted one of Thrailkill's stories. This was Anthony West. West also ridiculed the narration.

Thrailkill was not usually hasty in anger, but this time he arose, every hair in his head bristling. "Do you doubt and disbelieve me?" He leaned over West until he could look into his eyes. For the skeptic there is only the logic of a blow. "Is this real? and this?" He smote West three times on either cheek with his open hand. No insult could be more open, studied or

unpardonable. But for the instant interference of comrades there would have been bloodshed then and there, by the fires of the bivouac. Each was very cool. Each knew what the dawn would bring.

Our camp was within reach of a village church, where there lived a priest; a don, and an alcalde, who owned leagues of land, and more than three hundred game cocks. A cocking main was arranged for General Shelby's special benefit, and a general invitation tendered to all. The contest was to commence at noon.

About sunrise Captain Gillette came to Thrailkill's tent. Thrailkill was still asleep. "I have a message for you," said Gillette. "It is not long I hope," said Thrailkill. "Not very long, but very plain." "Yes, they are all alike to those who have seen such before. Wait for me a few minutes."

Thrailkill found Ike Berry and Berry found Gillette. The note was a challenge, brief and peremptory. A conference followed and terms agreed upon. They were savage enough for an Indian. Colts pistols, dragoon size, were the weapons, but only one was to be loaded. The other, empty in every chamber, was to be placed along side the loaded one, and a blanket thrown over both, leaving the butt of each weapon exposed alike, so that there should be no appreciable difference between them. He who won the toss of coin was to make the first choice. Thrailkill won. The loaded one, and unloaded pistol lay side by side in the tent. Thrailkill walked into the tent whistling a tune. There lay the pistols. There was no difference in appearance. West stood behind watching him with a face that was as set as flint.

Thrailkill drew first. His eyes ran along the cylinder; the pistol was loaded, and he smiled. West's pis-

tol was empty; death was his portion. The terms were ferocious, yet neither second had practiced deceit, nor protested against them. It appeared now that one man was to murder another because one man had been lucky in the toss of a dollar. Thrailkill had the right under the cartel to fire six shots at West, before West had the right to grasp so much as a loaded pistol. Thrailkill was noted for his deadly skill among his comrades. The meeting was to be at sunset, and the cocking main at noon.

Both the principles and seconds went to the main. Before the main was over the life of a man stood as absolutely upon the prowess of a bird as the spring and its leaves upon the rain and the sunshine. It came about in this way. In Mexico cock-fighting is a national recreation, perhaps a national blessing as well. All men engage in it, when otherwise they might be robbing, or waylaying convoys bearing specie, or haunting mountain gorges, until heavy trains of merchandise entered, to be swallowed up. The priests keep fighting chickens, and try to keep the first from his chicken or chair, the odds in favor of the church.

It is upon Sundays that all pitched battles began. The alcalde of the town of Lenores was a jolly good Mexican, who knew a bit of English, picked up in California. He was noted for but three things: hard drinking, hard fighting and swearing. If he found any of these accomplishments lacking he lost interest, and there flowed never again a stream of friendship from the alcalde's fountain—it became as dry as a spring in the desert, suddenly, and without recovery.

General Shelby won his heart by sending him a case of Cognac brandy, which had been a present from General Douay. Therefore, was the main prepared.

The pit was a great circle in the midst of a series of seats, one above the other. Over the gateway, opening like the lids of a book, was a chair of state, an official seat occupied by the *alcalde*. Beside him sat the bugler, in uniform. At the beginning, and at the end of each battle this bugler, watching the *alcalde*, at a sign, blew a triumphant, or a penitential strain, as the *alcalde*'s favorite lost or won. As the main advanced the notes of gladness out-numbered those of sorrow.

A born cavalryman is always suspicious. He always looks askance at the roads, the woods, the moving fogs and the forks and crossroads, that run into the rear of a halted column, or into the flanks, while resting or in *biyouac*. It tries the nerves to fumble at uncertain girths in the darkness, in a hard rain of bullets, fast and furious, pressing down at the threatened outpost, with no shelter. Never at any time did Shelby put faith in Mexican friendship or trust Mexican welcome or politeness. Our guard was perpetual, and his intercourse was always in skirmishing order; hence, one-half of the forces of this expedition was required to remain in camp, under arms, prepared for any emergency. The other half, free of restraint, could accept the *alcalde*'s invitation, or not, as they chose. The most of them attended. With the crowd went Thrailkill, West, Gillette and Berry.

All the village was there. High dignitaries of the church and benevolent priests mingled with congregations, and often bet their pesos on their favorites. Many lords of high degree, and mighty men of the country round about, and dons with many herds and leagues of land, pulled off their hats, and staked their gold against the greasy silver, palm to palm. Fair *senoritas* shot furtive glances along the ranks of the soldiers. The

bugle sounded and the betting began. The sport was new to many. Thirty cocks were matched, all handsome birds.

They were not so large as the American birds, but as pure in grade, and as rich in plumage, and the fighting was more rapid and fatal. The heels used have been thrown aside here in the North and West, and mostly in New Orleans. These heels were wrought of the most perfect steel and curved like a scimitar, and had an edge of exquisite keenness. They cut like a razor, failing in instant death, they inflict a mortal wound before there is mutilation. I believe this is murder. This sport is the cause of those people being so cruel, and so treacherous, and so brutal; at least is one of the causes. To the savage combat there is added the attendant insincerity of music, which deprived the arena of its premeditation, and gave it an air of surprise which an accommodating conscience passed unchallenged for innocence. In Mexico the natives rarely ask questions; of strangers, never.

General Shelby seated himself beside the alcalde. The first five notes of a charge sounded, and the battle began. Thereafter the varying fortunes of the Americans during the evening ebbed and flowed. They espoused this or that side, or bird, and lost or won, as the fates decreed. There was but a scant amount of gold among them. A nation of born gamblers, it needed only a cock fight to bring all the old national traits uppermost. A dozen or more were now at the point of wagering their carbines and revolvers, when a sign from General Shelby checked this unsoldiery impulse, and brought them back instantly to a realization of their duty.

Thrailkill had lost all—not a dollar had he now on

earth. West, his antagonist, had won incessantly. In this it may be that fate was flattering him, for what use would all his winnings be after sunset?

This was the eighth battle, and a magnificent cock was brought out. He had the crest of an eagle, and the eye of a basilisk. His voice more sonorous than the bugle note, and the glossy ebony of his plumage needed only the sunlight to make it a mirror. In an instant he was everybody's favorite. In his favor all odds were laid. Some few clustered about his antagonist, amongst them a sturdy old priest, who did what he could to stem the tide rising in favor of the bird of the beautiful plumage. Thrailkill was infatuated with him like all the rest, and would have staked a crown upon the combat. He did not have so much as a red cent. The man was miserable. Once he walked to the door and looked out. If at that time he had gone forth, the life of West would go on with him. But he did not go. As he returned he met Gillette who said, "You do not bet, and the battle is about to begin?" "I do not bet because I have not the money. The pitcher that goes too often to the well is certain to be broken." "And yet you are fortunate," said Gillette. Thrailkill shrugged his shoulders and looked at his watch. It lacked an hour of sunset. The tempter still tempted him. "You have no money. Would you like to borrow?" "No." Gillette mused awhile. They were tying on the blades, and the old priest cried out, "A doubloon to a doubloon against the black cock." Thrailkill's eyes glistened with excitement. Gillette took him by the arm and he spoke secretly, rapidly, earnestly. "You don't want to kill West. The terms are simply murderous. You have been soldiers and friends together. You can take the priest's bet; here is the money. If you win,

you pay me; but if you lose, I have the absolute control or disposal of your fire."

The old guerilla straightened himself up. "What would you do with my fire?" "Keep your hands clean and free from innocent blood, John Thrailkill," answered Gillette. "Is not that enough?"

The money was accepted, and upon the conditions named, the wager was laid with the priest. When the battle was over the black cock lay dead on the sands of the arena, by the sweep of one terrific blow, while over him in pitiless defiance of his antagonist, the bird in thin plumage, ragged in his crest and feathers, stood in victorious consciousness of his triumph and prowess.

The sun was crimsoning the sky, the sun setting, and two men stood face to face in the golden glow. On either side of them stood a second. There was a look of sorrow on the suffering face of Ike Berry. The light of anticipation was in the watchful eyes of the calm Gillette. Well kept had been the secret. The group that stood on the golden edge of the golden evening were men who knew the ways and the means of the work before them. West took his place as a man who had shaken hands with life and knew how to die. Thrailkill had never been known to be merciful. And this day of all days, the chances were dead against a moment of pity or forgiveness.

The ground was a little patch of grass beside the stream, with trees by the riverside and trees beyond the waters which were running musically onward to the sea. In the distance there were houses from which the peaceful smoke ascended through the haze of the gathering twilight. Tinkling bells sounded from the homeward bound flocks.

West stood full front to his adversary, certain of

death. He expected nothing beyond a quick and speedy bullet, one which would kill without inflicting needless pain. The word was given. Thrailkill threw his pistol out, covered his antagonist, looked into his eyes, and saw that he did not quail. Then, with a motion as instantaneous as it was unexpected, lifted it up over his head and fired into the air. Gillette now took the weapon.

XXXVI

ENCARNACION

A crime-stained land—The goatherd—The story of Inez Walker—Wood and Thrailkill plan her rescue—Preparation for a night attack—Storming the Hacienda—Rodriguez is killed—The beautiful Inez Walker—We arrive at Vera Cruz.

Another fight was also of Thrailkill's contriving. It was a fight based upon a romance, a night attack that grew from a goat herd's story into a savage scene of shooting and killing, when Shelby's expedition was well on its way into Mexico. Many places old in song and story stood out clear-cut and crimson against the dark background of local history as Shelby and his men passed through the country. They were filled to the brim with rapine and lust and slaughter. First, the Spaniards under Cortez, swart, fierce, long of sword, and limb, and, next, the revolution, wherein no man died peacefully under the shelter of a roof. Here was Hidalgo, the famous patriot priest, shot. Morealies, with these words in his mouth, shot, "Lord, if I have done well, then thou knowest it; if ill, to thy infinite mercy I commend my soul." Lernardo Baro, scorning to fly, shot; Nicobolas, his son, who offered a thousand captives for his father's life, shot. Matamoris, shot. Minor, shot. Genorosa, shot. Then came the republic broodier and more bitter still. Victori, its first president, shot. Mezea, shot. Predraza, shot. Santana Ewart, head boiled in oil by General Ampuda, and his skull stuck upon a pole on the walls to blacken in the sun. Henossa,

shot. Pasedes, shot. All of them shot. These Mexican presidents expected this. General Santa Anna, who lost a leg, was banished from the country. It was now that the French came, and the country was taken by the Americans. His mistresses helped to betray him. He passed many days in Havana, seeing only the white brow of Orizaba from the southern sea, while he lived in agony under the orange and the banana trees.

This was a land old in the world's history, that these men with Shelby rode into. And a land stained in the world's crimes. A land filled full of the sin of the tropics. What wonder that such a deed was done as the following.

On the evening of the tenth day's marching, which had been marked by the splendid dash and bravado of medieval chivalry, while keeping utmost watch, John Wood and John Thrailkill did vigilant duty in the first of the reserve, in the silent camp of the dreaming soldiers. The earth smelt sweet with the flowers and grasses, and blooming buds. The dew lay heavy on the bearded cacti. A low pulse of song broke on the ear, as low in fading cadence as the waves that came in from the salt sea, seeking the south wind. There was the vesper strain of the katydid, sad, solacing, rhythmical.

Before the eyes of the weary sentinels a figure rose up, waving a white hat as a flag of truce. Encouraged, he came into line. Not fully assured by what he saw, he was a bit frightened. Pressed to speak by such inducements as could be offered, this goat herd told the Americans that he belonged at Encarnacion, whereupon this Mexican robber and devout Catholic crossed himself. Not to have heard of Encarnacion was next to infamy such, for instance, as the strangling of a priest. His mention of this crime made him garrulous.

Encarnacion was the name of a great hacienda, a vast plantation, with royal stables and leagues of land, many male and female slaves, with music and singing maidens, with a magnificent don as the owner of all these things. There was a great silver table service, many boxes full of silver dollars. Here was a passionate, beastly, lustful life.

The owner of Encarnacion was Louis Enrico Rodriguez, Spaniard born, and patron saint of all the robbers that lived in the surrounding mountains, and the idol of all the beautiful señoritas who plaited their hair on the banks of his arroyas, and hid but charily their dusky bodies in the limpid waters of his streams.

The French in foray had laid but lightly their hands upon this region. General Dupia, that terrible French contre guerrilla, had never penetrated this mountain line, which guarded and shut in this dominion from the world beyond. When strangers came, Rodriguez gave them greetings; when soldiers came he gave them of his flocks and herds, his wines and treasures, but there was one pearl of great price, which no stranger had ever seen, to whom no stranger had ever spoken. The slaves called this pearl a beautiful spirit, gentle at times, and cruel at times. The confessor called her a sorceress, the lazy gossips, a Gringo witch; the don, who knew best of all, called this pearl wife. But no blessing or sprinkling of water, by priest or church, had made the name a holy one. Don Luis Rodriguez owned Encarnacion, and Encarnacion held a skeleton. This much John Wood, and John Thrailkill knew when the goat herder, half-robber, had told his story. In Sonora, years before a California miner and hunter of gold had found a beautiful Indian maiden

while making his way along a stream where her tribe lived. They loved at the first sight, were married, and a daughter was born to them, with her father's Saxon hair, and her mother's eyes of tropical dusk.

From youth to glorious womanhood the daughter had been educated in San Francisco. When she returned to her home in Sonora she was an accomplished American woman, a beautiful woman, having nothing of her Indian ancestry, but her color. Not even her mother's language was known to her. One day in a gulch, in an evil hour, Rodriguez looked upon a vision of loveliness. He was a Spaniard and a millionaire. He believed all things possible. The loving was long, baffling, highly discouraging, but the web was like the net of Penelope—never woven. He failed in his passionate entreaties, in his lying in wait, in his stratagem, in everything but his willingness. Some men come to their end of their audacity. If fate should choose to back a lover against the world, fate would give long odds on a Spaniard.

When everything else had been tried futilely, Rodriguez determined upon abduction. This was a common Mexican custom, dangerous only in its failure, no matter how monstrous the circumstance, no matter the risks, no matter how many corpses. Gathering hastily about him some of his braves, whose devotion was in the exact proportion to the dollars paid, Rodriguez seized the maiden as she was returning late one night from an opera, and bore her away with all speed, towards Encarnacion. The father, born of a tiger race, that invariably dies hard, now mustered such as loved him, and followed in furious pursuit. Once fairly at bay, pursuer and pursued were soon in death grapple. The father died in the thickest of the fight, but leaving stern

and stark traces behind of his terrible prowess, That a brave man gone, a dozen it may be, Rodriguez cared not, the woman was safe. Once well inside her chamber, a mistress perhaps, a prisoner certainly, she might beat endlessly her young wings against the strong bars of her palace home.

For all that gold could give or buy, or passion suggest was poured at the feet of the beautiful Inez Walker, for such was her name. Servants came and went at her bidding, the priest blessed and beamed upon her. Amidst it all the face of her dead father rose constantly before her vision. Her prayers called for vengeance upon her father's murderer. Many times from her chamber fearful cries issued. The domestics and servants heard these and crossed themselves. Once in a fearful storm of grief, she fled from her thralldom and wandered frantically until she sank from exhaustion. She was found alone in her beauty and agony. Rodriguez lifted her in his arms, and bore her back to her palace prison. A fever followed which caused her to mutilate her fair young face, and tear her beautiful hair until she was pitiful to see. She lived on, however, until under the light of a balmy southern sky, and by the fitful embers of a soldier's bivouac, a robber goat herder was telling the story of an American's daughter to an American son.

"Was it far to Encarnacion?"

John Wood asked this question, in his broken way.

"By tomorrow night, Senor," the goat herder answered, "you will be there."

"Have you spoken the straight truth, Mexican?"

"As the Virgin is true, Senor."

The Mexican smoked a cigarette and went to bed. As to whether he slept or not, he made no sign, as

entire confidence rarely holds an Indian's heart. Wood and Thraikill sat long in silence. Finally Thraikill spoke. "Of what are you thinking, Wood?" "Of Encarnacion. And you?" "The beautiful Inez Walker."

The Mexican turned in his blankets, muttering. Wood's pistol covered him. "Lie still," he said, "and muffle up your ears. You may not understand English, but you understand this." Wood waved his pistol.

It was daylight again. The men had not noticed the flight of time. They felt as fresh as the dew on grass, fresh enough to plan an enterprise as daring and as desperate as anything ever dreamed of in romance, or set forth in fable or song.

The morrow night of the Mexican had come, and there lay Encarnacion in plain view in the star light. Rodriguez had kept aloof, for in the American encampment there was a menace to his conscience. Through the last hours of the afternoon, broad-hatted rancheros had ridden up to the Encarnacion corral in unusual numbers, dismounted and entered. Shelby, who took note of every thing, took note of this.

"They do not come out," he said. "There are some sign of preparations about, and some fears manifested against a night attack. Save for grass and our goats, I know of no reason why our foraging should be heavier than formerly."

Wood and Thraikill had concluded to tell Shelby the whole story, but their hearts failed them, as Shelby had been getting sterner and sterner of late. As we advanced into this country, the reins had to be drawn tighter and tighter. Certainly, since the last furious attack by night of the Mexican guerrillas, those who had looked upon discipline as an ill-favored mistress, had ended by embracing her with fervor.

As the pickets were being tolled off for night duty, Wood came close to Thrailkill, and whispered to him, "The men will be ready by twelve o'clock. They are volunteers and splendid fellows."

How many of them will be shot? Quien-sabe? Those who take the sword shall perish by the sword. With all his gold, and leagues and leagues of land, and his cattle, horses, servants, Rodriguez had for his eagles' nest or dove cote only an adobe. Near the great gate inside were acres of corral, and within this area saddled steeds were lazily feeding. A Mexican loves his horse, but this no reason why he is fed this night. However, Rodriguez was bountiful. For fight or flight, both men and horses must not go hungry.

On top of the main building, a kind of tower lifted itself up, it was roomy and spacious, and flanked by steps that clung to it. In this tower a light shone, while all about was hushed. High above, walls encircled the mansion and cabins, the corrals, the acacia trees, the fountain that splashed with water plentifully, and the massive portals which had mystery within, all its rugged outline.

The nearest picket was over and beyond Encarnacion. The camp guards this night were only for sentinel duty. Free to come and go, the men had no watchword for the night; none was needed. Suddenly, as if from the ground, had one looked up from his blankets, he might have seen a long dark line, standing out against the sky. This line did not move. It may have been twelve o'clock. There was no moon, yet the stars gave light enough for the men to recognize each other. A quarter of a mile in the distance from our camp was the hacienda, and at about the same distance stood the outpost picket.

In these serried ranks one might have seen such veteran campaigners, stern and rugged and as scant of speech in danger, as McDugal, Tom Boswell, Armested, Winship, Ras Woods, Joe Marcy, Jim Vires, Abe Curtly, Will Blackwood, Jim Crockett, Collins, Williams, Owens, Timberlake, Darnell, Johnson, the three Berry boys (brothers Ike, Richard and Henry), and myself, as well as many others of like material and courage, too numerous to mention here. Woods and Thrailkill stood forward as leaders. All knew that they would carry them far enough, and some may have perhaps thought too far. Hushed and ominous, the line stood as still as a wall from front to rear.

Thrailkill, who walked around the walls of Encarnacion, its whole length, was now speaking low and cheering words.

"Boys, none of us know what is waiting inside of the corral. Mexicans fight well in the dark, it is said, and see better than wolves or cats. But we must have that beautiful American woman safe out of their hands, or we must burn these buildings. If the hazard is too great for any one let him step out of the ranks." Not a man moved. Whatever we are about to do must needs be done quickly. Shelby sleeps but little of late, and may even at this moment be searching for some of us. Let him find even so much as one man's empty tent or blanket or absent horses and there will be trouble.

Sweeney, a one-arm soldier who had served with Walker in Nicaragua, and who was always in front in hours of enterprise or peril, said to Thrailkill, "Lead on, since time is so valuable."

Two men who had been sent forward to the great gate returned and reported to Thrailkill, who said, "It's

all dark and still about these gates, which are as strong as a mountain. We shall batter them down."

A huge beam was brought, wrenched from a large irrigating basin. Twenty-five men manned this and advanced upon the gate. In an instant tremendous timbers were resounding against the gates. Then came shouts, cries, oaths, musket shots. Before the battering the adobe walls gave way; the fastenings of iron were broken like reeds. The locks were crushed and broken, and with fierce yells the Americans rushed in and swarmed to the attack of the main building. The light in the tower guided them.

A legion of devils seemed to have broken loose. The steeds in the stables of the Mexicans reared and plunged in the infernal din of the fight, and dashed hither and thither, masterless and riderless. The camp where Shelby rested was instantly alarmed. The shrill notes of the American bugle call were heard over all the tumult, and with them the voices of Thrailkill and Woods crying out, "Make haste, men; make haste. In twenty minutes more we will be between two fires." Crouching in the stables, in the darkness some twenty rancheros made sudden and desperate battle. Ike Berry and Joe Marcy with Yarevell, charged through the gloom by the fitful and lurid flashes of muskets. When this work was over the corral no longer vomited flames. Silence reigned there, that fearful ominous silence fit only for the dead who died suddenly.

The camp, no longer asleep, had become menacing. Short, quick words of command came out of it, and the tread of trained men forming rapidly for battle. Skirmishers had been thrown forwards quite to the Hacinado; they seemed almost nude and stood out under the starlight as white specters, threatening, yet undefined. They

had guns and pistols, too, and insomuch were surely mortal. These specters also had reason and discretion. Close upon the broken fragments of the great gate, and looking in upon the waves of battle as they rose and fell, they did not fire; they believed that at least some of their kindred and comrades were there. For some time the battle raged hotly, the beleaguered, cheered by the voice of Rodriguez, stood desperately to the fight. The doors were as redoubts, the windows as casemates. Once, on the steps of the tower Rodriguez showed himself for a brief moment. One dozen of the best shots of the attacking party fired at him. His answer was an oath of defiance, so savage and harsh that it sounded unnatural. There was now a lull. Every Mexican outside of the main building had been killed or wounded. Against the massive walls of the adobe the rifles made no headway. It was murder to oppose flesh against masonry. Vic Ackers was killed, young and dauntless. Provins was dead. Washburne dead, a stark German. Rodgers dead. Jim Crockett, with four wounds, Crockett the hero of the desperate Lampasas duel, was breathing his last. The wounded were lying on all sides, some hard hit, and some bleeding, yet fighting on.

Once more the great beam was brought. Shelby was coming. Again the great beam crushed against the door, leading into the main hall, with smashing of iron and wood and plaster. Through splintered masonry the besiegers poured, over crumbling timbers and jagged debris. The building was gained. Once inside the storm of robber bullets was terrible.

At the head of his hunted followers Rodriguez fought like the Spaniard he was, stubbornly and to the last. No lamps lit the savage melee. The Mexicans stood up to be shot, and were shot where they stood.

The most of them died there. Some few broke away and escaped towards the last, for no pursuit was attempted, and no man cared how many fled. It was the woman the Americans wanted. Gold and silver ornaments were every where, and precious tapestry work, and many rare and quaint woven things, but the powder blackened and blood stained hands of these desperate assailants touched none of these. It was too dark to tell who killed Rodriguez, but to the last his voice was heard cheering on his men, and calling down the vengeance of God on the Gringos. Those who fired at him fired at his voice, for it was dark, the smoke trifling and the sulphur fumes of the powder almost unbearable.

When the Hacinada was won General Shelby had arrived with the rest of the command. He had mistaken the cause of the attack, and his mood was of that kind which seldom came to him, but when it did come, as it had several times before, it made the ears of his fighting men tingle. He caused the Hacienda to be closely surrounded, and he passed to the doorway, a look of wrathful menace was on his usually placid face.

"Who among you have done this thing?" he asked in tones that were full and vibrating. No answer came. The men put their weapons up.

"Speak, some of you. Let me not find cowards instead of plunderers, lest I finish upon all of you what the Mexicans did so poorly to a few."

Thrailkill and Woods came to the front, all covered with wounds and powder and blood. They seemed in sorry plight to make any headway in defense of their night's work before their stern commander, who was holding up his left hand, deprecatingly. Thrailkill answered, "No cowards, no plunderers here. We are here

in the defense of a helpless American woman, a captive within these walls for years."

He told the tale as straight as the goat herder had told it, and in a simple, soldierly fashion, placing all the blame upon the heads and hands of the attacking party.

The stern features of their commander relaxed a little, and he fell to musing. It may have been that the desperate nature of the enterprise appealed more strongly to his feelings than he was willing his men should know. Or it may have been that his set purpose softened when he saw so many of his best and bravest soldiers come from the darkness and stand in silence about their leaders, Thrailkill and Woods; and saw many of them sorely wounded, and many other signs that showed the desperateness of the fighting. Certain it is that when he spoke again his voice was more relenting and assuring.

And where was this lady, this woman, during all those terrible moments of combat? In the tower. The lights in the tower had burned as a beacon. Perhaps in the last few seconds when Rodriguez stood alone upon the steps leading up to the door and tower, the dove's nest occupied his mind in the tempest of fire and smoke. The old love might have been busy at his heart, bringing a desire to make some peace at last with her whom he had so greatly wronged, sinned against and for whose sake he was so soon to suffer. Death makes many sad atonements.

After learning the wishes of Inez Walker General Shelby had his brave and swarthy dead of the midnight attack buried with military honors. Also the Mexicans. The unusual disparity of the killed on each side was so marked that much comment on this point was indulged in. Six guerrillas were killed and fourteen wounded. There were one hundred and four guerrillas in this fight

with Thrailkill and Woods. Rodriguez had with him **two hundred and forty-six** of his rough riding cutthroats and robbers. He had made every preparation, first for a rattling fight, and then for his flight. We found all his horses saddled and bridled. His conscience must have smote him because of his many misdeeds, for when he saw the Americans he kept aloof, and sent some of his retainers after reinforcements, which arrived after dark. The attack was no surprise, as the prompt response of the musketry fire to the battering ram showed the assailants that the besieged were ready and that they were entering a veritable robbers' nest.

Miss Inez Walker was indeed beautiful. She was **now the guest of General Shelby** for a few days to rest and recruit from her terrible experience. She went with us to Vera Cruz. Arriving there she thanked us for all the service we had done her and for her rescue, and from this place she went back to her home in California. She was certainly a lovely woman, even in her forlorn and helpless condition. Bidding her adieu we never saw her again. The Mexicans lost in this battle one hundred and eighty-two men killed and twenty-eight wounded. The rest of the robbers fled to their dens in the mountains after their patron saint was slain. Thus ended one of the most furious and desperate night attacks of all my experience.

XXXVII

BILL ANDERSON

The making of a guerrilla—War on women and children—A desperate leader—Arch Clemmens, the boy guerrilla—Jesse James—The massacre at Centralia—Major Johnson swears revenge—The fight in Singleton's pasture—The black flag—Johnson's fatal error—Fifty-two of sixty Federals killed—Death of Anderson.

In the early months of 1863 the adverse winds of fortune blew hard and furiously upon many of the peaceful homes and families all over the South, especially in Missouri and Kentucky. In Missouri a new name appeared along the border. In this savage year of fighting and killing, a year of the torch and black flag, formidable men were coming to the front from every direction. Guerrilla fires blazed forth in savage, vengeful, unforgiving reprisal. It was also the year when the invisible Reaper gathered in the harvest sheaves from the bravest of the brave in the ranks of the guerrillas.

William Anderson of Missouri, left to himself and permitted to pursue his peaceful, industrious way, would never have flashed across the military horizon. This amiable neighbor and hardworking man would never have been developed into a devouring tiger. Let us see how this son of toil was wrought upon.

Late in November, 1862, a body of Federal soldiers, specially enrolled and uniformed to prey upon non-combatants and persecute women and children, gathered up a number of young demonstrative Southern women whose only sin was extravagant pro-Confederacy affilia-

tions. They were arrested and taken to Kansas City and placed in a dilapidated, rickety old house close to a steep embankment, in charge of brutal guards who sang vulgar songs and talked indecent, infamous talk to them. With these women, tenderly raised, were two of Anderson's sisters. At this time William Anderson was at work with his father in Kansas and knew nothing of the real struggle of the war and nothing of the arrest or incarceration of his sisters. This quiet, fair-minded, courteous man, who took more interest and delight in a book than in any crowd, bore a most excellent name among his neighbors in Johnson County, Kansas, and in Randolph County, Missouri, where he was raised. He must yet deal with destiny, however, and reconcile his claims.

This old, tottering, rickety building within which were huddled these tender Southern women did not fall down fast enough for the howling brutes of prey bellowing about it. In the darkness of night it was undermined so that the wind (so it was said) blew upon it and fell with a crash. Cover the faces and the disfigured, limp and lifeless bodies, now past all pain or human sorrow; dead to touch, entreaty or kiss or passionate appeal.

Bill Anderson's oldest sister was taken from the wreck a corpse. The youngest sister severely injured in the spine, with one leg broken, cut pitifully and bruised in many portions of the body, lived to tell a terrible story of the dead and mangled females crushed in the toppling, undermined house, to a loving, patient brother at her bedside. Looking up Anderson said, "Is there a God there?"

What he was Fate made him. Soon a stir ran along the border. "Who is Anderson? Anderson! Anderson! He kills them all." Magnificent horsemanship and prowess seemed natural gifts to this natural born soldier.

He gathered about him a desperate band of harried, hunted men and rode at a gallop into terrible notoriety.

A tall, broad-shouldered man, his forehead was broad and arched over his eyes. He was a man who brooded over wrongs; his mouth and nose, which was thin about the nostrils, betokened much of his sensitiveness, but more of determination. His eyes were variable in their color, seemingly gray in repose but absolutely black when expanded with excitement in battle. The chin, neither massive nor square, but hidden in a beard. All that was cruel about his face was the mouth, a smiling, handsome, ferocious mouth, somewhat drawn about the corners, with thin lips and regular teeth, white and wide apart. Long haired, and lithe as a greyhound, as he galloped he could swing himself to the earth and pick up a pistol.

Anderson was popular with desperate guerrillas, and he made them automatic killing machines of which he was the mainspring. He possessed natural eloquence and a manner at once free and martial. His discipline was rigorous but was relaxed at the proper time; he had only to be firm and his desperadoes were as a heated mass in his hands. His ascendancy over them, unless based upon other qualities than personal accomplishments or individual tact, could never have endured the fierce and savage strains of guerrilla warfare. Where ever danger was greatest or most threatening, from the thickest of the deadly fighting Anderson's cheering voice could be heard. From the wreck of ranks and the tearing asunder of battle lines, there, leading the press and raging like a wounded lion, he fought as a man possessed of the devil. His features underwent a transformation. He kept a tally list of his victims. One guerrilla alone surpassed him—Arch Clemmens, a boy sol-

dier, beardless and blue-eyed. Each guerrilla had a knotted silk cord; each knot stood for a life. The knots increased continually and during this bloody harrowing year of '63 what a ghastly tale it was. These knots skilfully tied with deft and deathly fingers—how they grew and grew! At last on Anderson's there were fifty-three, on Clemmens' fifty-four. Thereafter Anderson never tied another.

After fighting two hundred and ninety-eight days continually, almost nightly, in the extreme rear of Price's raid, Anderson struck a brigade of Federal infantry in the road he proposed to travel. He was a man who rode over things in preference to riding around them. He rode a red charger. As soon as he reached the skirmishers, he dashed ahead, as he always did, never looking back. A bullet reached his heart, killing him instantly.

It was during this fateful day that Jesse James was tied to a tree with his mother and sister and whipped into unconsciousness. Then a halter was placed around his neck and he was dragged across the field where he had been plowing. His step-father, Dr. Samuels, was hanged and left for dead. Both the mother and the sister were taken to St. Joseph and thrown into a filthy prison. The sister sickened and was never well again. Insulted, half-fed and almost starved, they endured hardships untold. Jesse joined his brother in Quantrell's camp and soon became known as one of the most deadly in this noted band of guerrillas.

He made a business of killing. He had a boyish, smiling face, smooth as a school girl's; the innocent blue eyes were soft, clear and penetrating. This tall, sturdy youth had tapering, long fingers and white hands, small and soft. It had not been written that they were to be-

come the quickest, the deadliest hands in all the deadly West.

During all the spring and summer and early fall days these hardy, desperate fighting guerrillas were daily, often nightly, in the saddle. On the 27th day of September, 1863, was enacted the bloodiest drama yet known. Anderson during this month moved through Randolph, Monroe and Audrian counties and operated along the North Missouri railroad, killing militia upon every hand and spreading terror and dismay in every direction, thus causing the concentration of Federal troops, so much desired by General Price and Confederate authorities.

From his camp at Singleton's barn on the morning of September 27, Bill Anderson moved into Centralia. He had his own company and Poole and ten of his men. George Todd did not accompany him to town, nor did Captain Thrailkill; these chieftains joined him at his camp and with their companies rested upon their arms, awaiting developments. The noon train from St. Louis stopped at the depot. There were Federal soldiers upon it, some with guns and others without; some returning home on furlough and some to duty. Anderson charged the cars. From the windows and platform some volleys were fired at the guerrillas. Such resistance was mere child's play. Probably some would have been spared if there had been unconditional surrender, but there was no earthly hope after a single shot had been fired.

Before the cars had stopped one of the Yankee soldiers put his head from a window and cried out: "Lord, Lord; there is Bill Anderson; boys, go to praying." "Pray, hell," swore one, an Iowa sergeant, thrusting his gun through the window and firing as he spoke.

It is the hour of battle. The devil and all his imps

are here. This should not be called a fight. A few shots from the guerrillas at close range cleared the windows and the platform. White handkerchiefs were waved from nearly every window in token of formal surrender. It would have been better for the Federals to have fought to the death if they thought best to fight at all. They were all formed in line, and the separation of soldiers and citizens began. It was indeed a ghastly division which marked these two lines. Twenty-five soldiers fell upon that side where death, invisible, but stark and grim, lay in ambush for his prey. The citizens were sent away and the soldiers all killed. The train set on fire, and with full head of steam on, dashed away like a cyclone through to Sturgeon. A construction train following behind was taken possession of, set on fire, and the depot and all the government property destroyed.

Anderson moved back to Singleton's pasture. It was now decided to join forces and await coming developments. At Paris there was a Federal garrison, 300 strong, under the command of Major Johnson. The Major had been busy watching and scouting the country for Bill Anderson for some days. He was destined to find him speedily. Johnson came into Centralia, viewed the blackened debris and the slain soldiers, and swore all kinds of frightful, terrible revenge. At the head of his columns a black flag was carried. So, also, was there one at the head of Anderson's and Todd's column. In Todd's ranks the stars and bars floated fair and free. In Johnson's ranks for this day the stars and stripes had been forbidden.

While in Centralia, the Union citizens begged and besought Johnson to beware of Anderson and his men, telling him that they were no ordinary soldiers and

that he was no match for Todd and Anderson; it would be a useless sacrifice of himself and his men to attack them, as they were in ambush ready to destroy, and spare not. He did not retreat. He listened patiently to the warnings that were well meant and timely, but he put away firmly the hands that were lifted to stay his course. Johnson was as brave as the bravest of them, but he did not realize what was before him. He had never fought guerrillas. He boasted that no quarter should be given or asked, and pointed gleefully to his black flag. He said he had come to carry back with him the body of Anderson, dead or alive, he would have it.

"Very well," said the citizens, "go and get it." But still fate had not yet entirely turned its face from Johnson and his doomed column. A young and very beautiful Union woman, now met him as he rode from town, halted him, took his bridle in her hand besought him spoke to him as one almost inspired, and declared that a presentiment had come to her that if he led his men against Bill Anderson, few or none would return alive. This mad leader would not listen to her pleadings, although she was almost in the dust before him. His blood was on fire. He would devastate the country, and leave of the habitations of Southern men not one stone upon another. His bearing was savage. He cursed the people as "damned secesh," and swore that they were in league with murderers and robbers. Extermination was what they all needed, and if Fortune favored him in the fight, it was an absolute extermination they should all have.

But fortune did not favor him. Johnson left Centralia and rode east of south some three miles. His scouts who went to Singleton's barn, came back and reported that Anderson and his men had camped, rested

and fed there, and had gone into the timber to hide themselves from the vengeance of the wrathful Major. Behind the barn a ridge lifted itself up from the wide, undulating country and broke the vision to the southwest. Far beyond this ridge spread a smooth, wide prairie, and still further south was the timber. Here was the hiding place where the scouts located Anderson and his guerrillas.

Johnson now approached this ridge, which was distant a mile, on the open prairie. Ten men came into view. The leader of these was Captain Thrailkill, with picked men, among whom were Frank and Jesse James, Peyton Long, Dave and John Poole, Tuck Hill, James Younger, Ben Morrow, Harrison Traw and E. P. De Hart. When such giants as these began to show themselves. Johnson had need to beware of what might be before him. The guerrillas, all told, numbered two hundred and sixty. There were in Anderson's company sixty-one men, in George Todd's, forty-eight; in Thomas Todd's, fifty-four; in Poole's, forty-nine and in John Thrailkill's, fifty-two. Two hundred and sixty-two against three hundred were face to face in an open prairie.

Captain Thrailkill moved forward to skirmish with the advancing Federals. Anderson and Todd came out from the timber and formed a line of battle in the open field. To the front a sloping hill arose between Johnson and the guerrillas. Todd rode to the crest of the hill. Thrailkill moved well forward and into the prairie, taking his position there. He lifted his hat and the whole force rapidly moved up. Bill Anderson held the right, George Todd joined to Anderson. Poole to Todd, and Thomas Todd to Poole, and Thrailkill to Thomas Todd. Thus were the ranks arranged. Thrailkill, with his

ten skirmishers, vanished quickly behind the hill. Anderson sat on his charger like a carved statue, on the summit of the hill. Johnson moved forward. Many shots were fired at long range and some bullets flew past and beyond where Anderson watched. From a column of fours to the right in front, Johnson's men formed a line of battle, pressing up the hill. The guerrillas opened fire briskly. The battle grew hot. Thrailkill knew his business too well to linger too long at such work. He now fell back toward the main body. While this movement was being executed, Johnson's men dashed forward with a feeble shout. But all order and formation were gone; ranks all gone. They rushed without order beyond the will, and beyond the control of their commander. This looked bad, and was bad; such exultation over a slight skirmish. None of the enemy was killed or showed nervousness.

Captain Thrailkill formed again when he reached the main line of battle. Johnson now rearranged his lines and moved his men forward to the crest of the hill, some at a brisk walk, others at a trot. He halted and bade them look to their lines and cursed them bitterly. A column of men suddenly rode into view, halted and dismounted. They seemed to be confused or inexperienced. Johnson is declared to have said to his adjutant, "They will fight on foot. What does this mean?" He soon found out. It meant that they were tightening their saddle girths, putting fresh caps on their revolvers, looking well to their bridle reins and bits, preparing for a charge that would have the fury of the whirlwind and the cyclone.

From a column they transformed into two lines deep and with a double interval between all the files. They moved over the crest forward. Major Johnson

advanced at a walk. It was near the hour five o'clock. The sun was low in the west and the hour warm and genial. From afar the low, lispings murmur of streams came softly to the ear. At intervals the notes of birds could be heard. All nature was hushed. A tragedy was about to be enacted. Hush. There they are, face to face, the two hostile forces, with black flags over them, each ready to exterminate the other without pity. An interval of some three hundred yards separated their lines. Not a shot was fired. Anderson showed a naked front base, file free of skirmishers, and ready for the fight which he knew would be murderous to the Federals. The black flag was sufficient warrant for this. From the lips of each leader came threats of extermination and death. Johnson was dismounted. Could it be possible that he meant to receive the guerrillas at a halt? What folly. What cavalry books had he read?

He halted his men, and rode along his front, speaking a few calm and collected words to them. All battle speeches are alike, "Keep cool and shoot low, and don't get excited." Who has taught these suicidal, ruinous tactics? Johnson now called out loud enough to be heard from his lines, "Come on, we are ready for the fight."

The challenge was accepted. The guerrillas gathered themselves as by a sudden impulse and took the bridle reins between their teeth. In the hands of each man was a deadly revolver. There were carbines, also, but they had never been unslung. The sun was low and there was pressing need to finish quickly. These guerrillas were riding the best and fastest horses in Missouri. Here were Dick Maddox, George Maddox, Frank Gray, Al Scott, Ed Greenwood, Dave and John Poole, Ike Berry, Frank and Jesse James, Tom Maxwell, Dick

Kinney, Ike and Si Flannery, Ambrose Maxwell, Dick Burks, Puss Webb, Babe Hudspeth, James Younger, Bud Pence, Lafe Privin, Allan Parker, McGuire Trow, George Sheaperd, Oll and Frank Sheaperd, Frank Gregg, Morrow, De Hart, Jeff Enery, Bill Anderson, Tuck Hill, James Cummings, John Rupe, Silas King, James Corum, Moses Huffaker, Ben Bloomfield, Peyton Long, Jack Southerland, Will and Jim Berry, Ben Reynolds, Will and Charles Stewart, Daniel Pence, Nat Tigul, Garly Robertson, Hiram Guess, Buster Parr, William Gaw, Chat Renick, Henry Porter, Arch and Henry Clements, Jesse Hamlet, John Thrailkill, Si Gordon, George and John Todd, William and Hugh Archil, Blunk Murray, Long Liteen, Sam and Wade Easters, Creth Creek, Thomas Casth, John Chatman and over threescore other heroes unnamed because forgotten.

They struck the Federal ranks with the mighty rush of tigers. Jesse James, riding a white-faced mare, led by a length, Arch Clements, Frank James, Peyton Long, Oll Sheaperd followed in a bunch. There was neither trot nor gallop. The guerrillas dashed from a walk into a full, furious charge. The attack was a hurricane, Johnson's command fired only one volley, scarcely standing until the intervening space was passed over by the guerrillas. Johnson shouted to his men to fight to the death. Many did not wait to hear him, but broke and fled as soon as they fired, frantic to get away. Some few were attempting to reload when the guerrillas, firing with both hands, reached their ranks and hurled themselves upon them. Major Johnson fell among the first. Jesse James singled him out and when within five feet of him drew a pistol suddenly and put a bullet through his brain. Johnson threw up his hands, as if trying to reach something above his head, pitched for-

ward heavily, a corpse. There was no quarter. Many got down on their knees and begged for mercy, but the guerrillas heeded the prayer as a wolf might the bleating of a lamb. A wild roar broke away over the prairie towards Sturgeon—the vengeful, implacable pursuit, fed by hatred, thundered behind the fugitives, with death on all sides. There were no guerrillas hurt after the first volley, but in this volley Hank Williams and Frank Sheaperd were killed; Tobe Maxwell and Harrison Carter were slightly wounded, and Richard Kinney was mortally wounded. By this same volley two horses were killed, one under Elias Renick, and one under Dave Poole. About sixty of the Federals gained their horses before the first wave of this pitiless charge broke over them. These were pursued by only five guerrillas—Frank and Jesse James, Arch Clements, John Todd and Oll Sheaperd, for six miles and at a dead run. Of the sixty, fifty-two were killed on the road from Centralia to Sturgeon. Anderson drew up his command and watched the chase for three miles. Nothing obstructed the vision. Side by side, like the wind over the level prairie they rode, the guerrillas gaining step by step, leap by leap upon the rearmost riders. Little puffs of white smoke arose. No sound reached the ears, but terrified steeds ran riderless into Sturgeon. Night put an end to the killing. Five men shot down fifty-two. Arch Clements had credited to him fourteen, Oll Sheaperd, ten; Peyton Long, nine; Frank James, eight; Jesse James, besides killing Major Johnson and several others in the charge upon the dismounted troopers, killed eight others on the run to Sturgeon.

Johnson lost in this battle on the open prairie two hundred and ninety-two men; only eight escaped to tell

the tale of the black flag contest. History has chosen to call the ferocious killing at Centralia a butchery. In all civil wars encounters are not called butcheries where the combatants are man to man, and where over either rank waves the black flag. The Federals had thirty-eight more men than the guerrillas in this fight. It was in a sense a mutual challenge between two commands, and could, therefore, in no sense be called a butchery. Johnson was a brave soldier. This is all that can be said of him. He rushed blindly upon his own fate, impelled by a power, it would seem, stronger than himself. His destruction it is probable was a decree of fate, beyond his power to resist. He evidently did not know how to command, or to plan a fight, and his men did not know or had not been trained, how to fight. He tied his hands and feet and deliberately, by dismounting in the face of the most terrible and deadly revolver fighters, the most expert shots the world had ever produced, and who probably could not have been duplicated from the pick of all the best shots from both sides in either army. Abject contemptible cowardice among Johnson's men matched itself against reckless daring and desperation, and the end could only have been just what it was. The guerrillas did unto the militia just exactly what the militia would have done unto them if fate had been reversed. Therefore it is idle to talk of butcheries under such conditions. War is barbarism and barbarism is war, deadly and destructive to life and property.

Anderson's career was cut short by a most reckless, it might be said, foolhardy, thoughtless act. The news of Todd's death seemed to make him more desperate, if possible. He recruited his own command and was joined by two detachments of regular Confederates. He de-

terminated to cross the river above Camden. Barring his passage to the crossing were twelve hundred Federals. He made haste to attack them with his raw recruits. Officers advised urgently against attack with raw lines. He would not be held back, ordered a charge, leading it ferociously. He was fifty yards ahead of his men and was dead before falling from his horse. There were ten men killed and as many wounded while trying to bring away his body. He may be said to have lived amid a storm of bullets during his short, brilliant and stormy military life. His first battle was a furious charge, and his last was even still more furious. This man never knew fear. He was a pensive, brooding man. William Anderson was a strange man in many ways. Had not the waves of the Civil War made him the avenger of one dead sister, and of another maimed for life, he would have lived unconscious of his latent powers, the sleeping tiger unaroused in his nature. He certainly did not know his powers or nature, and could not anticipate the almost miraculous transformation that came to him in his first battle, a kind of transfiguration which found him a boy but left him a giant.

Anderson rarely manifested any special individuality. With his own soldiers or citizens he was a very positive man. If he said "yes" or "no" it was as unalterable as the hills. He went to war to kill and generally those who fought against him were worsted, and in a majority of instances, annihilated. He was a very devil incarnate in battle. He was frequently heard to say "If I had cared for my life, I would have lost it many times and long ago. Wanting to lose it, I cannot throw it away." His destiny was war, and he marched toward it with an inspiration as fixed as Fate. Surrounded he could not be captured; surprised, he could not be de-

moralized. He never despaired. Shot dead from his saddle in a last reckless charge beyond all reason of daring there was none to triumph over him as a captive, fettered in prison. No longer a living hero, he was but another victim of the cruel inhumanities of the times, brought about by the bloody civil war.

XXXVIII

BACK TO KENTUCKY

Arrival at Vera Cruz—I obtain a commission—Back to the States—Capture of Monday and McGruder—We plan a rescue—Too late—Jerome Clark—Henry McGruder.

When I reached Vera Cruz I was introduced to General Douay, also to General Bazaine, chief commander of the Imperial army in Mexico. I received a commission to raise a cavalry command, a squadron of four companies, also a commission to return to the United States, and obtain such men, especially such veteran Confederates as I could induce to join the Imperial army. I was furnished with \$20,000 for incidental and recruiting expenses and equipment.

Leaving General Shelby now and thanking him for his many kindnesses and the courteous treatment he had shown me during my stay with him, I made my way back across the border from Vera Cruz, thence to Monterey, where I remained a few days. I met many Confederate veterans at this place, flocking into Mexico. Many of these had determined to return to the United States. I met a body of General Douay's scouts who went with me to New Laredo, on the Rio Grande river. At this place I found two regiments of Federal or Yankee soldiers, and obtained a pass from Colonel Colmen, who was commanding here. Leaving this place I reached San Antonio in three days, and went from thence to St. Louis, and Louisville. From here I hastened to Nelson county with all speed, hoping to find

my brother, Captain Samuel O. Berry, and near my old haunts, some of my old comrades.

Many changes had taken place since my last visit here. All the armies of the South had surrendered and disbanded. I reached my brother's camp in Bullitt county, May 24th, and learned for the first time that Jerome Clark (Sue Monday) and Henry McGruder had been captured under the most cowardly and treacherous circumstances. Seriously wounded, they had taken shelter in a tobacco barn, where they were surrounded by eighty Federal soldiers. The Yankee captain demanded their instant surrender, which was refused. They had determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible, which they now did with earnestness and success, killing seventeen men and wounding twelve. The Yankee captain asked for conference under a flag of truce. At this conference the captain pledged these gallant soldiers his word that if they would surrender they should receive the same conditions and terms all other Confederate soldiers, such as General Lee's soldiers had received. The captain said that if these stipulations of his were not sustained he would appeal, and carry his case to Washington.

This was a fatal mistake of these two daring soldiers, for all the Federals wanted was to get these men into their bloody hands. Then their ruin was sure, and certain. Thus, they would be rid of these troublesome, dangerous, hard fighting soldiers. What they could not accomplish by fighting, they could do by treachery and high-handed villainy.

They took these two gallant young soldiers to Louisville. They had surrendered under the solemn pledge of protection. They were placed in prison. It was found that both of these were grievously wounded.

Both Lieutenant Clark (Sue Monday) and Henry McGruder were sent to a hospital. Surprising to relate, they were taken from this place next morning and hanged without a hearing. We sent one of our comrades, Jim Evans, to the city to learn all about the fate of our devoted comrades, as we had made our plans to try to rescue them, if possible, from their impending fate. We had scoured Nelson, Spence, Bullitt, Washington and Jefferson counties, gathering volunteers to go with us to Louisville and rescue these gallant young soldiers. Our meeting place was Cogers farm, four miles from Louisville.

On the morning after the arrival of McGruder and Jerome Clark, forty-five men assembled, all armed to the teeth. Each had six pistols, a double barrel shotgun cut off, and a hundred rounds of cartridges. These all took the solemn oath to rescue, to stand by and fall with them if need be, to the death. We now awaited the coming of our three messengers. They soon returned with information that these two dauntless soldiers had been executed at ten o'clock.

We moved towards Louisville, still doubting the correctness of this news. On reaching the Ash Bottom road three miles from the city, we learned definitely that our comrades had surely passed to the beyond, where we shall all sooner or later rest under the shade of the trees.

Jerome Clark (Sue Monday) was the son of Beverly L. Clark, of Simpson county, Kentucky. Mr. Clark was among the first men of this county and his district. He was a member of congress for two terms, a fine lawyer, a highly respected citizen, a kind husband and father, and true to every duty of life. His son, Jerome, first joined the Second Kentucky or Colonel Hanson's



JEROME CLARK (Sue Monday).

Regiment, was detached for special duty, and transferred to Captain Rice Grave's battery of artillery. He was at the battle of Fort Donelson and was captured there, this battery was also taken when General Buckner surrendered. He was sent to Camp Morton, where he made his escape with me, when the prisoners stormed the prison walls of that place.

He returned home to find that his home had been desecrated, his mother and sister insulted, his father brutally mistreated and assaulted and sent to prison. From this time forward he was a changed man. He was seventeen when he joined the army, a very handsome boy, his face was smooth, pleasing and beardless; features prominent and regular, with dark brown eyes, a fine, shapely head, a smiling mouth, a Grecian nose, and pleasing manners, especially when talking. His hands and feet were small, and shapely for a man. His motions were vigorous and graceful, whether walking or on horseback. He rode like a Comanche Indian. Was a cheerful companion, and always rode into battle singing. He was never boastful. His, as well as McGruder's, prowess was well known to his comrades as well as his enemies. There were few men in either army who so seldom missed their mark as he.

I shudder when I recall the action of the enemy in his and McGruder's execution methods. Cowardly and contemptible, indecent in its haste was this action of the Federal authorities in receiving their surrender and then violating its terms and stipulations in every particular, as they also did in the case of my brother a few months after.

Let us now review this case. These young soldiers surrendered in Meade county, under a flag of truce, at Mr. Cox's tobacco barn near Brandenburg on Wednes-

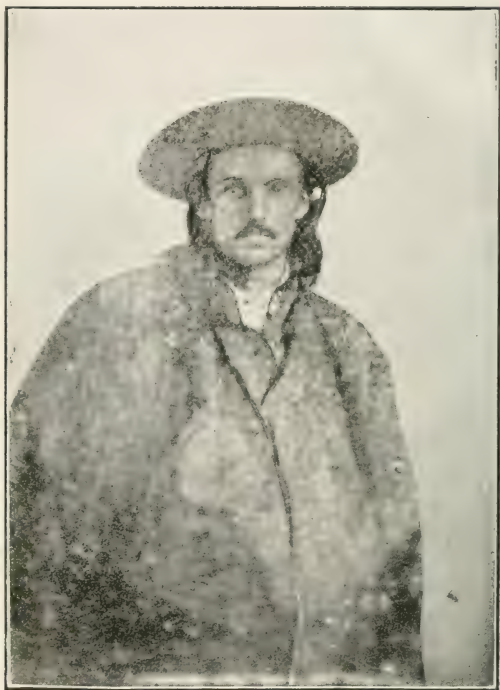
day. Clark and McGruder, while under this flag of truce, were told that they would be treated as all Confederate soldiers of war were treated. They had defended themselves so vigorously that they almost dictated their own terms. Their enemy was anxious to stop the fight on most any terms, as their supply of ammunition was almost gone. They surrendered under these false promises. They were now charged with every crime in the calendar, but they were granted no trial; they had been tried before surrender, and were condemned without a hearing and hanged like dogs, thus violating the terms of surrender.

It was this infamous, treacherous practice that drove so many brave men to desperation. No pledged faith was too sacred for the enemy to violate or set aside when it did not suit their purposes. This was not the first nor last act of bad faith and broken pledges, as will be shown later on.

When I learned of McGruder's and Clark's execution, we retraced our steps, being too late to be of any service to them. Many of our comrades shed bitter tears over their loss. May their souls rest in peace over the river, under the shade of the trees.

Henry McGruder was sixteen years old when he joined the army. While plowing in the field of his widow mother, a band of plundering, marauding Federal soldiers, on a foray, saw this youth in the field, in Bullitt county. They took a special fancy to a horse with which the boy was plowing. They took the horse, and because the boy objected, they stripped and whipped him until the blood ran down his legs, and kicked and cuffed him until he was unconscious and left him for dead, as they supposed.

Aroused at last by rain falling in his face, he re-



HENRY McGRUDER.

gained consciousness. He went home to his widowed mother—he was her only support—told her of his brutal treatment, bathed his many bruises, went to the stable, caught another horse, and determined to avenge his wrong. He followed up the trail of his brutal tormentors. He had three pistols and a double-barrel shotgun. He found the Federals stealing horses near the Spencer county line. He rode into their midst, an avenging nemesis. Of the sixteen men who had so brutally used him the day before, he killed ten, the other six he chased four miles, but they escaped him. He afterwards killed them all. He never was known after this to take a prisoner—he killed all who fell into his hands.

His mother also had been insulted and brutally treated before this time. This quiet, obedient, placid, industrious boy had become a destroying, desperate guerrilla in a day, in an hour. A dead-sure shot, he practiced constantly to improve his proficiency, on horseback over ditches, over fences, over logs, over rough ground. With a pistol in each hand, he soon became a terror to his enemies. He never seemed excited and was always cool, deadly, deliberate, absolutely without fear, always ready for the most hazardous enterprises. Often desperately wounded, he never complained.

It will always be found that most guerrillas, the world over, have suffered a brutal or grievous insult, to self or family. All these men, especially in our family quarrels or civil strife, had this thrust upon them. These two executions added other evidence, if such were needed, of the implacable enmity, hatred and brutality of the invaders of the Southland.

After we were certain of the fate of these comrades, we marched back to Spencer county here again I saw Captain Charles Quantrell, also Captain Williams, both

noted Missouri chiefs. I had often read and heard of Quantrell's daring deeds, of his valor and courage, and had often thought I should like to know him. So here he was before me, and also many of his bronzed, battle-scarred guerrillas. I found these men a superior type, all desperate, high-class soldiers, without an exception. All had distinguished themselves on many bloody fields.

Captain Quantrell and his men had come to Kentucky from Missouri, and immediately sought my brother's command, but their race was run, like ours, as the closing days of the bloody drama were near at hand. I never shall forget the meeting of these two bodies of men, and their leaders. The latter had many things in common. Their kindly glances, their ready affiliation, and their mutual courtesy indicated that Quantrell and "One-Arm" Berry had formed favorable impressions of each other. There were greetings and introductions all round. Captain Berry and Captain Quantrell now inspected their combined forces. Captain Berry had twenty-eight men. Captain Quantrell thirty-nine, making sixty-seven men in all. Looking at these I thought then, as I think now, that there never was before nor since an equal number of such expert shots together in the world. At least I have no knowledge of any such number together at one time.

On our return from our sad march from Louisville. I met many of my old friends from Nelson county. I now went to work about my recruiting business.

XXXIX

QUANTRELL

A rendezvous—Quantrell's plan—Passing through Kentucky—Fight near Hopkinsville—We exterminate a company—Hustonsville—A close call at Danville—A foraging party cut off—Fight at John's Creek—Missouri against Kentucky.

Before going further it might be of interest to many to know something of Captain Quantrell's career in Kentucky. The following is his story as told by himself as I now recall it, and as I saw it in the brief time we were together:

On a very cold, bleak day in March, 1865, Captain Quantrell sent runners or scouts to the Speedwell place in Missouri, a rendezvous near Mrs. Wigington's place, some five miles from Waverly, Lafayette county. At the end of a week there was assembled forty guerrillas, forming these into line, Quantrell addressed them: "My comrades, I have assembled you to say to you what I have not yet said to myself, and ask of you to give my proposal the simple answer 'yes' or 'no.' On this side of the Mississippi River the war is ended since General Price left Missouri. All the West is overrun with the enemy. There is no feed, no forage, no homes, all has been destroyed in twelve counties by McNeal's Orders No. 11. There is no hiding places; no traffic. If we attempt longer to operate along this border, we will do so to great disadvantage, since this order has depopulated this entire region. Any further attempt here is altogether disproportionate to our means. My intention is now to cross the Mississippi River, and

pass through Illinois and Indiana and Ohio, as a Federal scout, gain Maryland, and then carry into Pennsylvania the torch and the black flag, if I live. I meant that they shall feel in the East what we have felt in the West. How many of you will follow me to the end?"

As one man, those stern guerrillas shouted, "yes," all of them.

Continuing, he said, "Many of us may never come back to this stricken land, and it may be my lot to fall among the first. The die is cast. You shall lose nothing in name, fame or comradeship. You can now step two paces to the front."

Not one spur-stroke failed; all came forward. At noon they marched, most of them, into the unknown. All of them had on Federal uniforms. Over the Lamire river they went, crossing the Missouri Pacific near Tipton. They met Federal soldiers hourly, eating and sleeping with them. They shot many of them to death in lonely places. All were shot in the same place—the forehead. Captain Quantrell was hurrying his march to find a crossing place on the "Father of Waters," as he wanted speedily to put this river between him and the gathering storm behind him. He was compelled to change his course, and passed through Tuscumbia. At this place he halted, passing himself for Captain Moses of the Second Colorado Calvary, Company E. They saluted the commandant of this post when he came to the door.

The Major asked the guerrilla chief, "What can I do for you?"

"Some food and forage, please, will be very acceptable, as we have ridden far and fast, and need to make haste, as I have a special mission to perform, under special orders."

They demeaned themselves as Federals, fed their horses. Quantrell formed a resolution, calling about him some of the coolest, the best of his men, he told them that he intended to disarm this militia company. This word was passed among them. When all was ready, Quantrell turned upon the Major and ordered him to surrender every pistol and musket. Surprised, but wholly powerless, for each guerrilla had each member of the militia covered. The Major yielded with the best grace he could, handing Quantrell his sword and pistol.

"I do not want your sword," said Quantrell, pushing it back to him, "but my orders are imperative. You have permitted your men to steal, to rob with impunity, the citizens of this vicinity, right and left, and to kill some so-called Southern residents, who may have become obnoxious to this or that personal enemy. Because of all these things and in pursuance of direct and positive orders, I, therefore, hereby disband this company, here and now."

No word of remonstrance or denial did any officer or man offer. One, more guilty than the rest broke away and ran for his life. Twenty-five or thirty pistols clicked, but Quantrell knocked some of them up.

"No blood here," he said sternly, "take him alive, and bring him back."

Two of the fleetest of the nimble guerrillas went in pursuit. When overtaken this man fought desperately, and had to be choked into submission. When questioned as to why he ran away, he confessed that he had been guilty of both petit and grand larceny. Quantrell bade the Major to report himself and his command at Rolla under arrest. After seeing them off, he broke their guns, appropriated their pistols and ammunition,

marched through the headquarters of this district, where four thousand Federal cavalry were camped.

This scout with special orders pushed on, unquestioned, to Dent county, thence to Salem, where Quantrell or Moses, took dinner with his men, also with Colonel McWilliams, a Federal, who had four hundred men here. Leaving this place the guerrillas reached Pocahontas, Arkansas, where they fraternized with the Yankee garrison, staying four days, two men were left behind with the smallpox.

Upon reaching the Mississippi, they were stranded for awhile, and remained several days, looking for means to cross. They finally found a boat buried in a cane-brake, which had to be carried to the river a half mile away on men's shoulders. It was learned that this boat belonged to Major Boswell, the secret agent of the Confederate government, who had scouting parties in this region. Major Boswell dug out his boat and placed it at Quantrell's service.

The Major, from all accounts, was a most unusual character. At times his headquarters, like General Hooker's, were in the saddle. All the country roundabout was under this ubiquitous soldier, who unwittingly gave up his military secrets to his untiring guest. Somewhat past forty, pulling the beam at three hundred pounds, always laughing, artless, ardent to please, also the best judge of horse flesh in the Trans-Mississippi Department, he was the Confederate military commandant of this region. He sought to detain Quantrell, and tried to compel Captain Quantrell to report to him for duty. Quantrell resolved to reveal his identity, but this officer laughed and scoffed at what Quantrell said, and refused absolutely to allow Quantrell to go forward. Quantrell cut the knot, bade his

men to mount. He told Major Boswell to do his worst, and rode away.

Crossing the Tennessee river he went to Canton. At this place a peculiar accident occurred, and what Quantrell said was a presentiment of bad luck. Quantrell was always more or less a fatalist. Old Charley was his favorite war horse. This horse was noted for his bottom and endurance, his almost human intelligence, and his steadiness under fire. He had carried his master through many hard places and battles. His proud spirit had no need of lash or spur. While at this place Old Charley had to be shod, and while the blacksmith was trimming his foot, Old Charley struggled, an unusual thing for him. It was seen that the main tendon in the right hind leg was cut in two, thus ruining the horse forever. When told of it Quantrell said, "It is fate for me, the long lane of a successful career is about to have a turn. So be it."

John Ross, the blacksmith, promptly gave Quantrell his own horse, and Quantrell took the road that lead to his destiny, on through Trigg county, to Cadiz, thence to Hopkinsville. At this place disguise was thrown off, and Quantrell was Quantrell. Near this place he struck the trail of Federal scouts, thirteen in number. The guerrillas needed horses, and to obtain them they would have to run the risk of destroying their disguise which was working in the most satisfactory manner. The scout was overtaken at a house, and brought to terms. Quantrell attempted to keep up the Federal imposition. When the countersign was demanded he could not give it, and as a result, those in the house fired a volley which killed Lieutenant Lidee. While Quantrell was surrounding the house, seven of the enemy escaped. Volunteers were called for, and

were advancing under cover of the guns of their comrades, set fire to the house. Three Federals surrendered, creeping out of the house. Quantrell demanded, "Where are the balance?" "There are but three of us," was the reply. "In the country where I came from," said Quantrell, "soldiers ride but one horse, I counted twelve horses in the stable." "Yes," came the answer, "there were twelve when you came up. We thought you were our soldiers, but when you dismounted they disappeared on foot."

This was the first time in his entire experience that Quantrell had to admit reluctantly that his command had been held at bay for some time by three resolute Kentucky soldiers. These men told the simple truth. He did not follow or advance for the others, whose intrepidity he could well understand and appreciate.

He bade Lieutenant Lidee goodbye forever. Dead, he embraced him, laying his lifeless body quietly down in the grave. He loved this youthful soldier with truest devotion. Lidee had now received his long furlough calmly, and will rest in peace until judgment day. No more furious charges will he face. He was always pervious to human mercy and affliction; none was truer to word or comrade; none fought a nobler fight; he is gone forever. This boy's death affected Quantrell more visibly than the death of any other of his men, more than many of his staunchest comrades.

From this place he passed through Greenville, where he completely deceived the Federal Captain Clark, getting rations for his men and forage for his horses. Moving on through Hartford he fraternized with the garrison. He induced Captain Barnet with thirty men

to go on a man hunt, to kill and plunder some Southern men.

With these volunteers for murder, and plunder, Captain Barnet said he could show Quantrell and his men where he thought some cases of needed killing would clear up the military situation very much. Starting in an Eastern direction, these would-be murderers moved along. No sound of pistol echoes gave note of aught that was transpiring in the rear. Captain Barnet, looking back, once remarked to Quantrell, "I don't see any of my men in the column, do you? Do you suppose they have returned?"

Knee to knee, Barnet and Quantrell had been riding all day. The vengeful and voiceless, yet vindictive work, was now about to be transferred to the head of the column. Every few miles two guerrillas, with a Yankee, would drop out of column, ostensibly to go and kill some Southern citizen, burn his place, and plunder his valuables. Quantrell rode down the line, and saw that not a single Federal soldier remained with the column. He whispered something in Jesse James' ear. Jesse spurred to the front and then returned to his place.

The sun had set, red and bloody. Night was coming on. Barnet's first name was Charley. When a signal was given, Jesse James was to shoot the Federal captain. James had dropped into a file behind the doomed officer. The column was moving forward, chatting pleasantly, and presently, reaching a stream of water where the banks were steep and muddy, there was also heavy timber.

The appointed signal, "Charley?" came clear, sharp, with a rising inflection. Barnet, thinking his own name had been called, turned around in his saddle, looking

down the line, attentive and unsuspecting. As he did so Jesse James' pistol almost touched his forehead. It was his last look. He had neither time to speak or cry out. A single shot, a splash into the water, and all was over. The entire Federal scouting party that so enthusiastically started out in the morning to kill and destroy Southern sympathizers, was entirely wiped out, their corpses marking off the miles traveled.

Quantrell scarcely lifted his eyes. Glasscock looked back at James reproachfully, and spoke to him, as if denouncing him, saying, "I rode with him, it was my right to kill him. You shot well, comrade, but you shot out of your time." "Hush, comrade," said James, "it was the order of Quantrell."

The command camped for the night a mile from this creek. It was now dark and the weather cold. Next morning, Captain Barnet was lying face upward, in the creek where he had fallen. During the night the freezing water had formed a spotless framework of ice about his drawn features. His eyes looked up wide open and appealingly. The frost, as if to banish the ominous splash of blood from the picture, had spread a thin white veil above the red-hued round wound in the center of the forehead. Jesse James rode quietly by and looked his last on the evidence of a handiwork he had labored for years to make perfect. He remarked to Hulse, "Whether just or unjust, this thing called war kills all alike in the end. Today a Federal, tomorrow a Confederate, at any time a guerrilla. Whose time will it be next?" "What matters it?" replied his comrade, "if the final mustering out is near at hand for all of us. As for me I am ready." The final mustering out was indeed near at hand for many of them.

Moving on through to Lebanon, Campbellsville,

crossing the Rolling Fork, we went to New Market, Bradford, and Hustonville. At this little village while taking horses from the stables, and while Quantrell conversed with the Major in command, a private came forward and loudly complained of what was being done by the newcomers. Snatching up a brace of pistols, buckling them on as he ran toward the stable, with Quantrell closely in his rear, the Major reaching the stable door and met Allen Palmer coming out. Placing his hand on the bridle the Major bade Palmer dismount. There was no guerrilla less hardened than Palmer to physical fear, and none more deadly. He looked at the Major and smiled, remarking that his instructions were such that he could not obey him. "Damn your instructions, and you, too," the Major shouted; "dismount." The two men commenced to draw weapons; unquestionably there could be but one result. The right hand of the Federal Major had not reached the flap of his revolver case before Palmer's pistol was against his forehead, and Palmer's bullet had torn half of his head off. He fell forward on his face. A dozen muskets covered Palmer, who was cool, defiant.

"Hold hard, hard for your lives," shouted Quantrell, reaching forward with twenty guerrillas at his heels. All saw the threatening look, the flashing eyes of this tiger suddenly aroused; the pale face that had become absolutely frightful in its transformation, the avenging attitude of the whole man as he stood near the men, who were covering Palmer.

"If that one of you fires a gun, I swear by the God above us all to murder you all enmasse," he shouted.

They surrendered. From this time on it was impossible to keep up his disguise. It had long since become very distasteful to him. He wanted again to have

over him the old flag, thrown to the winds again, as in the old days; to meet death, if he had to meet it, as became one who had made a name terrible in the annals of war.

At Danville, the next place entered, a lady who knew Quantrell, advanced and extended her hand. Flattered because of the acquaintance, she told all her friends of the great scout's presence; these told the thoughtless. Dead men lay everywhere along his trail; the trees bore them upon its branches; the water courses bore them upon their bosoms.

But a crisis was forming for this wonderful man, this desperate soldier, this most unusual man, of cool courage, and strong, steady nerves. While moving about the streets of the town, Quantrell became aware that a Lieutenant was following him with a gun, sometimes in front, sometimes in his rear, that others were on the opposite side of the street. This young Lieutenant wore four pistols. Quantrell noticed the weapons and wondered what an officer was doing with four pistols and a gun. He never suspected that he was closely watched, much less was he prepared for what followed.

It was near dinner time. The first bell had rung at the hotel. Alone, unsuspecting, he entered a saloon for a drink, and while standing at the bar, he saw the Lieutenant enter the doorway, rifle in hand. As Quantrell turned he was covered, the muzzle of the gun being not more than three feet from his breast. The eye that ran down the barrel was a cold, keen eye, full of grit and pluck, with a fixed purpose. Quantrell's overcoat was buttoned to his chin. His pistols were on him, but for this emergency they might just as well have been in Missouri. He did not feel his heart beat the smallest fraction of a second faster; he felt no blood

rush to his face. He rather admired the cool pluck of the soldier before him. Leaning back languidly against the bar Quantrell held up the glass of whiskey toward the light, and spoke to the Lieutenant in a tone that was between an inquiry and a caress.

"How now, comrade, what are you going to do with that gun?"

"Shoot you like a dog if you stir; you are Quantrell. You have played it for a long time, but you have about played the farce to the end. March into that room to the right of you."

Quantrell did not stir, but cast his eyes quickly to the right, and saw without moving his head that the barkeeper was holding the door open for him to enter and that the barkeeper evidently was in league with the Lieutenant.

Everything was now clear to him. Once within that room and guarded in its isolation, held until his men, unable to find him, they would abandon the town; a body of Federal cavalry might finish his following at one blow. If he must be killed, he would be killed standing where he was. If he were to take risk of getting at his pistol, he would be killed. Yet he would take the hazard, and near the light of the door.

Holding the glass of whiskey and leaning back against the counter negligently, he spoke to his captor and smiled as he spoke, "You take me for Quantrell, but you do me wrong. Permit me to call my orderly sergeant who has all my papers, and a glance at them will convince you in a moment that I am as true to the cause as you are."

The Lieutenant, surprised at the unruffled, unperturbed manner, though confident of the identity of his prisoner, now weakened visibly.

"I have heard perhaps the same story you have, and frequently," began Quantrell, seeing a way out of his predicament, "If I had not been officially notified to the contrary, I might have believed what you say. Quantrell is not in Kentucky to my certain knowledge. You are mistaken, and you are making a fool of yourself. Put down your gun, and take off your pistols. As long as we are comrades, let us be friends."

The Lieutenant grew somewhat ashamed of the part he was acting, and stepped out of the door and bade Quantrell call his orderly sergeant, yet keeping him covered with his gun.

A short distance away many of the guerrilla band were standing. Quantrell called to John Barker. At his back was the drawn rifle.

"John Barker," he called again, very quietly.

Several of Quantrell's men saw him standing thus menaced. All started toward him.

"Go back, all of you. I want only John Barker."

John Barker came and when entering the saloon, stepped close to the Lieutenant. Quantrell said "Show the Lieutenant, he wants to see my papers. Show them to him."

Barker thrust the Lieutenant's rifle aside with his left hand, and with the spring of a tiger closed upon the Lieutenant. Placing the muzzle of a heavy dragoon pistol close to the Lieutenant's face, Barker said, "I guess these are the papers you are looking for. I keep such things for people like you. They carry people a long way some times. Say the word, Captain, and I will put the old mark upon him, between the eyes."

Quantrell did not say the word. He rather enjoyed the young officer's coolness. The Lieutenant expressed himself as perfectly satisfied with the papers, stipulat-

ing only that a second glass should be taken by all, and that the episode be kept from his soldiers as a secret.

The following is the roster of Quantrell's band when I first saw them: Captain, Quantrell; Lieutenant, Rennie; Second Lieutenant, John Barker; Orderly Sergeant, John Baker; second sergeant, D. Pence; A. McGuire, J. S. Lilly, Ran Venerable, A. Palmer, Clark, Hockersmith, D. Hampton, Jack Graham, David Helton, John Barnhill, Ves Isaacs, Richard Barnes, George Robinson, H. Noland, John McCorkle, George Wigington, Bud Pence, Toss Ney, W. M. Hulse, Isaac Hall, W. M. Gaugh, James Williams, Henry Porter, Lee McMurtry, Peyton Long, John Ross, William Noland, Page Jones, Robert Hulse, Thomas Harris, Richard Glasscock, William Basham, Cole Younger, Bob Younger, Jesse James, Frank James, Dave Pool and James Little.

With the incident of his narrow escape at Danville behind him, Quantrell left after dinner in the direction of Mount Washington, a small village six miles from Harrodsburg. Going into camp, he sent Lieutenant Little and Lieutenant Rennie with a detail of ten men for forage, about half a mile from camp.

Before reaching the place Rennie was killed. More were soon to follow. In about half an hour there was heard a furious volley in the direction his men had taken, then another and still another, followed in far-reaching detonations. Lieutenant Rennie was killed, Sergeant Barker, cut off from his horses, took shelter in a large house near by. Four men were killed at the first volley. It was now nine guerrillas against one hundred and eighty Federals. Major Bridgewater had followed them from Danville. The guerrillas put the family in a safe place. Ves Acres placed the youngest child in its mother's lap, saying, "Keep close to the floor, and don't

get excited or cry if any of us get killed. It matters not if there is one or more or less guerrillas in this world."

He returned to his duty, and fought like a young lion and hero until he was killed. It was fitting, perhaps, that in these last days of Quantrell such soldiers as he led should fight against such odds. It is the revenge courage takes upon history, history that does not see the great heroism of these hunted guerrillas, while groping beneath his misfortunes for his bloody hands and holding them up to the last reprobation of mankind.

In that last battle nine guerrillas were killed, and two wounded. These made their escape under a leaden hail. Only Barnes, Gaugh and James made their escape. The men were ambushed. Four took shelter in a house, and fought until killed. The Noland brothers were killed side by side. A breeze from the window blew over the face of one, the hair of the other, as if in caress. Did the first who had crossed the wonderful river send this as a token to tell that guerrilla, as well the grenadier had a God, his God, and the Yankees, too? The Federals lost thirty-seven killed and seventeen wounded.

The five wounded guerrillas were brutally treated by some of the Yankees, who began to deal with them as each man's generosity of vindictiveness suggested, or in accordance with his bravery or cowardice. One cowardly Yankee slapped McGuire in the face. Another placed his pistol to a man's head and threatened to blow his brains out. Be it said to the credit of Bridgewater that he put a stop to this cowardly conduct toward these helpless wounded prisoners. There was not a single load left in any revolver, every shot had been fired.

Glasscock was hard hit, grievously wounded, as much dead as alive. When ordered to unbuckle his belt and surrender his pistol, he refused to do so.

"I have sworn never to give them up voluntarily, and give them up I never will," he said. "Kill me, if it so pleases you, and then you can unbuckle them for yourself. Dead men have no sentiments."

A Federal covered him instantly, and cursed him bitterly, threatening him, "Damn you, be quick; off with them. What right has a lazy beggar like you to be chooser?"

"Hush," said Bridgewater, "come away and let him alone; he is too brave a man to be shot or insulted. I will disarm him myself." Bridgewater took six heavy dragoon pistols and a belt off this wounded lion. Large tear drops forced themselves from his eyes, poor fellow; he tried hard to restrain his emotions, but could not. Old memories came back to him, quick and fast. His proud spirit could not bend, but must surely break.

Quantrell formed his men as soon as the first volley was heard, and sent four men to learn the true condition of the detachment sent after the forage. They saw the enemy coming at a furious pace upon them. They gave a counter charge. A hot, short grapple, and these four were compelled to retreat, three of them receiving slight wounds. This was enough to convince them of the fate of their comrades. Bridgewater feeling now that he had the advantage, pressed these crippled guerrillas, reduced to twenty-six. His own force one hundred and twenty-four. The hammering went on nearly all night. ..

Quantrell formed his little band of devoted followers in a narrow ravine, and sent John Bushnell and John Ross, also McCorkle and Graham, out half a mile to

picket his front. The Missourians rested on their arms during part of the night, determined to fight it out there as they had never fought before in more than three hundred battles. Bridgewater believed he could easily ride down and through this small handful of men. He did not know what possibilities were before him. The guerrillas apparently were in an ambuscade. Quantrell undeceived him quickly, made desperate by the loss of his best men. A sudden snare, a deadly furious grapple was now necessary to teach this bold hunter that he could not with impunity press this wounded lion now almost at bay, or easily override him.

Quantrell was astir early, and formed an ambushment on John's Creek in the rough Chaplin Hill. On either side of the creek the banks were twenty to thirty feet perpendicular and rocky, with heavy woods. The road leading to the crossing of the creek was down a small stream of branch, and the ford where it entered the water on either side was difficult to cross, being miry and full of quicksand. The road bed cut through these banks. The steep hill on either side of this crossing was covered with dense timber.

At early dawn Bridgewater was on the trail. The guerrillas formed on either side of the road across the creek. Ten men were posted in the road in front, back some distance from the crossing; nine men under Quantrell formed to charge the **Yankees after they** had received the fire of those holding the cut. The four Johns on the outpost were four giants in fighting prowess. They were to skirmish with the enemy, and lead them slowly backward into the ambuscade, a death trap. All these men were leaders if need be, and also reckless fighters. It would be hard to excel them anywhere.

John Barnhill had charge of these. He was a sleepless, vigilant, gay-hearted, laughing guerrilla, who would fight all day and frolic all night. He it was who often went fifty hours between slumbers. John Ross was a boy, turned Palidin; ordered to charge, he would have ridden over a precipice. Looking at his face, one would have said "There is an amiable youth." In battle, he suggested an old oak tree, so firm and solid did he stand. McCorkle and John Graham were both of that old iron breed who had seen death many times, so often and in so many sudden and curious ways that they had come to regard him as an old acquaintance. They were posted on either side of the road.

Now, two by two, came the Federals. When they were fifty yards away John Bushnell leaped into the middle of the highway, firing a double barrel shotgun, twenty buckshot in each barrel, at the front files, followed by the quick volley from his comrades. They retreated quickly. The Federals were checked slightly, with thirteen killed and eleven wounded. Then a yell of defiance broke into a furious charge. Over the creek in a dead run came the pursued and the pursuers. Up through the narrow ravine and beyond like a thunder cloud. The revolver volleys resounded continually. The trees seemed to join in the melee. The guerrillas, safe behind trees, shot coolly, deliberately and with deadly precision into the compact ranks of the enemy. Blue coats and horses were falling and blocking the gorge and narrow cut.

At this time Quantrell led a furious charge in the fiercest, wildest moments of Federal agony, that supreme moment when the bravest who were chosen for battle must have time to think a moment, and get a second breath, if they would not fall away in panic.

No combat of the war excelled this for severity of losses, for prowess or execution, numbers considered. Frank James surpassed himself. Allen Palmer multiplied his capability as a reckless fighter. Joe Young, riding a fleet horse, led the pursuit, and for once only refrained from killing a handsome young soldier boy, whose horse had been shot, and captured him. He escaped. Younger captured him the second time, but gave him a fresh horse, paroled him, and bade him go free. Hockersmith saw a Federal aiming at his chief from behind a tree, and quickly rode his horse between the sharpshooter and his mark, the bullet intended for Quantrell killed Hockersmith's horse. One second more would have been fatal. Wigington killed this sharpshooter.

Diamond cut diamond in this fight. Missouri and Kentucky against Kentucky. How terrible! Kinfolk killing each other! William Hulse, carried away by his battle ardor, which he rarely ever cared to curb, fought his way into the midst of the struggling and stricken enemy's rear, only to be surrounded, and put in desperate jeopardy. The four Johns, Bushnell, Ross, McCorkle and Graham, fighting together, cut their way to him, and rescued him from peril. Henry Proctor won the admiration of his comrades by an exhibition of superb coolness and dash. He was also cut off from his friends by six Federals who closed upon him. His rapid, deadly fire killed four, while Ran Venerable killed one and wounded the other, ridding Proctor of his six foes and his perilous situation.

The gorge was cleared, after a most terrific struggle, lasting an hour and a half. Bridgewater, with fifty-nine of his bravest soldiers killed and thirty-six wounded, now withdrew. This taught him a wholesome

lesson. Collecting his shattered remnants, he reformed them on the open ground beyond.

Lee McMurty, Williams, Basham, Bud Pence, Denny Pence, Tom Harris, White, Hall, David Hilton, Robert Hall, Captain Samuel O. Berry, Jim Evans, Ike Berry, Jesse James, Frank James and myself were all in this terrific battle. Our loss was four killed and nine wounded, myself included, making seventeen wounds to this date, March, 1865. The guerrillas in this battle had every advantage of the enemy, being above them, protected by trees and precipitous banks of the creek.

Captain Sam Berry, my brother, and his command had joined forces with Quantrell only a few days before this battle was fought, for mutual protection. I recall these names of men in Captain Berry's command: Captain Berry, Jim Evans, Tom Henry, Bill Marion, Ike Shelton, D. Cooper, James Barton, Alec. Ward, Sid Bush, Al Turk, Wort Benson, Jim Patton, Henry Graham, Tom Allen, William Wiley, Will Adams, Tim Murphy, Jim Downy, Bill Spencer, Sam Harvey, Bee Ray, Sam Daton, Jim Wooten, Jim Walker, Sid Batty, Jim Drake, H. Mullen and myself.

With thirty-two men, the night before this battle was fought, we had met and cut to pieces seventy Yankee veterans, under Captain Ed Terrell. In this fight there was much friendly rivalry between Quantrell's and Berry's men in deeds of valor.

Next day Captain Bridgewater came cautiously skirmishing. His serious drubbing had made him cautious. At least his pursuit was not vigorous. After he had made a few feeble charges on us, we formed another ambuscade, a few miles further along the road. But

the enemy had enough of this serious work, and disappeared during the night, leaving us to our devices.

On the following morning we rode into Chaplinton, near the line of Nelson County. We had scarcely reached the town limits, when we met Captain Ed Terrell, Federal, at the head of forty-five men. He charged us. We met him in a counter charge. A hand to hand fight ensued, in which Terrell was driven back with serious loss. He now reformed. We followed him vigorously for several miles. Now came another grapple. We were forcing the enemy to constant flight.

It was found that Captain Berry had been wounded seriously in the right foot. I now had to take him to cover, carrying him to our old friend and standby, Dr. McCloskey. I hid in a cave. The skillful service of Dr. McCloskey were often required during these bloody days of strenuous war. This great surgeon, generous and noble-hearted man, possessed skill that was as deft and tender as his knowledge was deep and profound in all natural laws. This nobleman by nature was ever ready to answer the call of distress and affliction, day or night, responding to both Confederates and Federals alike. Both made frequent calls upon this good Samaritan.

While I was nursing my brother in his cave, some of our soldiers formed a plan to make a campaign through Spencer, Shelby, Oldham, Owen, Scott, Woodford and Anderson counties. There were fifty-eight men in this scout. They had six rattling battles on this expedition, at or near Taylorsville, at Smithville, Worthville, Liberty, Georgetown and Schryocks Ferry on the Kentucky River. There was terrific fighting against heavy odds in all of them. The guerrillas in this scout lost ten killed and five wounded. The wounded men were com-

pelled to do as much fighting as those not wounded, as there were no prisoners taken, nor quarter asked or given—those left behind were all killed.

Tom Henry was left for dead, with nine bullet wounds. Strange to say, he survived. He crawled to the river and bathed or lay in the water for a day and a half before he was found. He was rescued and taken to a home near by and nursed back to health.

XL

QUANTRELL'S LAST CAMPAIGN

Captain Berry wounded—Scouting and skirmishing—Plan to capture Georgetown—A woman's intuition—The trap—We escape—Captain Berry captured—The rescue—We disband—Quantrell's last fight.

While on this scout a proposition was made that may seem a small, a very small, thing. The Missouri guerrillas still wore blue Federal overcoats, thinking it to be possible to assume the Federal role. Approaching a town under the guise of comradeship, they could surprise and capture the garrison without firing a shot. They also had a union flag at the head of the column. At Georgetown the pickets were passed without attracting notice. With the reconnoitering party in advance, the main column moved on towards town, the ever watchful Missourians in the lead. Peyton Long held the flag at the front, with Frank James for a comrade on his left, while behind came Hulse, Robert Basham, Bushnell, Graham, Helton, the two Hall brothers, Hockersmith, Jesse James, Lilly and McCorkle. And behind these the main column passed unchallenged. Only salutes were exchanged with pickets. So far so good; all had worked well.

Some fifteen miles from Georgetown these adventurous rough rider guerrillas had stopped all night with a good Union man. They looked and acted like Federals. They were Federals, so their host said. But the host had a daughter who listened with all the ears she had. At the supper table the hostess and her

charming daughter had been especially communicative. During the meal one of the Kentucky contingent said quietly, but significantly, "How we will fool them in Georgetown." In an instant, he caught himself and tried to recover what he had been saying, but failed. Neither the man nor the woman of the house gave any sign that they had heard this babbler's talk. Not so the daughter; she heard the words of exultation, and divined their full meaning with a woman's swift intuition. She flushed scarlet to her hair. That night, when all the soldiers slept the tired sleep of continuous fatigue, this young woman crept from her bed to the stable, saddled a swift horse and rode to Georgetown full tilt, as only a country girl can ride. She cautioned officers prepared to lay ambushments. The pickets were instructed to admit the guerrilla force without hindrance or question. They were prepared to destroy this devoted band.

Frank James' ever watchful eyes, and his alertness saved this column from certain destruction. There was no one in the streets; the town was as still as a graveyard; not a soul moving; nothing was to be seen or heard. Frank James halted and spoke, "Look here, Captain; there is treachery somewhere; something is wrong. See! there are no soldiers to be seen; no one is moving. We are certainly, surely expected. If we go further without developing the situation, we shall be surrounded and attacked. We are evidently awaited, but not as friends. Look yonder, Captain; see those four soldiers running with guns in their hands."

In five minutes our skirmishers had deployed to many positions. There was a terrific fire poured upon the guerrillas from doors and windows, from three directions. Frank James' horse was killed. There was still time to get away from the trap of the woman's

setting, and which James had sprung, and against which we had grazed their teeth in avoiding. Our need was to make haste, as large bodies were hastening to cut us off. Frank James' alertness, superior as it was, could not avail against superior numbers. We retired rapidly, gathering up our pickets, who had sacrificed themselves for our successful escape from this ambushment. The young woman who had betrayed us, was beloved by a young lieutenant stationed in this town, and was betrothed to him. She had more than once carried information to his colonel. She divined the intent of our mission, and made the most of it. Thus small things make or mar and rule the lives of men or nations.

Frank James found himself on foot, his horse having been killed under him at the first volley. There was a large livery stable under the point blank range of fifty Federals, who were in houses on the opposite side of the street. The stable was full of fine cavalry horses. Drawing his pistols in each hand he killed the two guards standing at the door. He captured five horses, mounting one of them and leading four away under a hot fire. There was a constant cross firing here, and fierce fighting all day for twenty miles in the rear. Revolvers volleyed almost constantly. Our comrade, Tom Henry, was seriously wounded, receiving nine bullet wounds. However, he survived the war, and is a good citizen to this good day. His scars are his simple badges and decorations, and for fewer than these many major generals have been made. Peace and plenty to him and his, all his days.

While on this scout fourteen days had passed. I had left my brother near Dr. McCloskey's place in his cave. Before leaving this vicinity, I went over to see my friend Willie Spencer, who was also seriously

wounded. I told him and my brother to keep still, and not to move much and let their wounds have a chance to heal. I found my brother's wounds about healed. He was still weak. I left him, saying, "I will return in about an hour and a half," telling him where I could be found, and leaving an old and trusted negro servant with him. I had hardly departed before this old darkey came to me in a great hurry and said, "Captain, de Yankees dey comes, and dey done captured Marse Sam, yo brodder, and dey hab done carried him away off, and Ise almos' crazy, I am. Hurry, Marse Tom, dey has took him to Chaplintown."

Willie Spencer forgot his wounds. Jim Evans came and said, "I know where Enloe is." We all got into our saddles in haste, for time was everything. It was now or never. We met nine more of our comrades going to the shop to have their horses shod. I sent three men to rouse other comrades to the imminent danger of my brother, Jesse James and Hulse also met us. We now had fourteen men. Reaching the trail of Captain Terrell, we followed it rapidly. We met five more comrades. These latter had seen the Yankees pass with Berry. Finding that Terrell was moving in the direction of Chaplintown, we left the main road and hurried forward as if the furies were after us, for I knew that Terrell was liable to shoot his prisoner at any moment.

I knew a nearer cut-off across the fields and woods to an upper crossing of the creek, about a mile above our former battle ground. I reached the creek, crossed it and made my way to the main road, crossing at the scene of our recent battleground. I placed my men on either side of the road, behind trees, with double-barreled shotguns, eleven in number, loaded with twelve buckshot in each barrel. These men had six revolvers

each. We now had twenty-two men posted behind trees. I had also a Sharps rifle carrying fifteen balls; also six pistols. I cautioned our men not to shoot my brother; to avoid this by all means. In about twenty-five minutes the enemy came in sight with Captain Berry. His legs were tied under his horse and he was riding between Captain Terrell and two other troopers. On they came. How my heart beat at this sight! They were chatting and laughing as they approached.

Reaching the stream, the horses stopped to drink. Almost under our guns were thirty-five men, unconscious of our presence. They were not over fifteen yards away. I shouted, "Fire! Be careful lest we kill the captive!" A quick, furious, plunging fire, almost in their faces; another, and still another—one, two, three, four—in rapid resounding volleys. Sixteen empty saddles; plunging, struggling, frightened horses, and dying men. A rebel yell of defiance, a charge, all was over. Captain Terrell, desperately wounded, made his escape through the woods, behind one of his men. He was not followed. The concentrated fire with shotguns was terrible to witness.

When the firing began Captain Berry turned his horse's head down stream into deep water, swam him around a bend in the creek, under cover from the storm of bullets, safe behind a bluff. For a time I was uneasy about his safety, as Terrell had been killing not only soldiers after their surrender, but also citizens. A short time before this he had killed Mr. Herk Walker in his field, and also Mr. Ennis Wooten of Taylorsville. Both of these men were respected citizens. Mr. Wooten was shoeing Captain Terrell's horse, which he had done before. He had finished and dropped the last foot of the horse, when he said to Terrell, "Please pay me now

for all you owe me." Terrell drew his pistol and shot Wooten dead, saying, coolly, "Another damned rebel gone to hell."

After the firing was over Captain Berry rode from his cover. I now cut the rope and released his legs. We rode back to McCloskey's place. No pursuit was attempted. We were rejoiced to have him back among us. Old Uncle Bob, the family servant, came forward and hugged and kissed Captain Berry, also myself, in his great joy.

Captain Terrell had gone to Dr. McCloskey to have him attend some of his men who had been wounded. He discovered Captain Berry and before Berry could hobble to cover, Terrell captured him and took him away with the avowed purpose of hanging him.

The long scout of the Missourians and Kentuckians under Quantrell, culminating in the escape from the dangerous ambushade laid for them at Georgetown, now bound the two bands together in ties made strong by a common danger. All of us felt, however, that the inevitable result was near at hand.

The Kentucky contingent took these bronzed, grizzled, battle-scared veterans, weary and buffeted, into full fellowship and comradeship; took them and showed them every resting and hiding place among our friends in Washington, Spencer, Nelson, Bullitt and Hardin counties. Quantrell and Captain Berry had followed our old tactics—disbanded for a rest.

The state at this time was overrun with Federals. All of us took to cover. Being wounded, I went to Dr. Hopkins' place, staying there a few days. I also went to Dr. Nim Conn and to Dr. Evans, recruiting for the French army in Mexico. During this period I obtained many promises for that service. All these

people were Southern in their sympathies and purposes, and had passed through all kinds of threats, losses, persecutions, punishments and arrests. Many had suffered at the hands of those brutal tyrants who robbed unarmed citizens and sent men and women alike to unknown prisons, as the fancy or impulse dictated. Among such were members of the Russell, Thomas, McCloskey, Hoskins, Conn and many other families, whose names have slipped my memory.

Dr. Hoskins' place was formed by nature as a rendezvous, a sure hiding place for men who were sorely stricken with wounds. It covered something more than five hundred acres, with a dense forest of cedar trees, and a number of coves within its borders. These forests were so dense a bird could not fly through them. In places, horses could move only in single file and barely pass into its shadows. Paths led to its interior, but these could be found only by those familiar with the intricate retreat. Once within this protecting forest, a fugitive was absolutely safe. One situation high above the surrounding country commanded a wide view. A hello, a cough, a sneeze, or a shot were used as a warning of the approach of friend or an enemy.

Fresh horses were often supplied, and medicine for sick or wounded soldiers as well as medical attention to the unfortunate, were all ungrudgingly given. Surely this was God's own people in the country round about. Through a field glass from this central point could be seen at a glance, Taylorsville, Mount Washington, Springfield, Bloomfield, Fairfield, Bardstown, Stoners, Samuel's Station, and Chaplintown. No hostile force could approach without some keen-eyed friends seeing them hours before, giving ample time for preparation. This was a friendly abiding place for all wounded Con-

federates. Many escaped prisoners found shelter here, and a ready means for return to the South and to duty were provided.

About this period the wounded men captured in the first fight with Captain Bridgewater made their escape, although their wounds had not healed. Ves Acres, Dick Glasscock, McGuire, Gaugh, Jim Evans, George Robinson, all had been very seriously wounded, so bad that the surgeon said that they should not be moved for some time. There were four guards, Federals, left at the house to see that they did not get away. On a dark night, during a storm, six guerrillas found a carriage and went near the house. While the guards were being entertained at a good supper, these wounded guerrillas were helped through the windows of the carriages in waiting and driven furiously away, through bypaths and private country roads to our secret rendezvous, safe among friends. They were still in no condition for service. These hard hit guerrillas remained in here until their wounds healed. They now returned to duty at the call of their chieftain.

A few days later George Robinson was captured in a fight, and sent to Lexington, and from thence to Louisville, where he was tried by a drum-head court-martial, and sentenced to be hanged. The charge upon which he was convicted was shamefully false and brutal. Every member of the court knew it to be false. These Federal officers and authorities at Louisville, at this time, were notoriously vindictive, I may say, infamous. They were engaged in stealing and robbing all over the state, taking everything they could lay their hands on that could be moved. Drove of cattle, hogs and horses, jewelry, pianos, furniture and even bedding; anything and everything were stolen by the commanding officers

down to his private soldiers, even by the bushwhackers. Some stole by the carload. It seemed that all the big and the little thieves were turned loose upon suffering Kentucky.

But the aftermath proved that this was a small affair. From Maryland to California and from Kentucky to Florida, the same saturnalia of plunder reigned supreme. Unfortunate Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Missouri, Arkansas, all these were plundered to exhaustion. And for what? To save the union. The like of this was never seen or known before in the world's history.

But I digress. It was at this time that all the officers in the garrison at Louisville were in command of negro troops. Few, if any, of them had ever faced an enemy in battle. They were too much occupied with schemes of public or private plunder to look after the real duties of the real soldier. Hence, the escape of these three almost helpless soldiers. Infuriated at their escape, they needed a victim, and conveniently found one. George Robinson was their victim. Any evidence was sufficient; no evidence at all was needed. He was already tried by these negro trainers before he was captured. All that was needed to be done was to sentence him. George Robinson was falsely accused of the killing of the officer at Hustonville, who attempted to prevent the appropriation of horses at that place from a stable. It was a well known and established fact that Allen Palmer killed this officer, and not George Robinson, who was sick at this time, and these hirelings, negro trainers knew this to be a fact. Robinson had no share in this affair and the wretches who swore his

life away were his murderers, equally as guilty as those who condemned him, and they knew they were lying when they swore his life away. Those cowardly liars! They were too cowardly to defend their lives when these horses were being taken, and when they had the opportunity. Like all cowards, they shrunk before real danger. Now they came forward to swear away an innocent man's life, must needs kill him with a miserable lie. Cowards the world over never carried modesty or courage in the face of danger.

This period saw many men sent to their death. Some who were brave, high spirited men asked to be shot, but these cowardly assassins could have no idea of chivalry, and for revenge this priceless boon was denied him with scorn, this in the dying hour. The condemned had a right to ask that they might die a soldier's death, and not a dog's death. Brave, indeed, was Robinson. Never had these guards and soldiers seen such coolness. They remarked his proud, dauntless grace, his soldierly bearing, his calm fearlessness. With upturned face, looking to the far west, at the clouds, and the sun shining bright over all, he kissed his thin small hand to the sunset, then smiled proudly. He was stepping up to a soldier's God and throne. Thus he died for his country, a hero's death. As the crisis came closer, so did the victims increase in number. And the cold, brutal, blood-thirsty tyrants claimed their victims. There were three unknown victims who fell before them. After the execution of George Robinson, came Jerome Clark (Sue Monday) and Henry McGruder, then Harry Bently. Soon after this Captain Quantrell followed, and many others were sentenced to long terms in various penitentiaries. Finally my brother, Captain Samuel O. Berry. But of this more anon.

Jerome Clark possessed many and varied talents, not only as a fighting soldier, but as a successful spy. He came and went as silently as a shadow. So many were his disguises, so perfectly under control was his bearing and speech, that in many quarters his identity was denied, even by some of his intimate friends, even his sex was a matter of doubt at times. He was a cool, experienced, resourceful soldier, absolutely fearless. He was also a fatalist. His smooth, handsome, resolute face, made for many disguises, and easy manner with added steady nerve, which carried him through many difficulties and self-imposed duties for the good of the cause, never failed him. When he fought he dealt savage blows thick and fast. Beneath the exterior of a woman, he carried the muscles of a trained athlete, and the vital energy of a steam engine. His long black hair in ringlets, blew about his broad shoulders in battle—a flag or a threat of defiance, the mane of a lion.

All these men were on their last scout, all fighting a desperate, hopeless battle (almost superhuman) in the dying throes of a gigantic civil strife, against odds almost beyond belief. It is not necessary here to mention individual acts of heroism and prowess in this last furious battle, which we all knew or felt was the last battle, this battle at Wakefield's barn. This was Quantrell's last battle. He was wounded here unto death, paralyzed in his lower extremities.

We were in the barn under shelter from a heavy rain. We had had twenty days' desperate, continuous fighting which had reduced these iron guerrillas to a mere handful of men. Many were wounded, a number were killed on this June morning in 1865.

When Captain S. O. Berry and Captain Quantrell called a muster at Bedford Russell's farm, in Nelson

county, and the remnants of the two guerrilla bands lined up and answered to their names, it was found that there were nineteen men present, as follows: Captain Berry, Thomas F. Berry or Tom Henderson, Jim Evans, John Enloe, Billy Merriman, Jim Drake, Howard West, Jake Singleton, H. Upton, Alex Grigsby, John Ross, Bill Hulse, James Hockersmith, Halle, Glasscock, Bud Pence, Allen Palmer, Dave Hutton, McMurtry and Dave Hilton. This decimated band moved out of the woods, to the pike leading toward Taylorsville, in order to escape a chilly rain. We drew aside into a woodland pasture. A quarter of a mile back was the spacious barn and residence of Captain Wakefield, near Smileytown. In this barn we took shelter until the rain should cease. We hitched our horses carelessly, and failed to place our pickets; all of us unconscious of danger.

Shortly the keen eyes of a Kentucky soldier through the blinding storm, saw Captain Terrell's Federal guerrillas, one hundred and twenty strong, coming up to this barn, also through the woods, ignorant of our presence. They moved at a brisk trot, to reach shelter from the rain. Seeing the confusion, Terrell thought it strange that other soldiers were occupying this barn. Our boys were having a battle with corn cobs under the wings of the barn. He was now close to us. Realizing that we were Confederates, he opened fire upon us. Only at this moment could we convince the boys of the near vicinity of the Yankees. Thus, we were caught napping and careless. A frightful volley awoke us to our peril and folly. A hot counter volley we fired, almost in their faces. A hand to hand combat ensued. The fight lasted forty minutes, hopeless, of course, from the first, but desperate and deadly while it lasted. Twenty-six Federals were killed and seventeen wounded; the

guerrillas had four men killed and seven wounded, Captain Quantrell among the number. Some of the guerrillas' horses broke away and ran off. Captain Quantrell's voice could be heard high above the strife of battle, also Captain Berry's. The neighing of frightened horses added to the noise.

Quantrell cried, "Cut through, boys; cut through." Captain Berry repeating, "Cut through; cut through!"

Quantrell followed his horse for some minutes, under a shower of bullets, but failed to catch him. Clark Hockersmith, mounted and ready to go off at a run, might have saved himself, but instead, he saw his chief in peril, and rode back to him under a heavy fire. Quantrell held out his hand to him, touched by his act of devotion, and smiled his thanks. Hockersmith dismounted and helped Quantrell into the saddle, and then sprang up behind him. As they were riding away another furious volley killed Hockersmith and his horse, all going down together. Still another hero was ready to give up his life for his chief. Richard Glasscock, who could have ridden away in safety, returned to assist Quantrell. The third volley from the gate mortally wounded Quantrell and Glasscock. Hockersmith, in the last agonies of death, looked upon his chief and smiled his farewell.

Two bullets had struck Quantrell. One, a heavy ball, entered the breast and broke the collar bone, then ranged downward along the spinal column, injuring it seriously. The lower portion of his body was paralyzed. The second bullet cut off his left forefinger, tearing it from the socket or joint.

While this was transpiring, there was desperate hand-to-hand fighting; it was a touch and go matter. Some cut their way through the blue lines. Only dead

horses and the dauntless Hockersmith and the superb Glasscock, fighting to the last ditch, remained. Glasscock stood over his chief, emptying his pistol at the advancing Federals. Forty fired full at him. He killed nine of them as they pressed on him. He stood alone, defiant and erect. His life seemed charmed. Not a bullet touched him or drew blood. One cut his hat brim, and another a lock of his hair. Nowhere was the skin touched or broken.

While stooping to take a pistol from Captain Quantrell's belt, which had a few loads left, the Federals rushed at him, and over him, crushing him down with butts of guns, pistols, kicks, etc. They stamped upon his head, his shoulders, and his ribs, all beating him. They were determined to kill this aroused, unconquered and furious lion. They must kill him somehow or some way. But this was not to be. They pounced upon him, took his empty pistols, bound him a prisoner, and carried him away.

Quantrell was taken to Wakefield's house. His wounds were very painful, but at no time did a moan or a word escape his lips. His wonderful endurance and fortitude remained unimpaired to the last. He recognized that his last battle had been fought, and his career almost finished. His mind was always clearest in danger. He now awaited his fate calmly. He did not talk much.

Terrell came to him and asked him that if there was anything that he could do for him?

"Yes," said Quantrell, quietly, "have Hockersmith buried like a soldier."

Again he spoke to Terrell, "I have one more request to make, while I live, let me stay here. It is useless

to have a dying man hauled about in a wagon, jolting out what little life that is left."

Terrell pledged his word of honor that he should not be moved.

Hockersmith was buried as requested. Glasscock was to meet with further adventure. When he was overwhelmed and beaten down by the Federals, six pistols were taken from him. Inexplicably, his captors did not closely search him. Glasscock always carried a double-barreled pocket derringer, which he frequently inspected, that he might be sure of its being fit for instant use. On his way to prison, Glasscock was guarded by a single cavalryman, riding at the rear of the column. In passing a patch of timber, he felt that the supreme moment of years had arrived. Quickly and unobserved, Glasscock snapped his derringer full in the face of his captor. It failed to fire. The snapping of the cap warned the guard of his danger. The rainy weather had wet the powder. With his life at stake, and after four years of patient, careful precaution, to insure success at such a moment, everything had been lost by the snapping of the cap.

Glasscock cursed his luck with a short, vicious oath. Raising himself up in his saddle, he threw the useless weapon at his guard, striking him a terrible blow full in the face. It did not knock the man from his horse. A short, fierce grapple ensued. The guard tried to shoot him, but Glasscock pushed the gun aside, as it was discharged. Both leaped to the ground and a fight for life began. But Glasscock was doomed from the first, because of an old wound in his shoulder that had not healed and another one in his leg that was still discharging pieces of bone. The struggle went on almost amidst the horses. The terrible effort winded

him. He was as a child in the grip of a giant, his antagonist being over six feet tall, and powerful in proportion. His embrace was like the hug of a grizzly bear. This desperate guerrilla still fought with the rage of a wounded lion. He drew his pocket knife and stabbed his enemy three times and he fought there until he died.

Twenty-five cavalrymen, who had heard the cap snap, turned back and stood watching the unusual contest. A soldier stepped close to Glasscock and placed his carbine against Glasscock's hip and fired. The bullet passed entirely through his body and set his clothing on fire. The Federal felt the limp body sinking down from his arms. With one last dying effort, and a savage laugh, Glasscock stood up and tried to drive his knife into the Yankee's heart. Still grasping the knife, he sank to the earth, under the bullets of thirty Yankees, defiant to the last gasp.

In justice to these unselfish, heroic and devoted men, and also as a slight tribute to them, and to their heroic deeds, in defense of their homes and country, I will try to give an account of the many striking personal characteristics of these two heroic and devoted men of heroic mold.

Each, from early youth, was noted for a steadfastness which characterized both during their short, eventful and stormy existence. Friendship was a real religion, sacred to both. Bravery was a cardinal principal, as demonstrated by their last acts in dying for their chieftain, this had been their principal creed all their short lives. These two men had been made guerrillas by brutal treatment. They were real Bayards. Either was free to go, but neither went. They were commanded by Quantrell to leave him: neither obeyed him. It is

probable that both believed they could save him, yet steadfast in the equanimity of accepted death, they died in the discharge of what they believed to be a sacred duty.

Hockersmith, even in his early boyhood, was singularly devoted in his friendships. At school, if those he loved had to be punished, he stood unfalteringly and undismayed by his friends. If there was danger, the youth became a man, so cool was he, so steadfast and so calm. As he grew up to manhood, he became braver and more gentle. All those who knew him, loved him. Accommodating, generous and frank, he was popular, trusted and liked by both old and young. He was pointed to by old men as the ideal of manly courtesy.

When the war came, he joined the guerrillas. He early grasped the tremendous import of the gigantic struggle and the desperate nature of their warfare. It awoke in his nature an emotion that responded quickly to every phase of their fighting. He was noted among cool men for coolness, and among daring men, for his superlative daring, also, for his pre-eminent devotion, for sweetness of disposition, and for patience of behavior. He was never known to kill an enemy, save in open fight, and when the enemy was shooting at him.

In Missouri, during one of Dave Poole's battles near Wellington, in which Poole was worsted, a gallant guerrilla defending the rear, was wounded in his arm and his left foot. The pursuit was merciless; guerrillas were being murdered. Who would go back to save the wounded? Clark Hockersmith, of course. He did go back, but the victim's situation was well nigh hopeless. Entrenched behind his dead horse, the crippled guerrilla had made his peace with God, and was ready

to die. Fifty Federals were close to him and advancing. In spite of the fire and in the face of odds that would have beaten back and demoralized a less intrepid soldier, Hockersmith helped this crippled comrade upon his own horse, and carried him back to a place of safety, and with the same undemonstrative and gentle resolution as he exhibited at Wilmington, so twice afterwards he did likewise, but the fourth time was his last.

As he rode up to rescue Quantrell, the latter bade him go back. Hockersmith did not reply, save to dismount under fire, hotter and more concentrated than any that he had ever before endured, and helped his chief into his own saddle. Quantrell needed help, as he had been kicked on the knee joint by his horse two days before, injuring it seriously, which gave him great pain, even in hobbling over level ground. To use the leg in mounting or dismounting was agony of the intensest kind.

The volley that killed Hockersmith would surely have killed Quantrell also, yet the considerate faithful comrade invited death. He mounted behind his chief, and built a barricade with his own body, that only failed to furnish shelter to it, neither knew or felt any more. The grandeur of human heroism and devotion was never more highly demonstrated.

Richard Glasscock, though coming by a different road from those traversed by Hockersmith, both reached the same goal. If he cared enough for any one to fight for him, he cared well enough to die for him. He had stood over wounded comrades as often as he found a friend. Hockersmith had often in the subsequent minutes and fury of the combat torn from the hands of the victorious foe, some helpless, crippled guerrilla, hard hit, unable to help himself and too far in the rear to

overtake his friends, the latter all scattered, bleeding and routed. Glasscock, while lacking the higher emotion of devoted friendship, in his attempted rescue of his chief, had in him that which would carry him just as far—the reckless ambition to save the coolest and fiercest fighter ever known to the border warfare. He cared nothing for his own life, because he had never taken a moment's thought of it. To be dead was no care of his, because he did not know the meaning of the word fear. Glasscock did through the excess of personal courage; Hockersmith through excess of devoted friendship, and for his faith would have been burned at the stake. Glasscock would have died as Harold died, sword in hand, heroic, on the battlefield of Hastings.

Thus were these hunted, devoted guerrillas, fighting by twos and threes, and in larger squads, cutting their way through ranks of blue, and sheets of flame, now scattered irretrievably. Their voice and beacon, their storm guide in battle, their now mortally wounded chief, lay on a cot waiting for the coming of his furlough.

On the following night there was a sad, a very sad and sorrowful meeting of a few dejected men—Frank James, Allen Palmer, John Ross, John Hulse and myself. We would tempt fate once more to see the loved chief, just once more, dead or alive. We made our way back to Wakefield's mansion. Frank James knocked on the door, and was admitted by a courtly lady of the house. Lying on a cot in the corner was our chief, watchful but very quiet. James and his comrades stood over the bed, but could not speak. If one could have looked into their eyes, they might have seen them full of blinding tears.

Quantrell held out his hand and smiled, saying a

little reproachfully, "Why did you come back? The enemy are thick in this vicinity, passing every house." Their answer was, "To see you, dead or alive, and be the first to bring you away, or the last to leave you."

"I sincerely thank you, Frank; and you, my comrades; but why try to take me away? I am dead, yet I am alive. I am cold below my hips. I am insensible here; can neither feel, walk, ride, nor crawl."

Looking at them in his old quiet way, seeing them all so distressed, and weeping visibly, he bade them wipe away their tears. They all pleaded with him to permit them to take him away to some safe, quiet retreat; they would defend him to the death. He listened to them; to their pleading, with his usual courtesy of the old victorious guerrilla days, which were now gone forever.

He silenced his pleading men with an answer that was unalterable: "I cannot live. I have run a long time. My career is ended. I have come out unhurt from many desperate places. I have fought to kill, and have killed. I do not regret anything. The end is close at hand, and I am now resting easy here, and will die shortly. You do not know how your devotion has touched my heart, nor can you ever understand how grateful I am for this great love you have shown for me. Try to get back to your homes, and avoid the perils which beset you."

He talked freely of the early days of his career, sending sweet messages and farewells to friends, and greetings to comrades. Finally, the parting hour came. They bade him goodbye, looking upon his face the last time, forever.

Captain Terrell had broken his promise, as I knew he would, about leaving Quantrell at Wakefield's house.

He now advised his removal to Louisville. General Palmer sent an ambulance under a heavy escort, moving him to Louisville, scarcely more alive than dead, suffering great agonies from the motions and vibrations of the moving vehicle. He was taken to a military hospital until the question of his recovery had been decided for or against him. Few friends were allowed to visit or to see him. Mrs. Ross, of Missouri, only once, in the presence of officers. Feeling that his time was short, he sent dying messages to loved friends in Missouri. She left him at one o'clock on the 15th of June, 1865. He died on the following day about five o'clock, P. M.

Thus the great guerrilla chief passed, after a fitful, singular, tempestuous life, passed like a summer cloud. He had been asleep. He called for water, but did not drink. A Sister of Charity placed the glass to his lips. A murmur escaped him, "Boys, get ready." A long pause, then a moan, "Steady," and then. When she drew back from this murmuring man, she fell upon her knees and prayed. Captain Quantrell was dead. Peace be to him, and to his memory and to his ashes, and to his soul.

Before his death he had become a Catholic. He confessed his sins to a priest. He told everything. He was too serious, too earnest a man to deceive or to be dishonest, even in the list of all his homicides, excusing himself in nothing, nor apologizing for anything. His entire past was made to give up its secrets, from year to year, not forgetting the four years of terrible war. His white, set face looked picturesque, and he was almost eloquent at times in his recital.

Did he receive also absolution? Did William Tell? Did Charlotte Corday? Did Westlake? Did Bezaine?

Did Leonidas? Did Hosea? Did any patriot during all the ages passed receive pardon for doing what he believed to be his duty? He was now beyond the great river, alike was praise or censure, reward or punishment to this man, who, when living, had filled the world with the renown of his deeds during four years of terrible war history. Fate had done its work. A smile seemed to brighten his face, and now the future stood revealed to his spirit, now made omniscient by its journey through the valley of the shadow of death. He was done with ambushing, ambuscades, with the shadows of night, with summer's heat, with winter's cold, and with midnight vigils. No more troops of charging calvary or ringing revolver volleys, rallying to the charge or falling to the rear in fierce combat. No more agony of sore defeat, of white, set faces trampled upon by men and by iron heels of horses. No, there would never be any more war. In the beautiful land of the great beyond, nothing shall reign but peace; there all must be judged, standing or falling. So let history be just and deal fairly with all men.

Captain Quantrell was in some degree different from every other guerrilla, even his comrades. He was not superior in courage to them, for this is a common heritage of nearly all sons of the South. But he had one particular quality which but few men possessed, though some of his followers had **this quality**. Frank James, George Gregg, Cole Younger, and Ike Berry possessed it to a prominent degree. This quality was extraordinary resourcefulness. All these fought gallantly, yet fighting might be under certain conditions the least of their necessity. But to be a successful leader of these daring spirits was quite another affair. This required coolness, quick perception, unerring judgment, horse-

manship, expert pistol skill in peril, vigorous health, celerity of movement, fixedness of purpose, great activity. Quantrell possessed all these. He counted everything and sought to shield his men, lest an advantage should be taken of them by strategy. They were often too eager to fight and to take desperate chances, to rush into combats where they could not win. Quantrell tried to have the odds with him rather than against him. He kept scouts everywhere, retreated frequently, rather than to fight and be worsted. He had the faculty of divining an enemy's plans almost to an occult degree; relied upon mystification frequently; believed in young men; listened to every man's advice; paid attention to small things. But, seeing and hearing all, he acted upon his own active judgment. He stood by his soldiers always, and preferred the old dispensation to the new. He obeyed strictly the laws of retaliation, believed in and took the code of Moses rather than the code of Jesus Christ. He practiced self-abnegation and inculcated the same by example. He carried a black flag, killed every thing in blue, made even the idea of surrender ridiculous, and snapped his fingers at death. He trusted but few women, but these few, with his life. He believed in religion and respected its ordinances; went to church when he could; never quarreled; understood human nature critically, was usually silent reserved, and taciturn. The coolest, deadliest man in a personal combat on the border, he rode as if he were a part of the charger under him. An organization like his required great skill in the use of pistols, which was a passport for comradeship. There was no force not greatly superior to his own that ever stood his onset. His men were drilled to fight equally with both hands, and they fought with both. Fairly matched, God help

the column, man for man, that came in contact with him. His warfare was based upon the sentiments of nationality, personal wrongs and revenge. His men carried mementoes of murdered kindred, mingled with their weapons. The cry for blood was heard from home to home throughout the land. All these men became guerrillas because they had been savagely dealt with. Quantrell became a chief because of these reasons and because of his courage, prudence, firmness, common sense, audacity, in which he was inferior to no man. His judgment was clearest and swiftest, when his responsibilities were heaviest. His fame as a guerrilla will endure for ages. Let history deal fairly, truthfully with all.

XLI

SURRENDER

Quantrell's men paroled—Dr. McCloskey—I start to Louisville—Surrounded and captured—I escape—We destroy a Dutch patrol—Captain Berry's men paroled—King White—We are wounded and captured—Imprisoned at Louisville—A farcical trial—"Court will take \$30,000"—Sent to Columbus—Captain Berry sentenced to hang—I cut my way out—Captain Berry's sentence commuted—His transfer to Albany and death.

The death of Quantrell was the bursting of a meteor that left his comrades in darkness. In the gloom there was no hope of more light, as news had come of the surrender of General Lee and his hungry, tattered legions. Realizing the inevitable, one of Quantrell's most practical and sensible men, lying wounded at Wakefield's mansion, suggested that Henry Porter should gather the remnants of the guerrilla command and surrender them to General Palmer at Louisville. This was done, after a conference between Porter and General Palmer, in which it was agreed that our men should receive the same terms and treatment that had been accorded to the soldiers of General Lee. Porter deserved the confidence he received, because of his cool judgment, courage and circumspection, and his prompt unyielding in his demand for the same treatment that had been accorded all Confederate soldiers.

Palmer's terms to Porter were liberal. Each guerrilla was permitted to retain two revolvers, what horses he had, and his ammunition. If he was destitute, he was to receive transportation to any portion of the country to which he might desire to go. The past was not to be inquired into, no matter how evil his reputation had been. The war was over, his oath wiped out

his outrages, his parole was to be looked upon as his pardon, and he was to receive the same treatment as other soldiers.

Porter gathered up his comrades, eighteen in number, and all marched to Samuel's Depot, Nelson county, Kentucky, on July 22, 1865. Captain Younger of the Forty-second Kentucky Federal, assisted by Lieutenant Campbell, received and paroled these grizzled war-worn veterans. This little band was the last remnant of the terrible organization of the Missouri border. They now went their several ways, each according to his own fancy. They were the offspring of the fury and agony of a remorseless terrorism, which always attends civil strife. It was a peculiar feature of our civilization. Easily aroused, it broke forth into ferocious deeds. The guerrilla was looked upon as a wild beast; he had no rest or peace, and was buffeted, waylaid, ambushed, shot at continually. A self-respecting man is always dangerous when aroused, and hunted. The guerrillas simply defended themselves when pressed to the wall. There could be but one of two things—they would be murdered without recourse or forced into outlawry. Who was to blame? I could place the wrong from my standpoint, but I shall not. History must render the verdict. The logical facts, the truth should prevail, and rule every man's life. History should be based upon facts. If this were done we should have less bitterness, suffering and death.

All men of this generation know something of the long-continued hunt for Quantrell and his men, of Captain Berry and his men, and especially of the James brothers, after the war. They know also of the harpies who blighted the fair names and lives of these men

and hounded them to destruction, without the remotest danger to themselves, during twelve long years.

I need to refer to only one of the many dastardly and cowardly deeds done in the name and under the sanction of law. At night, yea, at midnight, the assassin's time of work, at the lonely hour when all honest people were asleep, Pinkerton's sneaking cut-throats crawled up to Mrs. Samuels' house where there were only women and children, wrapped in slumber, and an old man far past his prime. This raid was planned against Dr. Samuels' home, because his wife was the mother of the James boys, by these so-called minions of the law. It is not definitely known how many were present, but something over fifteen crept stealthily close to this home, surrounded it, found the inmates all asleep, and threw into the kitchen, where an old negress was sleeping, with her children, a lighted hand grenade. The terrific explosion, and the burning turpentine ball awoke the household to find the house on fire. The negro woman, with cries of terror, rushed to alarm the white family. The flames added to the fright and terror of the alarm. The negress and the children, white and black, all stood together huddled in the kitchen. The white family rushed to subdue the flames, all unconscious of the further danger that awaited them. There was a terrific explosion. Dr. Samuels was cut in several places and stunned. Mrs. Samuels had her right arm blown off above the elbow. A bright little boy had his bowels torn out. The old negress was badly cut and maimed in four places. The three other children received several cuts and bruises. the hand grenade had done its work. Every creature in the room bore marks of its terrible effects. These wounds were marks of the infamy of the cowardly midnight assassins

—a tragedy performed by men calling themselves civilized done in this nineteenth century, in a peaceful community, upon a helpless family of women and children. Such an act would have caused the blush of shame to mantle the hardened cheek of Nero. The Pinkerton assassins did this infamous, dastardly and cowardly thing because they knew better how to kill the she-wolf and her small cubs, Mrs. Samuels and children, than they did armed men in open battle.

Many similar cases could be cited, but the contemplation of this is too harrowing. This occurrence was but the aftermath of the training and practice of a people who had caused to be spilled oceans of the best blood of this country, to save the Union; and these were the methods used, always sneaking, skulking, treacherous and faithless.

After my recapture of Captain Berry from Captain Terrell I took him to Dr. Hoskins at Cedar Grove. While there some severe fighting had been done, and to his old wounds, still unhealed, he added another. I went for Dr. McCloskey and told him my tale of woe. This good Samaritan and doctor had a saying and a theory that he never knew a man until he felt his pulse. This good man had two mistresses, namely, great good humor and silence; he worshiped both equally and with constant fidelity. He was always a genial companion and a true friend. It was certainly a rare treat to hear him talk, while he spent an hour or so with us. He came and went at all hours, and having, it would seem, a principle of magnetism, became a favorite with all. It may be that like most of his class, he was somewhat skeptical on some subjects. What physician is not? At any rate he had his favorites among men, as well as medicine. He believed with all his heart in calomel,

aloes and jalap combined. With hat in hand to quinine and iron, he caressed chloroform, flattered carbolic acid, and high up in the pharmacopia he gazed at opium. Having arranged his knives, scissors and cutting things, and threading things, he kept them all where a prudent man kept his horse during these uncertain days—out of sight. He called on the good God often, and calmly went his way, a cleanly man in heart, head and person, Always ready to do his duty to his God and to his country. Oh, for more of his class and clan. His business at this time was to grapple with death, face to face, in many forms, and he loved to meet death and put him to flight. He had a saying that death was a coward, and would run at least half of the time, if pressed hard by a clean man.

At this place, while a heavy wagon was passing, a young soldier was thrown off, the wheels passing over his legs. Many persons crowded about him and much sympathy was expressed. The man needed fresh air, as he had fainted. Dr. McCloskey charged the crowd and dispersed them.

"Awful," said a young esqualapsius standing by, who seized the leg as he would a thief by the throat. "It must come off," said this young physician, in a fine experimental frenzy, rolling his casual, uncertain eyes toward Dr. McCloskey, in the monotonous sing-song tone of a mechanical graduate. Then said McCloskey:

"Eh; what come off? So must a man's hat come off when the king, or a lady passes, but suppose they did not pass, what then? The hat stays on, of course. Water, water, water. It is water, my dear sir, that is all you need now—enough to swallow up the knife and scissors, and to drown the surgeon, and to rust the knife away, also his saw. It is not the mission of the surgeon to

mutilate, but to help nature restore. The steel, why, yes; the steel is good, like fire, prussic acid, strychnine, and the dead man on the dissecting table. Back of it all, there must of necessity, of paramount importance, every day, ordinary common sense always. Lift him up, some of you; sympathy will not hurt him; carry him home."

In half an hour after we laid the young man upon his mother's bed. McCloskey had his crushed and bruised leg as good as new.

So this was the manner of man who went about in the deep, dark, remote places, into thickets, brush, caves, doing good every day, yea, every night also; bringing relief to the hot, feverish brow, the swollen, painful hurts of the victims of this bloody, cruel war. These delirious, mutilated, helpless victims never approached this great and good Samaritan in vain. May neither his race nor his shadow ever grow less.

On the 10th of June Captain Berry was well enough to hobble around on crutches. It was necessary to be prudent, as Federal scouting parties covered the land as a blanket covers a bed. From the tower of the house on the hill we could see them almost daily, moving about in all directions, especially since the death of Captain Quantrell.

I left Captain Berry and went to Louisville for medicine and supplies for him. Jim Evans went with me. We traveled through the woods and fields and by-paths, as all roads were watched and scouting parties were passing continuously. We reached the home of our old friend, Dick Philips, after dark. We had a good supper and passed on to Louisville. Reaching this place, we found our friends, obtained our supplies and learned more definitely the particulars of the death of

Jerome Clark (Sue Monday) and Henry McGruder. At midnight we left the city, walking, to avoid the Yankee pickets. We were compelled to travel slowly and cautiously. Having sixteen pistols, ammunition, and medicine, we had to rest often on account of our load. We reached our horses near daylight, tired and weary. Our horses had had a good feed and rest. Leaving Dick Philips' place we moved on south through the woods and reached Salt River, which we had to swim, as all fords were guarded.

On the south side, while we were feeding our horses, I saw some Yankees about to surround us. We mounted our horses hastily and charged through the encircling trap. When nearly free, my horse sank under me, and three Yankees closed in on me. My horse being killed, I kneeled behind him for a breastwork, took deliberate aim at the advancing foe and killed four, emptying two of my pistols. I also wounded five, thus checking them. Jim Evans came up to me and helped me upon his horse. We hurriedly escaped and saved our supplies, of which we stood greatly in need.

Upon reaching camp we found our comrades much alarmed. While some of our men had been away from camp a scouting party followed them into the cedars, but they escaped. Later these same scouts saw us and chased us. I jumped from the horse and entered the cedars. Evans, retiring in a different direction, led them away from me. I was soon out of reach in this cedar grove in its protecting shadows. Evans led them away some three miles, then also entered the cedar forest from a different direction, and reached camp. I was captured not far from camp, near Colonel Stoner's place, by Captain Cook. He sent me under guard to the station.

The train came along and I was placed aboard and started off to Louisville. It is needless to say that I was miserable. At Bardstown Junction one of the driving wheels on the engine was broken, and we were detained three hours. My guard took me to a hotel for dinner. Returning to the car, I asked for a drink of water. We were on our way to Louisville.

Watching closely, I dashed the water into his face and quickly jumped to the platform and bounded into the air, landed on my feet, but stumbled against the embankment and was slightly stunned. Quickly pulling myself together I looked about me and saw a saddled horse standing hitched to a rack at a blacksmith's shop. This was Brook's Station. I needed this horse much worse than the rightful owner at this particular time—had urgent business elsewhere. The train had stopped and was backing up toward me, when I mounted the horse and rode away at a furious gallop.

A ride of five miles at a very rapid gait brought me to Salt River. I met a friend who knew the horse, and told him how I had found him. Leaving the horse, I made my way back to Nelson county and our camp, much to the relief of my brother and my comrades.

I was at this time to leave the country; had already recruited three hundred and ninety-eight men for the French service in Mexico. All the armies of the Confederacy had surrendered. Captain Berry, who had been waiting for his wounds to heal, was ready to go in and surrender. He now sent Dr. Hoskins to General Palmer's headquarters at Louisville, with a view of surrendering. During the pendency of the negotiation of final surrender he kept himself hid.

My brother, Captain Samuel Berry, had done much of his hardest fighting during the time I was absent

with Shelby in Mexico. I had been placed in touch with this expedition after I had gone South from Kentucky with recruits for General Bedford Forrest, who then sent me with dispatches to General Jeff Thompson. Upon leaving Thompson, I was seized with the ambition to go South of the Rio Grande, and went, as I have recounted in earlier pages.

Captain Berry had fought almost constantly, a greater part of the time with Quantrell, and jointly with him at these places: Lancaster, Crab Orchard, Mill Springs, Lebanon, Perryville, Salina, Lawrenceburg, Harrisburg, Shryock's Ferry, Versailles, Slago, Cogers Ferry, Bloomfield, Fairfield, Taylorsville, Bardstown, Shepherdsville, Salt Lick, Old Ford and Fisherville. It was almost a continuous daily battle.

Two days after my return from Mexico, while on our way to Bloomfield, Captain Berry, myself, Bill Meriman, Jim Evans, John Enloe, Shelton, Texas, Riley, Dicks, Brothers, Jim Davis, Boswell, Hurndon, Mayfield, Scott, Still, Wells, Amos, Ward, Ennis, Abrahams and Conn we received information that a troop of fifty-six Dutch,, or Pennsylvania, cavalry were marching from Springfield toward Bloomfield, hunting for "One-Arm" Berry.

At this place there was an old saw mill on the South side of the pike, around which a large number of logs were piled up, covering some two acres of ground, and making a natural fortification. Reaching this position we took shelter behind this and sent four men to skirmish with the enemy and fall back slowly, thus leading them into this ambush. We had twenty-two men with double-barrel shotguns, the barrels cut off six inches and loaded with twelve buckshot in each barrel; also six Colts dragoon pistols to each man.

When the Dutch captain saw these guerrillas, with drawn sword he charged them promptly. They stood their ground and delivered many shots. Unchecked, on came the Dutch at a furious gait. The guerrillas took shelter with us behind the lumber pile and awaited the oncoming Yankees. We were on our horses, ready to receive them at close quarters, before firing a shot.

At thirty yards we turned loose with our double-barrel shotguns. Rapid volleys were poured into their very faces, into the thick mass of struggling, frightened horses, and dead and wounded men. After firing our shot guns, we drew our pistols and charged into their ranks—pistol in each hand, bridle reins between our teeth.

A lady, Mrs. Sayers, was driving down the pike in a buggy. The Dutch troopers, in their recoil, ran over and upset her buggy. Captain Berry rode to her assistance, righted the buggy under fire, and placing her in it, tipped his hat and started her on her way.

The guerrillas had slackened their fire, driving the Yankees pell-mell down the pike, riding into their ranks and killing the rear ones as they fled through Bloomfield towards Taylorsville. The Dutch had stirred up a veritable hornets' nest. We followed them as far as Taylorsville.

At this place the fortunes of war were very nearly reversed, for our old enemy, Captain Bridgewater, was on hand to receive and greet us warmly. We must needs quickly hunt cover, for these two captains, Cook and Bridgewater, always resolute and enterprising, now joined forces. They were also on the warpath, and hunting for us. Of the fifty-six Dutch troopers, only ten remained. The captain was killed at the first fire,

also all of his officers. Our loss was three killed and twelve wounded.

But all things human must have an end. On July 19, 1865, it was determined by all, after a consultation, to make an effort to surrender. Accordingly, Captain S. O. Berry, Captain Wainwright and Captain Southworth jointly addressed a letter to General Palmer by Doctor Hoskins, proposing surrender of their men, and asking for a conference and conditions. General Palmer sent Major Wilson with instructions to confer with Captain Berry and his party about the terms and conditions upon which he would surrender. The meeting place was at Mr. Williams' house near Smileytown, in the near vicinity of Mr. Wakefield's home.

While Major Wilson was on his way to attend this meeting and before he had reached the vicinity, we had started toward Bloomfield. When we reached the junction of the Bloomfield and Chaplintown pikes we met Captain Baker, a Federal, with forty-five men, coming into the Chaplintown pike. Not knowing of our offer to surrender, Captain Baker opened fire upon us.

Captain Berry and I were riding side by side in front of our column. Captain Berry and Terrell both halted their men and as by mutual impulse both drew their pistols as they approached each other. At about thirty yards they fired at each other at the same time. The two commands stood watching this personal duel, which was thrilling and exciting. At each fire they advanced slowly. Each had now fired five shots apiece. Each of Captain Berry's shots had taken effect, three entering Terrell's body, one his horse's shoulder and one the horse's head, killing it under its rider. Captain Terrell's right shoulder and collar bone were shattered. He had one ball in the side of his head and one

in his hip. Captain Berry received two slight wounds, and had a lock of hair clipped from his head.

Captain Terrell's first lieutenant, Thompson, rode forward and helped his chief up behind him under a fierce shower of bullets. We charged them with the old rebel yell, pressing them closely and chased them back into the Chaplin hills. Thus ended the war for Captain Berry. This was his last battle.

On the twenty-seventh of July, 1865, Captain Berry met Major Wilson at Smileytown, with twenty-seven men. Major Wilson had thirty federals. I did not take part in this cartel, but was present at the two conferences. I had sworn allegiance to Maximilian's government in Mexico. Some differences and friction arose because of the disparity in numbers to represent the two sides, each side being suspicious of the other. This however was adjusted by dismissing all but six soldiers, three on each side. Major Wilson submitted propositions to some features of which Captain Berry objected. A belligerent action on the major's part brought everyone to their feet with hands on weapons. I stepped forward and proposed to each party that they deposit their arms with Mr. Purdy, a citizen and non-combatant, before any further discussion or proceedings. I proposed that each side name a referee to decide disputed points, and that each side pledge themselves beforehand to abide by his decisions. This was accepted to the satisfaction of all and the terms of surrender were concluded. Each man was to keep his revolver and ammunition, and his horse or horses; if he desired to go to any part of the country he was to receive transportation; if he was unable to pay his own way to any place he might desire to go this was to be paid by the government. No matter about his past, it was not to be inquired into, no mat-

ter how bad his reputation. The war was over and his oath wiped out all his so-called outrages, if any. His parole was to be looked upon as a pardon. If these conditions were not ratified and sanctioned by the department commander, General Palmer, all the men were to receive twenty-four hours' notice. All were to be notified of their acceptance or their refusal. A place was named at which the surrender would be consummated. July 29th was named for this procedure. Accordingly, the men assembled on the pike near Smileytown in Spencer County. Twenty-four men were there to receive their paroles, as follows: Captain Samuel O. Berry, J. Johns, H. Sutton, John Southworth, Captain Wainright, Jim Evans, Billy Merriman, Tom Henry, Jim Henry, Alex Duke, John Savage, Alex Jones, Wm. Smith, John Enloe, Dee Henry, Alf Truner, Sam Smizer, Bill Ewing, John Dade, Oscar Vogle, Alex Howland, William Barker, John Trisby, Jim Colbert. All these old veterans went their several ways.

I tried to recruit some of them for the French service but only eight joined me here. There was one man whom I did not name. He had been with Captain Berry. I met him about a week after these men had been paroled. This man was hiding out for a good reason and had refused to surrender. I soon had good reasons to remember him for the balance of my life. I received him into the French service, paying him a bounty of \$200 and his transportation to the Mexican border. This uncertain, devious creature, at this time or shortly after, acted thre part of a treacherous villain. He had first joined the Yankee army, receiving a bounty of \$1200 and a good horse, as a substitute. He deserted and joined the Confederate service while in Kentucky. But soon finding this no place for a coward and afraid to go

back home, he skulked about from both sides. He joined Captain Berry and deserted him. Captain Wainright found him and tried to recruit him, not knowing that he had belonged to his service.

While on picket duty on the way south this cowardly treacherous man, King White, deserted his post at night, leaving Captain Southall without protection. His first exploit was to rob some toll gates and citizens, telling the latter that he was "One-Arm" Berry, in order to intimidate and scare them. He collected others about him of the same stripe, robbing right and left in the name of "One-Arm" Berry. He made a raid through Meade, Hardin and Breckenridge counties. All over the state these robbers rode, continually using the name of "One-Arm" Berry, who got the credit for these shameful acts of vandalism and robbery. When he fought or captured Yankees he robbed them also. He captured a steamboat with several sick and wounded Yankees on their way home and had them shot; there had not been a shot fired at his bunch. He also stole fifteen hundred dollars from the captain of the boat. He refused to divide the stolen plunder with his bunch and most of them left him. He still called himself "One-Arm" Berry. The steamboat captain knew him, and upon reaching Louisville reported him to the Federal authorities. They offered two thousand dollars for him, dead or alive.

When I learned of his conduct and his villainies, I demanded from him the bounty money I had paid him. He claimed he did not have it; in truth he had blown it all in gambling. I had learned that there was a reward of two thousand dollars for this cowardly sneak. I told him to his teeth, pointedly and frankly, that I had no further use for him, that a thief was generally a

cowardly sneak. He tried to draw his pistol. I had my own in his face instantly. Had it not been for my brother, Captain Berry, there would have been one sneaking villain less in the world. I disarmed him. Captain Berry stepped between us, thus saving me the duty of killing this shameful hound. If this had been done at this time it would have saved both of us long years of trouble and sorrow; and also Captain Berry's death in prison, as the sequel will show.

Captain Samuel O. Berry ("One-Arm" Berry) was an educated and cultured man, a member of the Christian Church, an ordained minister in good standing and a trained school teacher—he was teaching school when the war came. He had married a beautiful, cultured woman and was a citizen respected by all his neighbors and friends. He was happy and prosperous, but the greed and fanaticism of this period forced him to leave his home. He was frequently arrested, and placed under heavy bonds, only to be plundered by his tormentors.

The horrible murder of our sister drove us to desperation. Solely upon this provocation and upon these grounds we determined to do what all self-respecting men would have done under the same circumstances. He took stock of conditions and went about his business of revenge and retaliation, becoming a desperate guerrilla. His life and acts are a part of the history of our race, and will be fairly judged by history when truly and truthfully written. Let the ages judge of his methods, of his course and actions.

After receiving his parole he looked around for a school, first in Nelson County then in Bullitt and Spencer counties. He had a young wife living in Indiana with her father, Mr. Alex Rose, an intensely rabid abol-

itionist, an uncompromising Union man. He had sold my brother's property in his absence in the army and had taken his daughter with him to Indiana, where he forced her to ask for and obtain a divorce, while her husband was in the Confederate service. **They never** saw or heard from each other again. I have every reason to believe that she died of a broken heart. I got this information direct from her own son, my brother's child, my nephew. They lived near Franklin, Ind. I met this boy several times after the war; he lived with his mother and grandfather until his mother and also the grandfather died, at which time he was about seventeen years old.

About the first of September Berry went to West Point, Bullitt County, near the mouth of Salt River, after having made arrangements to teach a district school. On the 10th of September he started back to Shepardsville, travelling alone, and when some five or six miles from this place, near Nelson Ferry, he was fired upon from ambush and was surrounded by a scouting party of Federal soldiers. This was nearly two months after his parole had been given him. He had been coming and going openly almost every day since his surrender. These soldiers acted under General Palmer's orders. Not being warned, Berry was captured and threatened with death, menaced with cocked pistols thrust in his face. His parole was taken from him and he was informed that he was to be hanged as soon as they reached Shepardsville. He was placed between files of soldiers and as they travelled toward that place he reminded them of the terms and stipulations of his parole. They laughed in his face.

The night was dark, but Berry knew the country, knew every by-path in the region through which they

were moving. He was watching for a favorable place to escape. As he rode down a very steep embankment he yelled, "Good-bye." They fired at him, but missed him. Taking a blind patch he made good his escape. Returning to Nelson county he met Dr. Hoskins at Mr. Conn's place.

While in this vicinity we learned from reliable comrades that he and I were being hunted all over three or four counties. I disguised myself and went to Louisville, where I learned the startling fact that King White had agreed to betray and lead a party of armed Yankees to our hiding place in consideration of his pardon. Upon learning of this shameful plot I hurried back and informed Sam of this villainy. My words rankled in his heart. White had been with my brother and knew where to find him.

As soon as he reached Nelson County my brother wrote to General Palmer, telling him of the violation of the cartel by soldiers under his jurisdiction. He complained of the taking of his parole, asked that it be returned to him, and claimed protection against its future violation. General Palmer merely replied that he would have nothing further to do with the matter, a reply characteristic of this brutal man. This was the climax of the dastardly treatment that many of his victims had received, victims who had been butchered because of his treachery and double-dealing.

We made hasty preparations to leave the country at once. Collecting twenty men and bidding our friends adieu we travelled all night, passing around Grandsville, Milton, Bulleysville and Harrisville. At Markport we stopped, fed and rested our horses. After a day's travel to a plantation called Chilton we were surrounded by three companies of Yankees while eating our breakfast

in the woods. We all mounted our horses quickly and charged through their ranks. We had one man killed and seven wounded, and killed fourteen and wounded nine Yankees. Buck Harris was mortally wounded, but kept his horse for six miles; he fainted three times. We were now compelled to stop and thought we were clear away from the pursuing Yankees. While stooping over Harris, taking his last message, I was shot through my right leg and also received a bullet in my right hip, paralyzing me for a time. I fell helpless and could not stand upon my feet. Lying on my stomach I emptied my pistols at the enemy. Finding that I did not longer fire, they came forward to finish me, but the captain stopped them. I was hard hit and again in their toils. My comrades and Captain Berry made their way back to Nelson County, after several narrow escapes. My brother heard that I was killed.

This was twenty-one wounds I had received. I was taken to Harrisville, placed on a steamboat, carried to Louisville and confined in a hospital at the corner of 5th and Green streets. From here I was moved to a military prison at Ninth and Broadway near Tenth Street, where I found six Confederates who had been tried by military or drum-head court-martial upon charges too flimsy, ridiculous and silly to be considered by honest men. This was done by men who commanded negro troops. All were tried before capture and adjudged guilty afterward. About a week later my brother was captured and brought in. We were in the same prison. How miserable I was no one can ever know. In ten days my trial was called—a mere mockery, a ridiculous farce, as many others had been before. My wound was still painful and unhealed. On my way to trial, who should I meet but King White. This infamous traitor, this sneaking

coward, had been released for the betrayal of my brother: he had led Major Wilson, the very man who had negotiated the terms of surrender, to the hiding place. He had betrayed the man whom he had so foully wronged by using his name to conceal many crimes. He was with the searching party when my brother was taken, and pretending that he himself had been captured, returned to Louisville with the expedition. This was to revenge himself upon me, because I had denounced him.

Here was a sample of the pledged faith of accredited officers of the United States army, who would have disgraced any uniform in any age or in any country. It would take a hundred men a lifetime to chronicle all the brutal infamies practiced during this period, and the subsequent seven years of carpet-bag rule in the South. It was the climax of all infamy.

King White was released inside of four days, without the semblance of a trial, and thus rewarded for his treachery, such was the premium given by these white negro-trainers. I met the bloody sneak, but he dropped his head and turned away his face. My blood boiled. I was almost smothering. The air seemed poisoned by his presence in the streets. But there was plenty of his kind, ready to sell their souls at any price.

I was tried under an assumed name, that of Tom Henderson, for reasons satisfactory to myself—the peace of my old father. My trial lasted three days. All the charges were wholly false, save one—I had tried to do my duty as a soldier. My sentence was death, to be hanged like a dog, without witnesses or a chance to be heard. As a matter of fact, I did not belong to this country, nor was I one of its citizens, having sworn allegiance to another country, and now owed my fealty to France. No matter, there was still need of another

victim, to satiate the craving of more blood, if this could be possible.

My brother's trial was begun about ten days later. He was defended by Judge W. B. Hoke, who told him to plead "not guilty." This plea was entered and in consideration of the fact that the prisoner had surrendered and received his parole, which had purged him of his past offenses, demand was made that the records showing these facts should be produced in court.

At this reasonable demand, the judge advocate adjourned court for a secret conference, which lasted two hours. When the court reassembled, the judge advocate said, in behalf of the government, that the commanding general could not be compelled to produce his records, as his acts could not be reviewed, and were final. This farcical deliverance was by Colonel Coyle, colonel of a negro regiment, a brutal, cruel, bigoted Connecticut Yankee.

Judge Hoke insisted upon the prisoner's rights. He was given to understand that he would be arrested if he carried matters too far. Judge Hoke was a fearless, talented young lawyer and a man of unfaltering courage, qualities which were required to face these bloody tyrants, who now held in their bloody grasp the destinies not only of Kentucky but the entire South.

My brother was called upon again to plead; his plea was "not guilty." He cited his parole again. They now called upon him to produce it, which he could not do. He asked that Major Wilson and General Palmer be summoned as witnesses in his behalf; also the thirty-five soldiers who were with him at the time of his surrender and parole and that of his men.

Captain Berry and I were approached by one Captain Hoaguely of the 119th colored regiment, who was

a member of this court that was trying us both for our lives. He handed each of a slip of paper bearing these words and figures as follows: "Court will take \$30,000." Another day this same scoundrel handed me a similiar slip reading "\$10,000." At this I could not refrain from telling him that a man who was contemptible enough to be a nigger thief, a commander of a negro company and to steal a nigger, would not hesitate to rob a man of his life upon any flimsy pretext, or to sell his soul for blood money. During and after our trials we were tantalized in the same way by this same officer. Most of these commissioned officers and many of the field officers were continually working schemes to plunder helpless victims. Their greed seemed insatiable in their efforts to fill their coffers with ill-gotten gains. Many unfortunate victims had the misfortune to fall under the greedy eyes of these recruiting and conscripting officers. Even members of the medical examining board had a very simple and effective means of finding greenbacks in convenient situations; also, the supply, commissary and quartermaster departments, which were mostly and usually in the hands of a set of skillful robbers. They would rob both individuals and the government at the same time. The notorious contractor, Jacob Henderson of Louisville, who held a contract with the government for the supply of horses, mules and provender for the army, was a noted instance. There are still many men living who can recall the scandalous, bare-faced frauds and plundering perpetrated by this unscrupulous thief. I simply allude to these to show how universally dishonest and corrupt was the entire administration of not only the military but also of all other departments in Kentucky.

This wholesale and retail robbery denoted the very frenzy of a national disease, a chronic disease. Band

boxes and wardrobes were searched daily for jewelry, which was stolen from many Southern women; even carpets and pianos were carried away and shipped North. I know this will appear to some as a startling arraignment and one that will be denied, but, nevertheless, it is absolutely true. Very often the truth hurts, much worse than a falsehood. I speak the truth, as God is my judge, in this matter.

When my brother was placed on trial for his life there was summoned a bunch of vicious white men and negroes, and some negro women. These white men were too cowardly to join even the Home Guards, much less the Union army. They remained at home and acted as informers on their neighbors and as spies upon them. In almost every community there were more or less of these sneaking, lying, hypocritical cowards who caused untold misery, suffering and bloodshed, often death. I have seen a number of letters that were written to General Burbridge, the butcher of infamous and bloody memory, informing him of certain neighbors who were disloyal, etc. Many families were robbed of father, sons and brothers. Often mothers who were swept away to languish and die in loathsome prison cells were arrested as spite work and often plundered. It was this class that was now summoned to Louisville to swear away Captain Berry's life before a packed military tribunal of his implacable enemies, whom he had fought gallantly for four years.

I have very often heard people say these things should be forgotten. I have found that with many men property is the strongest of ties, and that this fact is deeply impressed upon young minds by the instrumentality of vested interests. It is horrible to think that greed should lead men to swear away the happiness,

even the lives of human beings who had never done them a wrong; that such men should follow their quarry like ravening wolves, once having the smell of blood in their nostrils; that they should stand ready to swear falsely that men whom they were accusing had done things outside the pale of civilized warfare. Memory of wrongs of this kind has clung to me for years, and will cling to the end—as long as I remember my dead brother. I suppose it was his fate thus to die, but this cruel, unjust fate was brought about by most corrupt and cowardly methods.

General Palmer, placed upon the witness stand, was compelled, reluctantly, to admit that he had received Captain Berry's surrender and had issued him the parole through Major Wilson. The latter testified to the contents of the cartel of parole and also to the violation of its provisions, first by his soldiers and then by himself. These two witnesses were men who, during all the bloody struggle, had been obtaining substitutes and forming schemes with a horde of bountyjumpers, spies and informers, all men of questionable and shady character, and who prospered, fattened and became rich from a beggar's state by plundering their neighbors. They had preyed upon the defenseless non-combatants during the entire war in this state, and now were ready to swear away the life of any soldier who had the courage or the manhood to stand up and fight for their home and country, though powerless now **to defend themselves**, having surrendered their arms in good faith.

Captain Berry's trial lasted two weeks. During this time two of the members of the court solicited him to bribe them to turn him loose, naming the sums they would take to let him go free. He was found guilty of all the infamous crimes in the calendar, upon charges

absolutely false. His sentence was death by hanging. His case was appealed and was thus held in abeyance until it could be sent to Washington.

During these dark, weary weeks and months, Captain Berry, myself and another captured Confederate soldier from Louisville, Harvey Wells, who had been tried and sentenced to be hanged, were committed to the penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, where we were all placed in the same cell for the condemned—an upper cell. This military prison stood on Broadway, between Ninth and Tenth streets. At the end of our trials our friends were allowed to visit us twice weekly. We were in shackles and ball and chain. The iron, closely fitting the ankle, was an inch and a quarter wide and half an inch thick. An ordinary tracechain attached to a 24-pound cannon ball completed our prison toilet. This prison jewelry was a source of much jest, though we were all chained like wild beasts. This was prison life in free and enlightened America, the land of the free, so-called. Two guards were in our cell, two in the hall, and one at the bottom of the steps. All were negroes of the 119th colored infantry. At the east end across the twelve-foot hallway was another room for untried Confederate soldiers. There were sixteen in this room, also several citizens, victims of those hungry, loyal men, whose palms itched constantly for their neighbors' property. These victims did not even know what they were charged with. The steps leading up to the upper story were five feet wide and fifteen in number. At the top was a hallway twelve feet wide. The doors into the cells were double, as was the one at the bottom of the steps. All opened inside.

During this period our lives were made miserable by these ignorant, vulgar, blatant, insulting negro guards;

even during the night we were often wilfully awakened from our sleep by unnecessary noises. There were parts of two regiments there as guards, including the 96th Indiana. All these men seemed to take a special delight in harrassing us. These troops had for quarters the entire square. Between Ninth and Tenth streets on Broadway to the alley were the cells for prisoners. These cells had two windows on either side, overlooking an alley, also the parade ground.

I was the most miserable of all creatures. I had long since made up my mind never to be hanged like a dog. I did not care a snap about dying, nor did I care to live. All my family had been killed, except my brother, and now they were trying to finish him, all the rest having crossed over the wonderful river, where there were no infamous spies, or cowards, or traitors, or thieving bountyjumpers, or murderers. Life at the best now held no charms for me. I was ready for any fate that God had in store for me, no matter what it might be.

At this time we had a visit from some Confederate friends. One was the widow of a Confederate comrade who had been killed in battle, serving with General Morgan. There were also three others who sometimes brought food to us, as the prison fare was of very poor quality, often the refuse or leavings of these negro soldiers, of the coarsest quality and very meager in amount. I had two severe wounds that gave me constant trouble, causing many restless nights. These angels of mercy, whose visits gave us some release, brought medicine for my wounds, and for my brother's also. I was grateful for the sweet, tender sympathy of a true friend, such as only a woman can give. This good friend who had lost her husband in the Confederate service had dedicated her

sympathies and service to sorrow, to all suffering ones, and she was ever ready to aid all who were in distress. How dear to me are the recollections of the kindnesses of these ladies in the darkest hours of my life. They came to me when I was in the very shadow of death, came with tenderest ministrations and in what marked contrast to the vindictive persecutions and blood-rampant actions of our tormentors, who were dealing in human life, which was held so cheap at this time.

The city was full of returning soldiers from the south and the border states. The people were intensely and abjectly alarmed. It was now that many old men and women were arrested. The grip of the iron hand was upon the neck of Kentucky, now prostrate in the dust. These renegades and underlings, these bummers and beggars, were now paramount. New faces lined with envy, malice and hate, for the first time risen to importance, were now leering at the prosperous, the good and the decent. All citizens, male and female, were in danger of violence. Confidence was lost and corruption was rampant, stalking barefaced and defiant of all law or decency. Acts of kindness, of charity, even of sympathy for Confederate soldiers or the wounded stood for overt acts of treason. The infamies practiced and submitted to at that time in Kentucky were almost past belief.

The butcher, Steve Burbridge tried to shackle thoughts—tried to set the price upon the best blood of Kentucky. He even punished silence, plundered unarmed citizens, stripped them of protection and licensed a horde of hungry thieves to rob right and left as they chose. Without capacity to govern the state, even with an ample force, against Confederate invasion, he visited his cowardly rage upon unarmed citizens, and also held

them responsible for the military acts of many whom he dared not meet in fair, open battle, for fear of being captured, or of the halter. This pretended soldier rejoiced in the chaos and bloody discord which prevailed all over the state. Every cave, thicket and hiding place was crowded with young and old alike. Escaped soldiers were shot or hanged without a semblance of trial. This black infamy can never be effaced from Kentucky history, nor can you, nor do you blame the action of the native sons of proud old Kentucky for defending their homes and lives from such vandalism. Answer this upon your own conscience, even now, when our fate is fixed.

Harvey Wells' sentence was commuted to the penitentiary for ten years at Columbus, O. Captain Berry's sentence was that he should be hanged on February 6th. The scaffold was built under our very noses. I watched its construction with absorbed interest. As it approached completion I felt that I should never be hanged upon it, and made up my mind that if worse came to worst I would throw myself upon the bayonets of my guards and compel them to shoot me.

While the appeal was pending I had obtained from my good friend, Mrs. Bell Benson, a dozen jewelers' saws of the finest steel. With these I cut the rivets in my shackles and in the ball and chain, leaving a thin sliver hanging to hold them together; each night I would saw away. I next attacked the bars in my window, beside my bunk. I had to saw two of these bars for a space large enough to admit my body. When morning came I would take moistened bread crumbs, black them with soot and hide the saw marks during daylight. I worked often four or five hours every night. Finally

had finished this tedious job. It seemed an age. I still watched the scaffold. It was ready, grim and bloody. Frank Black, Sue Monday, Henry McGruder, young George Robinson and two others had been hanged upon this same scaffold.

January 30th had now arrived, with chill, high winds and some sleet. I had told my brother of my intentions, and asked him to go with me, if possible. He had a serious wound, still unhealed. I begged him to try to go; to try for liberty or death, for we were in a living death any way. He declared that it would be impossible for him to travel, that he could not reach the city limits. I was almost heart broken at this. He told me, "Go, save yourself, and don't think of me. I shall take care of myself."

I had already formed my plans. There was a heavy steel poker for a big stove in the room. The two guards would often come to the stove and stir the fire with this poker. The room was large and the weather bitter cold.

On the evening of January 30th, while Wells was toasting his bread, I placed this poker in the fire, thinking that he had finished toasting his bread. I happened to touch his bread, causing it to fall into the fire. I apologized to him but he would not listen, and cursed me. I offered him my own bread—he would have none of it. My brother spoke to him, and was cursed. He was at this time suffering with a sloughing wound, like myself. We both now tried to pacify Wells. I again offered him my bread, which he refused and continued his abuse. I said to him, finally, "If I were not wounded as I am you should not talk to me as you do."

He hit me a hard blow on my breast, knocking me down. As I fell I reached for this hot poker, still in the stove. My anger flamed and my blood boiled. I sprang

up and went at him. I knocked him down with the poker. Springing to his feet he rushed at me like a tiger. I knocked him down again; three times. While I was doing so, the guard put his gun to his shoulder and said to me:

"If you hit him again I will shoot you."

I turned towards him and said, "This is none of your affair or business." I was now close to the muzzle of the gun, holding my poker and looking the guard in the eyes. He said, "I will shoot you anyway; I don't like your manners."

I felt that the crisis had come. I knocked his gun up as it was discharged and then struck him a terrific blow on the side of the left cheek with the poker. He fell like a beef. The guard in the other room, hearing the shot and noise, came to the hall door. Seeing his comrade's condition, he threw up his gun to shoot. I spring forward, knocked up the gun, and with a blow laid the guard senseless.

I now threw the bodies down the steps, one of them blocking the lower door, which could not be opened, as the door opened inward. I picked up one of the guns, struck the two iron bars with the butt and broke them.

"Come, brother, here is liberty and safety," said I. "So let's be off at once. Hear them clamoring and forming. See there!"

"Go, Tom. I could not walk one square," he replied.

It was just about sundown. I kissed him, said goodbye and turned to the window. I dropped the gun into the alley below, and swinging myself down by holding to the window sill jumped after the gun. I entered the back door of a stable and stayed inside. A guard came into the alley. I ran behind a shed, into a front

yard, out into a street which I **quickly crossed**, thence into a back alley and down this to the city limits.

Looking about me I saw some **shocks of corn** in a field, where I hid until dark, when I made my way across fields and woodlands, **keeping closely under cover**. Hearing the sound of horses' feet on the pike to my left I cautiously approached, but all sounds ceased. The cold winds chilled my blood and my wounds were very painful. But I did not care, for I was a free man again.

I reached the place of a former friend, Mr. Hahan, near the Ohio River. I found in his stable a horse, which I saddled and mounted. I was very tired after my long journey, and it was now dark and cold. Keeping my way along the course of the river by neighborhood roads I reached Salt River as the chickens were crowing for daylight and found myself near McGhanes house. I was very weak and hungry. I hid my horse in the dense vine-covered trees and impatiently awaited the coming of day. I was chilled to the bone.

At last day came, also my friend, who had come out to feed him cattle. I hailed him and told him of my adventure and my needs. He saw my sad plight. I still had my gun. He brought my breakfast and taking me to a safe hiding place supplied me with blankets and warm clothing which I needed very much. After a long sleep I was greatly refreshed. Mac found me another friend and a horse on the other side of Salt River, and at night put me safely across this stream. I asked him to send to its owner the horse I was leaving behind. Turning my face southward, I bade Mac good-bye.

I now felt much stronger, and travelled all night with my guide, through Breckenridge county. Just before daylight, he informed me that we were in the vicinity of Hickman, and took me to his oldtime friend

Abbott, an aged Confederate soldier, who had just come home from the army. I told Abbott of my recent adventure, and remained with him all day. Taking to horse again we arrived at another comfortable hiding place, after travelling all night. We avoided all towns.

I reached the Mississippi at the end of seven nights, and crossed into Arkansas, where I remained resting for four days, after which I proceeded to Memphis to purchase side arms. I bought four pistols with an ample supply of ammunition and took the stage for Benton, leading my horse behind the stage.

At Benton I met four Confederate soldiers who were leaving for Mexico, and with them I rode away to new adventure.

My brother escaped the gallows in an odd way. General Palmer was bent upon the execution of Wells, and when the latter's sentence was commuted to imprisonment by the President, General Palmer was so incensed that upon his own authority he was able to send Captain Berry to the prison at Albany, New York, under a ten years' sentence, where he died after serving seven years of them.

THE END.

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